

Why the West
will win
the Grey Cup

BY JOHN KERNS

COVER: At Frobisher Bay, by James Hill

The spinster who lectures on love and childbirth

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN DOESN'T WANT THE FIVE-DAY WEEK

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 23 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Another family will vie with the Plouffes
- ✓ Where's business going? Up, down or sideways?

SUCCESS OF THE PLOUFFE FAMILY has encouraged a Toronto film company, Harvard Productions, to try its hand at grooming a rival. It's *The Tyler Touch* which ran as a radio series more than two years ago and has been adapted for TV by Ray Darby, a Canadian now working in Hollywood. If the film looks good the Tylers will start in Canadian TV next fall—a sponsor has already stepped forward.

EVEN IF SPUTNIK COMES TO EARTH there's only a small chance it will land in Webster's Dictionary right away. Countless uses of *sputnik* (Russian for both satellite and comrade) are now being collected by the publishers, G. and C. Merriam Co., but they'll wait for additional satellites before they plump for *sputnik*. Right now, such words as egghead, blooper, fantabulous, pincurl and goof are in the running with *sputnik* for dictionary listing. Beboop, after a one-year stay, is being kicked out.

HOTTEST CANADIAN REVUE since the Dumbells of World War I is the new billing for *My Fur Lady*, McGill's Cinderella musical, and it's still gathering steam. By this month it had passed 150 performances, topping Toronto's Spring Thaw, played to 100,000 people and grossed more than \$300,000. It's booked to play Vancouver's Centennial Festival after a cross-country tour starting in Halifax, and one New York producer is toying with the notion of taking it there for the city's 60,000 Canadians. It has now drawn \$80,000 in Toronto and with further bookings in December and February may yet top record-breaking Oklahoma! and South Pacific in our second city.



ANY TAKERS FOR A CHAPEL, rich in Canadian history? It's Wolford Chapel in Devonshire, England, where **John Graves Simcoe**, first lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, is buried. The owner, Geoffrey Harmsworth of the English publishing family, will give it to Ontario, Toronto or to any public group that will keep it as a historic site for Canadians visiting the U.K. Simcoe built it himself in 1802 and is buried there with his wife and several of their nine children. Nearby is the farm of the Yonges, after whom he named a military road that is now Toronto's main street.

DOLLS, MUDDIES AND BABY BOTTLES may become serious medical instruments in a new treatment of schizophrenia, if experiments at McGill University continue to show good results. It's "a planned revival of infantile states where damages were experienced by a child," explains **Dr. E. D. Wittkower**, who with **Dr. H. Azima** is pioneering the treatment. During psychotherapy patients "are induced to experience, with a minimum of anxiety, their early modes of existence through offering them such things as milk, a baby bottle, mud and dolls."

WITH EVERY JUMP OR FALL OF THE STOCK MARKET new hopes and fears are raised over Canada's economic future. Though there's no agreement on what's ahead, some guesses are more common than others. Maclean's business editor, Peter C. Newman, asked economists, government officials, traders, bankers. Here's his synopsis of the majority findings: **Stock market:** It can't be compared with 1929. Then, 10% cash was enough to buy stock. Now, 80% of shares are bought outright. Too, business trends indicate the market doesn't run the country. **Trade:** Exports of lead, copper, zinc, forest products and wheat have slackened. This, with the house-building slowdown, has taken some of the steam out of our boom. **Employment:** Half a million could be jobless this winter, but wages continue to rise (average for industry, \$69 a week). **Business:** 1957 retail sales may reach a record \$14 billion in spite of tight money. **Prospect:** Canadian business won't go up or down but will probably "move sideways" for six months, most of the economists Newman interviewed believe, as it did during the 1953-54 downturn. That adjustment prodded the 1955-56 boom. "Canada must pause from time to time to catch its breath and review its program for the future," says Montreal Stock Exchange president Henry Norman.

WATCH FOR A MAN AND WIFE WITH PENNY-BUDGET HOMES REVOLT AGAINST NHL / A SOARING AIRLINE



Boss Merrill & VP Gladys Muttart

COUPLE TO WATCH: Edmonton husband and wife **Merrill and Gladys Muttart**, rulers of one of Canada's fastest-growing building empires (90 lumber yards, construction firms, plumbing and supply firms in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario), are now leading the race to provide lower and lower-priced housing. Their Gladmer Developments in Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon and Regina rent row houses at \$48 to \$62 a month each. Muttart yards in the four provinces sell two- and three-bedroom prefab homes from \$1,195 to \$2,995, not counting land or

plumbing and heating fixtures. In addition the Merrill Muttart Foundation finances medical research at the University of Alberta.

MAN TO WATCH: Wealthy Winnipeg sportsman **Jack Perrin** is stirring a western revolt against NHL domination of hockey. Perrin, heir to a mining fortune, has two junior teams, St. Boniface Canadiens and Winnipeg Braves, owns the Olympic rink, manages the pro Winnipeg Warriors and recently sued NHL clubs for drafting Warrior players. "Why should we—sitting on hundreds of junior players—be dictated to by the NHL?" he asked.

AIRLINE TO WATCH: **Pacific Western**, which took over CPA's Regina-Edmonton circuit, flies mail to Coppermine, Cambridge Bay and other outposts and also supplies Dewline, isn't stopping there. PWA plans to bid on CPA's Aklavik run and start a Vancouver-West Indies service via Windsor. President Russ Baker started the airline with one leased plane in 1945; he now has 94 logging 2 million miles a year.

WHAT'S FOR CHRISTMAS Here's a holiday guide

IT'S A BUILT-IN part of our folklore that you never know what you'll get for Christmas, but here are some things some Canadians think they can forecast for 1957:

Shopping: The nation is expected to spend about \$400 million, a six-percent jump over last year. More people will shop at night than ever before, with the biggest department stores, Eaton's and Simpson's opening Monday nights as well as Thursdays.

Movies: Big show will be **Raintree County** with Elizabeth Taylor; also, Pat Boone's **April Love** and Jerry Lewis' **Sad Sack**.

Television: CBC—The Queen will speak Christmas Day, 10 a.m. (EST), and the network will show Mary Grannan's *The Rustler* and the *Reindeer*, adapted from her Maclean's story, at 5 p.m. Wayne and Shuster will do a *Mother Goose* pantomime Dec. 23. ABC—a flock of stars have Christmas shows: Pat Boone (Dec. 19), Patrice Munsel (Dec. 20), Sinatra and Crosby (Dec. 20). NBC—Maurice Evans will do *Twelfth Night*

in a spectacular, Dec. 15. CBS—James Stewart will star in a cowboy version of *A Christmas Carol*, Dec. 22.

Travel: With Christmas on a Wednesday it will probably be lighter. CNR and CPR say a one-day holiday would cut traffic sharply. TCA has cut holiday flights from 62 last year to 50 this, but American Airlines is planning for heavy traffic from Canada south.

Pitfalls: Cops across the country say they'll be tougher than ever on drinking drivers.

Songs: Little Sandy Sleighfoot—a steal from Rudolph—will probably be plugged heaviest. For those who can stand it Elvis has an album with *Silent Night*, *Little Town of Bethlehem* and *White Christmas*. Disk jockeys, out of respect to the public, will start Christmas music later than usual this year.

Telephones: With a short holiday and lighter travel some long-distance lines are being booked solid. Bell thinks it will be the biggest phone Christmas yet—overseas service is already booked to capacity. — JANICE TYRWHITT

NEXT ROYAL TOURS Queen may bring her own ship

ALTHOUGH QUEEN ELIZABETH has let it be known she'll open the St. Lawrence Seaway in 1959, official Ottawa is equally excited by the possibility that this daughter of seafaring sires (George V and George VI) will make her next visit to Canada aboard her own ship, the royal yacht *Britannia*. If she does it will be the first Atlantic crossing for the *Britannia*, a brand-new (1953), \$5-million, 5,000-ton cruiser capable of crossing the Atlantic in four days. And if that happens the *Britannia* would almost certainly be one of the first ships to sail the Seaway.

The expectation is that the Queen will be accompanied as usual by Prince Philip, and not unlikely, by their children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who, in that event, would be making their first trip abroad. It's also expected that after she opens the Seaway, in late May or early June, the Queen will cross Canada, from Maritimes to B.C.

Most major cities have already presented their invitations to the Queen,

but it's anticipated that this time she'll see a lot more of the smaller towns in Canada, and especially of the Maritimes and prairies. She would travel chiefly by train, which the royal couple considers a more convenient "base."

In the meantime, two other royal visits seem certain next year:

Princess Margaret has been invited to help celebrate the B.C. Centennial, and is expected to accept.

The Duke of Windsor has indicated he'll visit his EP Ranch, 65 miles southwest of Calgary. The 20-room ranchhouse is being spruced up, with heating for winter occupancy. It's not known if the Duchess would accompany him, but one thing is sure: Canada will take no official notice of the visit. "It will be purely the visit of a private citizen," said one official.



BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

How long will the parliamentary truce last?



THERE IS A CURIOUS AIR of fatalism around Parliament Hill on the subject of the next election.

No party really wants one before June, just as no nation really wants a war, but the Liberals have adopted a policy of "brinkmanship" in the House of Commons. Their attacks on the government stop barely at the verge of a no-confidence vote. They give the prime minister reasonable pretext for an appeal to the people at almost any moment. They also make it easy for the CCF to call the Liberals' bluff at will, with a shrewdly phrased motion. All parties, with the possible exception of Social Credit, feel a recurrent temptation to smash the precarious truce that keeps a minority government in office. Thus all MPs are aware that they may stumble into an election at any time, whether they like it or not.

Of the four parties the Conservatives are still in the best strategic position. They passed up a chance of sure and easy victory when they decided against a summer session and an autumn campaign, but they have not yet lost all the advantages of early battle and they have gained some of the advantages of entrenchment.

Their legislative program, so far, is pure gain. The Liberals now admit that their own \$6 increase in the old-age pension was an incredibly stupid piece of cheese-paring. Conservatives have not fallen into a similar error. They have brought in their further increase of \$9 with a handsome flourish. Letting people go away for as long as six months, for instance, will cost the treasury next to nothing, but it will permit older folk to go south for the winter as they couldn't do before. Only about 10,000 people, if that, will be added to the pension rolls now by the change allowing payment after only ten years' residence in Canada, but here again, the amendment has an air of generosity

and leaves a sweet taste in the mouth.

All westerners, if not quite all Liberals, also agree that cash advances should be paid on farm-stored grain. Some think this policy will be more difficult than it looks, and less popular in the long run, but they don't pretend these drawbacks will be evident before the next election campaign.

Tax cuts are never unpopular. The headaches they cause the minister of finance, whose revenues are slipping already, rouse no sympathy among taxpayers. Without a budget to show what the over-all effect will be, tax cuts are unassailable.

Conservatives have also some intangible advantages, most notably the aura of victory. Last April, in Ottawa West, they couldn't persuade anyone to run who had the remotest chance of winning — even Charlotte Whitton, the doughty ex-mayor who seldom backs away from a fight, wanted no part of this one. By October nearly a dozen people were angling for the nomination, one of them the new mayor of Ottawa. Tories say this pattern is being repeated in every part of Canada, including Quebec.

These are Conservative assets that even their enemies admit. Other aspects of Conservative policy will not give them quite such easy sailing.

In the last campaign, for instance, they could make a big thing of their plans for commonwealth trade and a commonwealth trade conference. They're still talking about these things, but not with the old assurance. The Liberals and the CCF have fun talking about them too, reminding the prime minister of his plan to shift fifteen percent of Canada's imports from the U.S. to Britain, asking vainly for some indication how he proposes to do this, pressing for a government reaction to Britain's proposal for free trade, asking

what exactly the commonwealth trade conference will discuss when it meets next year.

Another big gun now spiked by time and circumstances is the Trans-Canada Pipeline deal. Probably John Diefenbaker's most effective campaign cry was the invective he poured on that Liberal act, and on the enormities by which they rammed it through a helpless parliament. Now the pipeline has been relegated to the limbo of a royal commission, and the government tried (though it was overruled by its own Speaker) to prevent the House from even mentioning the subject. Liberals, mindful of their own sins, may not be able to make much of this, but the CCF will never let it rest.

But the worst traps in the Conservatives' path, the topics on which Liberals dwell longest and most lovingly in debate, have nothing to do with legislation. One of these topics is Quebec.

To win a working majority in the next parliament the Conservatives must take at least 30 more seats. They already have almost as many as they can expect in the other provinces. Except for a few in B.C. now held by Social Credit, and perhaps a few more in Newfoundland, they must look to French Canada for their gains.

The problem: How to make these gains without accepting, or at any rate without bargaining for, the aid of Premier Maurice Duplessis.

Despite Liberal charges to the contrary, there is no evidence of any connivance at the top level between the Diefenbaker and the Duplessis forces. Except for a brief and formal contact during the royal visit, the two men have never met — the forthcoming dominion-provincial conference will be their first real acquaintance with each other.

On the other hand there is plenty of

evidence to support the Liberal charges that the half dozen French-Canadian Conservatives who were actually elected did have, and badly needed, the support of the Duplessis machine in their ridings. Henri Courtemanche, for example, who is now deputy speaker of the House, is the son-in-law of a Duplessis cabinet minister; he sits for an extremely nationalist county. Henri Bourassa's old seat, and he himself often embarrassed George Drew and the federal Conservatives when he was in the House from 1949 to 1953. Some other Quebec MPs enjoyed the favor of the Union Nationale before as well as after they entered federal politics.

Conservatives appear to be confident that this problem will solve itself in the next campaign. Last spring it was only with difficulty they could persuade candidates to run at all; next spring, in Quebec as in other provinces, they expect no such trouble. More and better men are now available, and those who want to run must run as Diefenbaker men, not Duplessis men.

That's the theory, anyway. No concessions appear to have been made or planned to the doctrines of Duplessis. Probably he will be better pleased with Conservative than he was with Liberal policy on dominion-provincial relations, though even that remains to be seen, but certainly there has been no acceptance of the central theme of Duplessis, the extreme view of "provincial autonomy" that virtually demands a veto power over national policy.

Evidently federal Conservatives believe that Quebec's desire for a place on the bandwagon will be enough to bring them the gains they need. In some circumstances this might well be true. Any minority feels safer with a strong delegation on the winning side. If on election day it still appears certain that the Conservatives will be the winning side their Quebec strategy may work.

The question is, will the Conservatives still look like sure winners? To a large extent the answer depends on how much unemployment we have this winter.

At present the situation is not really serious yet. There are twice as many people out of work as there were this time last year, but the difference is entirely due to a rapid growth of the labor force, mostly because of immigration. Employment is up even more than unemployment so far.

There's grave doubt, though, that this will last. Industrial production is down about two percent from the 1956 rate; employment has not yet been cut accordingly, but it almost certainly will be. Most economists here expect to see about 600,000 people jobless by February.

Liberals are too clever to argue anything very strongly. Mostly they just ask questions about the employment situation. Day after day Labor Minister Michael Starr has to rise and give figures showing that the jobless in New Brunswick or B.C. or some place else are double what they were last year. He also has to answer questions like this:

"Is the minister aware that two thousand men were laid off in my riding during the week end, and has he any plans to provide them with alternative employment?"

The strategy is obvious—to link the Conservative government with the idea of unemployment and depression, to revive the curse of Bennett. It isn't rational, of course, but that is not to say it won't work. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH THE PM'S TEAM

Meet the men (and woman) who follow Diefenbaker's killing pace

IN HIS SIX MONTHS of office John Diefenbaker has established himself as one of the busiest of all Canadian prime ministers. In that time he has traveled some 30,000 miles, delivered four major policy speeches and dozens of minor ones; he has personally discussed the nation's business with thousands of people and watches with eagle eye a mail so heavy that "It's *beaucoup* depressing," says one secretary.

How does he do it? According to his staff, Diefenbaker is a swift, unsparing worker. He's also helped by a team of aides now geared to his mercurial needs. Here are the helpers few Canadians know—and the jobs they do:



Bedson (people)



Wagner (mail)

Derek Bedson, 36-year-old Winnipeg bachelor, heads the PM's personal staff, rides herd on his appointments and tries vainly to slow him down. Diefenbaker sees as many as 50 people a day. The PM gets to his office at 8.30 a.m., leaves at 6 p.m., seldom takes work home. Like Churchill, he likes to nap when he's tired, but usually limits himself to a minute or two. Following his fast pace, Bedson says: "There's too much to do. Canada's such a big country activities never die down, not even in summer."

Dr. Merryl Menzies, who once worked for ex-justice minister Stuart Garson, is Diefenbaker's economic aide, and does most of his research and reports to the PM on regional development and agricultural problems. He's a conservative Keynesian in theory, but not a theorist alone—Diefenbaker hired him after he'd completed a mining survey in the B.C. interior for a private firm.

Mrs. Marion Wagner, who has been with Tory headquarters 12 years, is the PM's personal secretary, types his speeches and marvels at the speed with

which he works. He dictates or okays up to 100 letters a day and signs most of them. He gets research for speeches from his aides but dictates them himself. From a rough draft he dictates in five minutes a fifteen-minute broadcast speech for the royal visit.

James Nelson, 35-year-old Toronto bachelor, was plucked from Ottawa's Press Gallery by Diefenbaker to become press secretary although he didn't know the PM well. "I'm not a buffer between the PM and the public," Nelson insists. The press has found Diefenbaker easy to reach and talk to.

Alcide Paquette, a Tory worker since 1938, has known Diefenbaker longest of the secretaries and handles his French correspondence. Diefenbaker reads French newspapers himself and practices French on Paquette "when he asks me to," says the secretary.—KLAUS NEUMANN



Paquette (French)



Menzies (economy)

Backstage WITH A PIPELINE PROBER / Why Henry Borden may make history

ONE OF THE SUREST ways to get into Canadian history books is to have your name adopted by a royal commission. Thus Archambault (prisons), Gordon (economics) and Fowler (TV and radio) became candidates for posterity. If such evidence can be trusted, so will Henry Borden.

He's chairman of the royal commission that will recommend the best uses for Canada's sources of energy; he's the man who'll investigate the Trans-Canada pipeline deal that was the hottest and perhaps decisive issue in the last federal election.

Even without this newest badge, however, Borden was a good bet for posterity. As a wartime dollar-a-year man in Munitions and Supply, he was known as "the boss of the bosses." His only boss was C. D. Howe, who arranged

the pipeline deal that Borden will investigate. Today, at 56, a lawyer and ex-Rhodes Scholar, he's one of Canada's top business figures. For the past 11 years he's been president of Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Co.; next to railways and banks it's one of Canada's largest companies.

A native maritimer (he was born in Halifax and educated at Dalhousie and McGill), he also has a much more than casual background in politics. He's a nephew of Sir Robert Borden, Tory PM during World War I. When he was 17 he went to the Imperial War Conference in London with his uncle as an unpaid clerk. Twenty years later he edited Sir Robert's memoirs and continued to toil behind scenes for the Tories in the 1945 election as adviser to Conservative leader John Bracken.

Borden's new assignment will likely occupy him for two years and take him away for much of that time from the farm at King, Ont., where he raises prize Guernseys. Meanwhile since he became top pipeline prober many have speculated on what his own views might be on the controversial pipeline issue.

In the House of Commons CCF leader Coldwell recently reminded the Conservatives that during the pipeline debate they had favored public ownership as an alternative to the private-ownership deal made by the Liberals. The only time Borden spoke on this subject, in an interview, he said he believed in "a very minimum state control to maintain economic stability. I don't believe in ruthless monopoly. But I can't subscribe to views such as those of the CCF."—JOHN CLARE

Backstage WITH EDMONTON'S CIVIC GEESE / Is fountain art or misspent money?

WHEN EDMONTON MAYOR William Hawrelak was voted back into office a few weeks ago he felt that he had silenced critics of a strange edifice of piping he had authorized in front of the new city hall. It had been an election issue; he had won decisively.

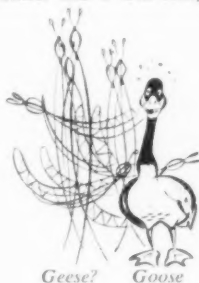
But Hawrelak was wrong. Still echoing in city-hall corridors were snatches of a song dedicated to the ton-and-a-half pile of bronze tubing that acts as a fountain, is supposed to look like a flight of geese and is known to everyone in Edmonton as The Spaghetti Tree and "the mayor's \$16,000 turkey."

The Spaghetti Tree controversy has been going for six months, and as a conversation piece it has outstripped even the city's beloved Eskimos.

It started when Mayor Hawrelak and two city commissioners, ignoring city council, approved a design for a fountain to be erected by Prof. Lionel

Thomas of the University of British Columbia. When it was completed one citizen wrote the Edmonton Journal praising the new city hall but protesting, "Surely the contractor could remove that pile of pipe before the unveiling."

Aldermen assailed the mayor, radio station CHED ran a "Name the Fountain" contest and a University of Al-



Geese? Goose

berta student was the winner with The Spaghetti Tree. The prize was a goose. CHED's program director Jerry Forbes wrote a song, The Spaghetti Tree. Citizens everywhere warbled:

*They never were short of lots of legal tender,
When they started to build those nine queer goosey ganders.
With sixteen thousand dollars they got loose—
That's seventeen hundred and seventy bucks a goose.
The spaghetti tree, spaghetti tree,
What a horrible sight to see!
This shouldn't happen to Calgary.*

"There's such a thing as art or design," Prof. Thomas defended his geese, but in the election campaign Hawrelak's rivals called it "misspent funds" and called on the voters to turf him out. Laughing, they put him back instead.

Background

- ✓ CCF's business box score
- ✓ \$15,000 "joke" on Drapeau

The CBC "scoop" you didn't see: Elaine Grand filmed a powerful interview with Dylan Thomas' widow Caitlin in England for CBC's new Close-up TV show, but the editors killed it. Reason: Mrs. Thomas, whose recent book, *Leftover Life to Kill*, has caused controversy and comment, was so emotionally overwrought.

For those who like to cross swords on state enterprise vs. private enterprise the recent closing of a Prince Albert box factory run by the CCF government offers room for statistical parries and ripostes. It was the seventh Saskatchewan government business to go under of 20 started since 1945. Their accumulated deficits total about \$2 million. On the other hand, 11 still running have accumulated surpluses of \$8½ million (led by timber \$3½ million and insurance \$2½ million). Two crown corporations folded after doing postwar jobs.

Ever wonder where scenes on Canadian bank notes were painted? Three RCAF men at Whitehorse recently compared a waterfall on our \$5 bill with snapshots taken at Otter Falls near Mile 998 on the Alaska Highway; they were the same. But the Bank of Canada refused to confirm it, as it had refused to confirm that a scene on the \$10 bill is Mount Eisenhower. Reason: there are only 8 denominations of bank notes for 10 provinces and two territories. "Jealousies are easily aroused," says one bank official.

Don't be sure grandpa was talking through his hat when he said an auto would never replace the horse. Dobbin's staging a comeback. At a Swift Current auction 60 horses brought \$6,000. A Shetland mare is worth \$1,000 in Winnipeg. "If you can get one," saddle horses bring \$150 and a work team that once sold for \$50 is now \$200. Explanations: the rich are riding more; in the west's record snow of 1955-56 farm tractors were useless; with tight money and ample feed farmers find horses easier to keep.

Sourest joke of the new theatre is no where near the theatre—it's in Montreal city hall, where politicians are chuckling about the season's opening play by Theatre du Nouveau Monde. It's *Eye of the People* by André Langevin and it has fun with a reform fanatic (playgoers recognized him as crime buster Pacifique Plante) and the outfit that backs him (it couldn't be any except ex-mayor Jean Drapeau's regime). The sour joke is that Drapeau's regime put up \$15,000 to help the company open, then got licked.

For 40 years Winnipeg citizens talked about a new city hall while clinging thriftily to the old one, a ramshackle pile familiar to thousands in Canada. Uncounted dollars were spent on referendums—all defeated. Then a few weeks ago the city voted \$6 million for a new city hall. What swung the issue, most agreed, was a \$100,000 insurance policy taken out by mayor Steve Juba, payable to the city if he were killed in the collapse of the old building. Cost to the mayor, \$60.

Editorial

Why can't Christmas always come on Monday?

THERE'S A SENTIMENTAL SAYING that every day should be like Christmas. But, so far as we're concerned, one Christmas a year is quite enough, what with the shopping, parcel wrapping, card sending, tree decorating, office partying, feasting and general revelry it involves, and with songs about red-nosed reindeer dinning into our ears.

Indeed, to many, the social and commercial aspects of the glad Noel are a headache—and that headache is aggravated when Christmas falls on Wednesday, as it does this time.

Perhaps it is because the five-day working week has spoiled us, but the fact remains that the average individual, accustomed to having Saturday and Sunday to himself, doesn't leap with delight at the thought of having a one-day holiday in the middle of the week. If he can take a holiday on Monday that's different. It gives him a long week end, and long week ends are special.

For this reason most people, if it were put to a vote, would probably favor a law that would provide that Christmas would always come on a Monday. Some other good reasons can be advanced in support of such a law.

One is that, economically speaking, a week fractured in the middle by Christmas is practically a lost week. We all go to our jobs halfheartedly on Monday and Tuesday, with our thoughts on Christmas, and we return to our jobs Thursday and Friday wishing we were home in bed.

Then why, if there are benefits, shouldn't Christmas be fixed by law as the third or fourth Monday in December? There should be no religious objections. While the day celebrates the birth of the Saviour, no one knows for sure what day or even what year He was born. Various early authorities claimed He was born on January 6, March 25, March 28, April 19, April 20 and December 25. They were equally uncertain about the year, although our calendar, the Gregorian Calendar, purports to be based on the year of Christ's birth. The first man to maintain Christ was born on December 25 in the year 1 AD, as we now reckon time, was Theophilus of Antioch. He said the day was Friday but December 25 in 1 AD was actually a Sunday.

Easter, which ranks with Christmas in religious significance, is always on a Sunday—the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the new moon of the vernal equinox. Thus there is theological precedent for having religious holidays on a chosen day of the week rather than a date of the month. And there are a number of civil precedents.

Queen Elizabeth II, for example, was born on April 21 but we celebrate her birthday on the Monday before May 25, partly to carry on the old Victoria Day tradition — to confuse the matter further, Victoria was born on May 24 — and partly because the weather is better in May than April. Labor Day is fixed by statute as a Monday—the first Monday in September. Thanksgiving Day is likewise fixed by statute as a Monday—the second Monday in October.

So, while it is difficult to think of December 25 except as Christmas, it might easily make good sense to have Christmas on another date—whichever date nearest December 25 happens to be Monday in any given year. And for those who insist, rightly, that Christmas Day and Christmas week are meant to be a time not of revelry but of calm and spiritual contemplation, the creation of an invariable Christmas Sunday coming just before Christmas Day might well ease any misgivings about so startling a break with tradition.

Mailbag

- ✓ Could a free market sell our wheat?
- ✓ How Toronto the Good became glamorous
- ✓ Should sex talks on TV be taboo too?

In his article, If Ottawa Can't Sell Our Wheat Let Farmers Do It (Oct. 12), Ralph Purdy says only by tampering with the basic laws of free marketing are conditions created that bring about surpluses and scarcities. This is inconsistent with facts. A free market would undermine the farming industry in one year and bankrupt farmers. If Mr. Purdy's idea of free marketing is to compete with Russia's expanding trade he's got a man-size job.

He says it takes as much money and effort to promote and market wheat as it does to market refrigerators—40 percent of the retail price of a refrigerator goes for commission and selling costs. Try adding 40 percent to wheat prices. Great Britain will buy wheat where she can get the cheapest, be it Russia or elsewhere.—JOHN RATHWELL, SYLVAN LAKE, ALTA.

✓ To compare wheat marketing with selling refrigerators is going rather far. The Wheat Board has done an excellent job and chaos would result if it were abolished. But the government should base its dealings with farmers on the fact that we may expect to sell not more than 400 million bushels a year.—YVES LAMONTAGNE, POINTE CLAIRE, QUE.

Gerry's story rings a bell

I was deeply impressed with your article, *Why I'm Quitting Hockey for Football*, by Gerry James (Oct. 12).—JOHN BRIDGE, ORILLIA, ONT.

Picture of a "dynamic city"

It was exciting to see Toronto *glamorous* in your picture story, *A New Look at a Controversial City* (Oct. 26). John



deVisser's portrayal produced a warm glow of pride in an old Torontonian.—MARILLOUISE CORCORAN, VANCOUVER.

✓ John deVisser's pictorial essay is a masterful resumé of Canada's greatest and most dynamic city.—J. ROBERT PICARD, EDMONTON.

The case for religion in school

Re Helen Clark's criticism of religious education in public schools (Mailbag, Oct. 12), anyone who does not want his child to get this education has the right to withdraw the child. Rather than encouraging construction of separate schools religion in public schools discourages it, since every clergyman can teach the children of his persuasion in the public school. . . . I know one could make a case of confining religion to home and church, but as long as at

least 99% want to be married and buried by a minister, have their children baptized, promising to bring them up in the Christian faith, no one should object to ministers trying to teach children Christian religion.—REV. H. L. WIPPERCHT, COBALT, ONT.

Pull up your socks, piper!

I thoroughly enjoyed your cover of the Maritime piper (Aug. 17) but as a serving drummer of the 1st London Scottish



I can only hope that your piper pulls up his socks before an outraged pipe major burns his ears.—C. W. ATKINSON, LONDON, ENG.

Is CBC-TV going too far?

I could not care less about the use of profanity or the advertising of brasseries on Canadian TV (*Backstage with TV Taboos*, Oct. 12). However, I think the bounds of propriety have been overstepped on CBC's program, *Close-up*.

While my children have been acquainted with most of the facts of life, there are certain facets in connection with the subject of unmarried mothers—aired recently—which can hardly be explained with delicacy on a Sunday evening in front of company. Also, the psychiatric aspects of the homosexual—also aired on *Close-up*—is no topic for a family program.—FRANK A. BRYAN, FORT WILLIAM.

Hitler hits a new low

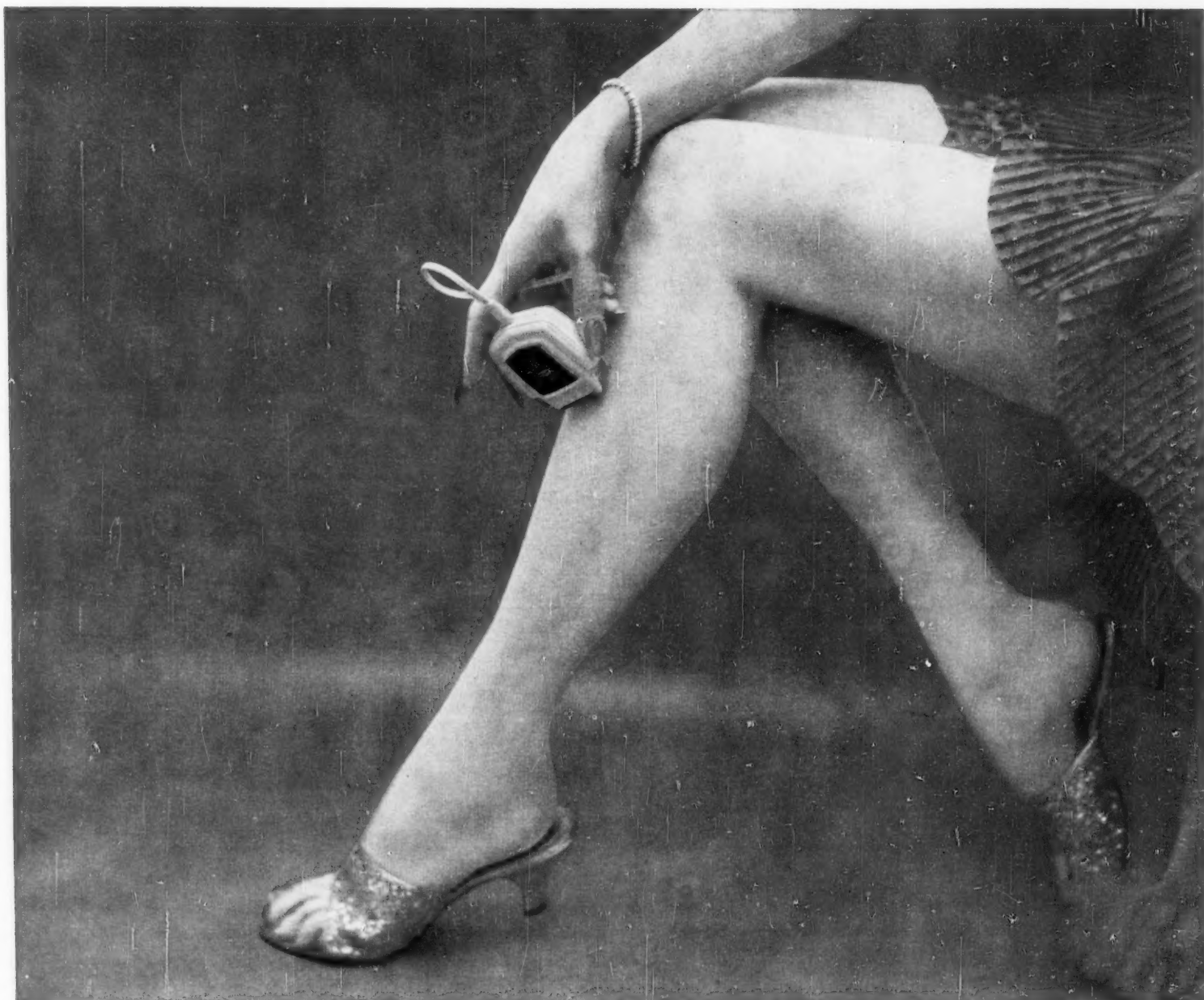
Your Hitler story (*What I Remember of Hitler*, Oct. 26), what tripe! This is the low in your grand magazine.—HAL SMITH, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

The Queen's personal touch

After reading your editorial on the Queen and her critics (Sept. 14), I watched for the personal touch in the Queen's speech to Canadians on her visit, and it was there. But the CBC tribute to her—I am thoroughly disgusted. Comments: opening portion, milk sop; Montreal portion, absolute trash; Glenn Gould, interesting; orchestra and chorus, tolerable.—R. A. NIXON, KENTVILLE, N.S.

✓ I do not know if you have heard Her Majesty speak, but we who have do not find her "stilted" or her words lacking "dignity and freshness." Perhaps we who are nearer to her do not feel her lacking in the common touch either.—MARY E. HAGUE, SOUTH PETHERTON, SOMERSET, ENG.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 90



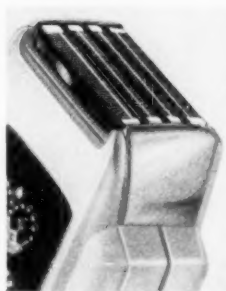
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Once you try the new Remington Princess with "Beauty Care Action", you'll say goodbye to old-fashioned so-called "Safety" razors and single-edge electrics.

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"But, Doctor... he's not himself any more"

"Doctor, I don't know what's come over Tom. He has always been happy... considerate of me and everybody else. But for months now, he has been changing. He broods a lot, his temper's quick and he is always complaining about his health. I can not get him to see you or any other doctor. Claims his trouble will eventually wear off."

Doctors hear of many situations like this, and they know that medical advice in such cases is often essential. Of course, we all have emotional upsets at times.

However, when disturbing feelings persist... when a person is so worried, anxious or depressed that he does not seem like himself any more... the source of the trouble must be sought, and corrective steps taken to restore mental poise and physical well-being.

Doctors have become increasingly aware of the effect of the emotions on physical health. There is no longer any doubt that illness of emotional origin is just as real as appendicitis or pneumonia or any other physical ailment.

No matter what the physical symptom is... for example—nagging headache, digestive upsets, irregular heart beat or backache... something can usually be done about it.

In fact, the Canadian Mental Health Association states that almost 50 percent of all people seeking medical attention today suffer from conditions brought about or made worse by emotional factors.

A visit or two with the doctor may reveal the underlying cause of the physical disturbance. This is frequently something that the patient does not even suspect.

Once the source of the trouble is found... and the patient understands how his emotional reactions are playing havoc with his health... a successful recovery can usually be anticipated.

So, if you find yourself... or any member of your family... becoming persistently overwrought, irritable, exhausted or unduly nervous, seek your doctor's help soon.

For an emotional disorder, like a physical illness, can be treated with greater hope of success when therapy is started promptly.

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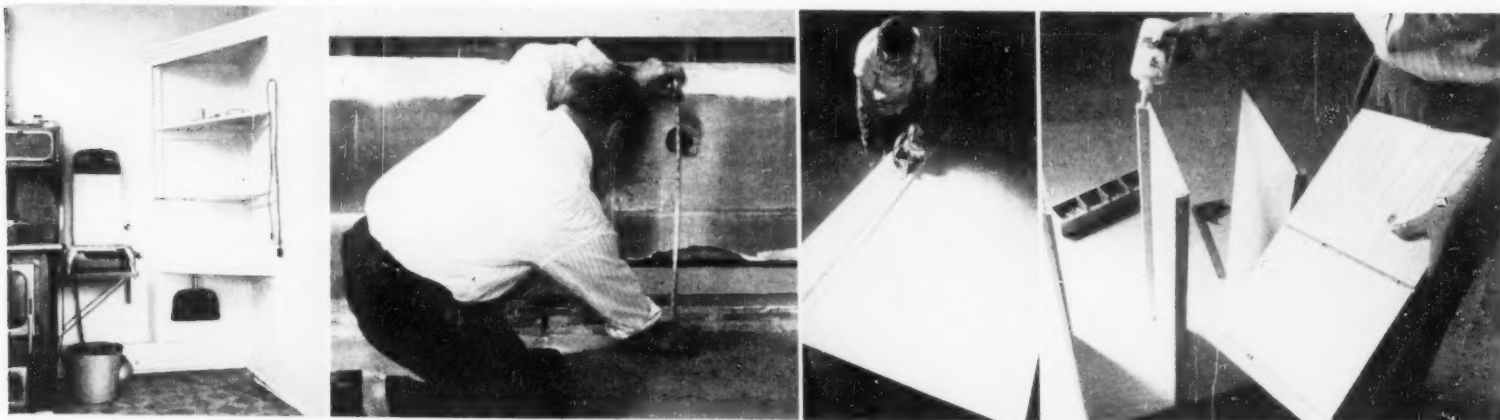


The cover

There are two Eskimo villages at Froisher Bay, Old and New. This is the Old Village, and although James Hill saw no evidence of plumbing he did see saddle shoes and blue jeans as well as the nylon slip his model is hanging out to dry in the Arctic wind.

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FIR PLYWOOD



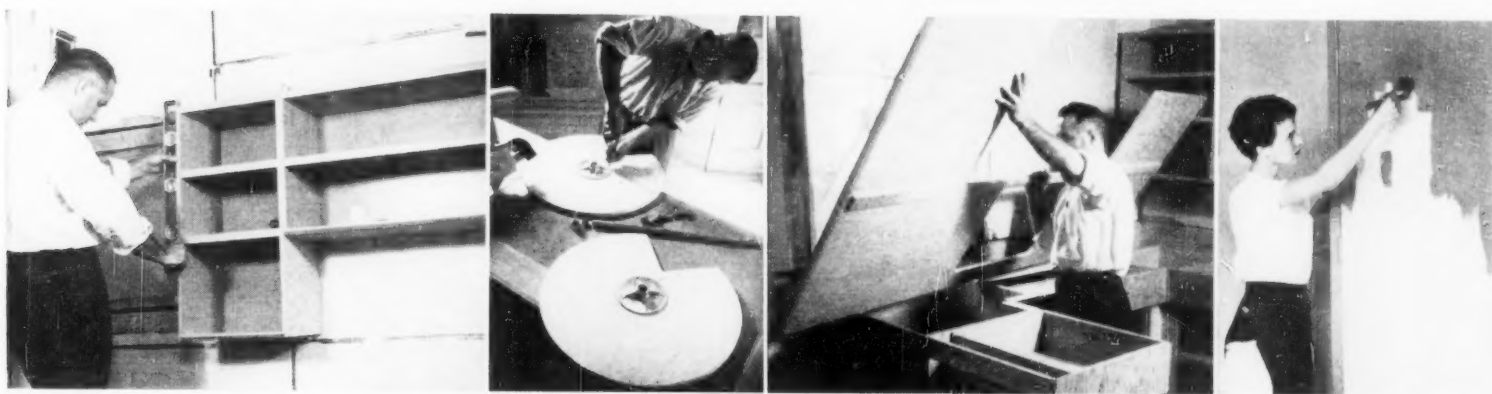
This kitchen was built in 1920. When new owners moved in they planned a bold remodelling project. Ideas were exchanged with a contractor, materials discussed. Fir plywood was chosen because it simplifies construction, lends itself to custom design and is inexpensive.

First, the room was stripped to the walls, and measurements taken. For convenience and economy, most of the new units were prefabricated off the site—an advantage which fir plywood affords.

The kitchen countertop was sawn from smooth, split-proof, 4' x 8' panels, using a batten as a straight-edge. These light, strong structural panels require less framing and cut construction time.

Fir plywood has excellent nailing properties, so the cabinets were put together with simple nail and glue joints. The frames were made of 3/4" plywood, but for the shelves a thinner 3-ply was used.

rejuvenates an old kitchen



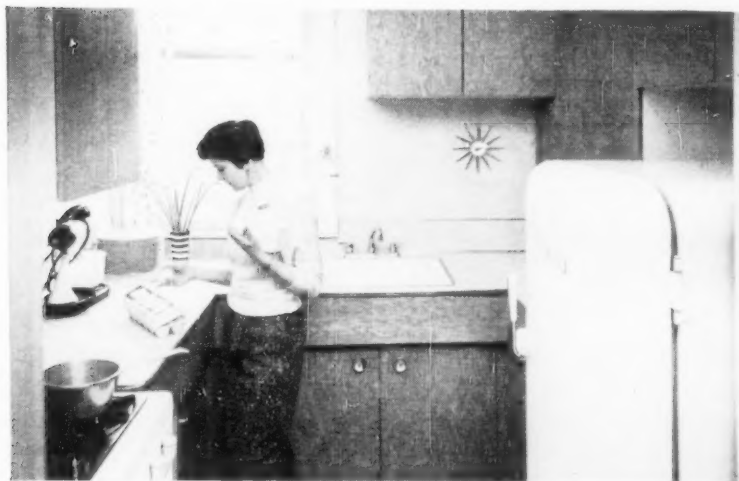
Unevenness in the floor and walls was no problem, because the prefabricated plywood units could be fitted to conform. When the units were assembled in the kitchen, they came out neat and square.

Precise, accurate shapes can be cut from fir plywood. These large discs made the shelves of a lazy Susan, which turned a wasted corner into a valuable cupboard.

The countertop was screwed to the cabinets to form one rigid unit. Warp-resistant, water-proof glue fir plywood makes an ideal base for any type of the popular countertop finishes.

Painting completed the job. Wax, paint, stain, varnish take readily to fir plywood's smooth, pre-sanded surface to give a perfect finish.

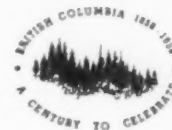
...and increases the value of a home

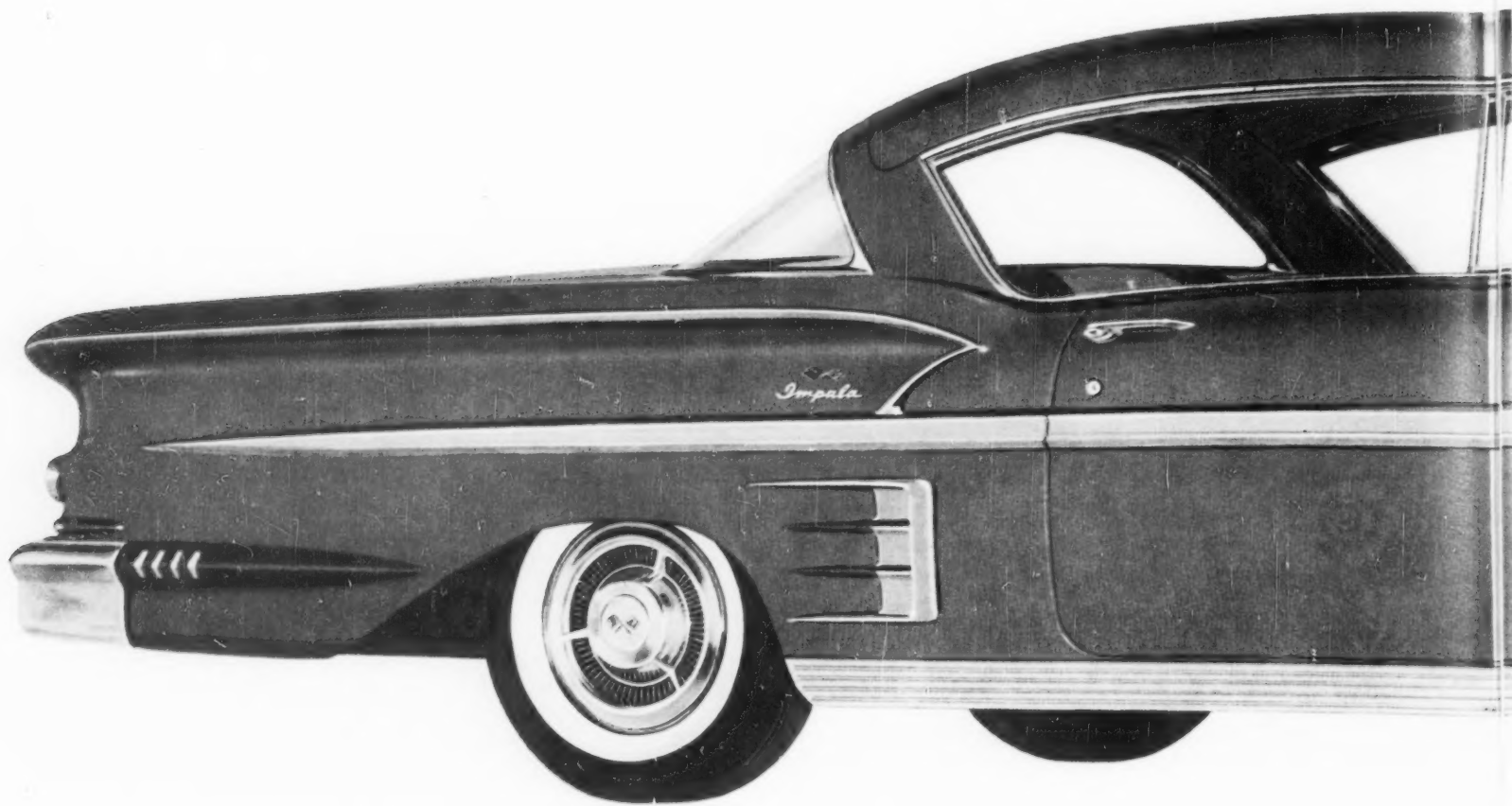


A new stove and fridge helped matters, but the fir plywood units themselves have created a kitchen that is pleasant and efficient. It's a small kitchen, but every inch is utilized. The fir plywood is a genuine decorative element, the grain forming an attractive contrast to the other surfaces.

Many Canadians are finding the money to remodel through low-cost NHA Home Improvement Loans. Last year, 55,000 home-owners borrowed \$32,000,000. Average loan was \$580, but you can borrow up to \$4,000 with ten years to repay. Most money was spent on remodelling, structural alterations and building extra rooms . . . all jobs well-suited to fir plywood. You can use it for roofing, sheathing, flooring, partitions, panels, screens and fences, cabinets, built-ins and many other improvement jobs. So consider fir plywood's advantages when you discuss your plans with an architect or contractor . . . then see your local bank manager about a loan. You'll find modernizing an old home is an exciting undertaking . . . and a wise investment.

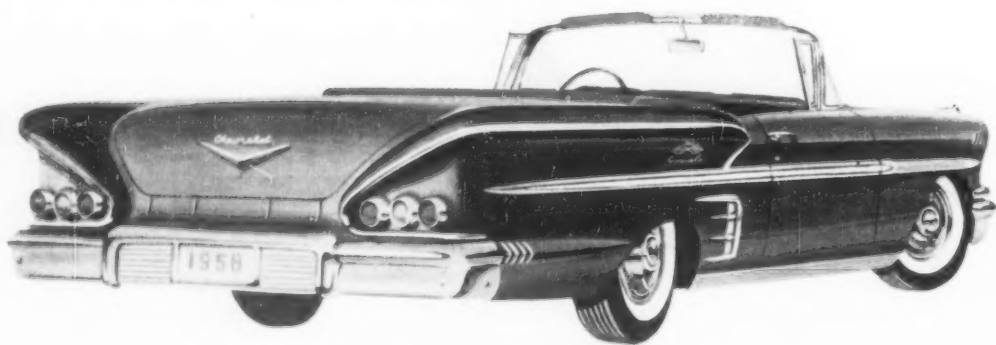
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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

'58 CHEVROLET

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A revolutionary new V8! So new it even looks different on the outside — that's Chevy's Turbo-Thrust V8*! Combustion chambers are *in the block* — a radical design development that results in super-smooth performance and high efficiency. Horsepower ranges up to 230. There are three new versions of the famous Turbo-Fire V8, too, including Ramjet Fuel Injection*, and more power for the super-thrifty Blue-Flame Six.

New body-frame construction! The secret of Chevy's road-hugging lowness is the new X-design Safety-Girder frame. There's extra safety in the lower centre of gravity . . . and new locked-together strength in the way this new frame is wedded to Chevrolet's new Body by Fisher.

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*Extra-cost option



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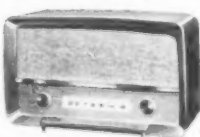


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Choose from a galaxy of 'out-of-this-world' values...

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For the sake of argument



HUGH MACLENNAN SAYS

We can't have Christ and Sputnik too

When the news broke about Russia's mechanical moon I was grimly glad, even though I lamented the coming of the day when our pleasant old earth will be as outmoded by colonized planets as the old culture-cradles of Europe are now outmoded by Russia and the United States. But since Sputnik was bound to be invented by somebody, I was glad that the first working model was produced by Russians and not by our friends.

If Sputnik does nothing else useful, it should at least rouse this mentally lazy continent to an activity which has been considered bad form for many a year: it may once again make it respectable for an honest man to think, even to think aloud. For already Sputnik has made public nonsense of the mythology foisted on North Americans by politicians, publicists and advertisers, who worship science without understanding the first important thing about it except that it is wonderful.

A propaganda thunder

The average North American, who is one of the least scientifically minded types alive, has been thinking of science as a cushion for his body and a drug for his mind. He has come close to regarding science as a god as tutelary as Jahweh was to the Children of Israel. Science, he has been encouraged to believe, will always look after him. When the first atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima, the initial reaction of the average American citizen was what might have been expected: once again, our scientific boys had done it.

Of course informed Americans understood perfectly well that the role played by our scientific boys in tapping nuclear power was relatively slight. The two pioneering geniuses had been a New Zealander and a German Jew. Even in the

Manhattan Project itself, the two most important scientists involved had been a Dane and an Italian. The atomic bomb was not the product of a single nation's genius, even of a single nation's know-how; it was a by-product of science itself. That the American government put up the money to build the bomb was not a scientific act, it was a political one.

But during the last dozen years the voice of the informed has been smothered in a thunder of propaganda. American myth-makers insisted that the public believe that the United States legitimately owned what in fact was an international property. When Russia made a bomb of her own, and made it years before the American government expected she would, the myth-makers pretended that her success was entirely caused by the activity of traitors who had given her the secrets. Right up to this last autumn it has been the thesis that Russia cannot keep pace with America in science and technology because—such was the argument of Dr. Vannevar Bush—science and technology will always flourish better in free states than in countries like Russia.

I am grateful to Sputnik for having at last made it possible for millions of democratic citizens to understand how they have been duped, and to consider a few facts about science which the scientists themselves have been stating for years.

The first of these is that science does not regard any one nation as chosen.

The second is that science, especially the branches of it dependent on mathematics, flourishes in totalitarian states. Mathematics is without morals or ideology, and therefore is no threat to communism. The Soviet government dare not tolerate an honest historian, philosopher, poet or novelist, and for a time **continued on page 101**

MONTREAL'S HUGH MACLENNAN, ONE OF CANADA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOVELISTS, IS WELL KNOWN FOR HIS PROVOCATIVE ARTICLES.

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new idea
for
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SNOWFLAKE. Electric wall clock. Fresh and charming. New three-dimensional dial. Non-breakable crystal. Red, Pink, Charcoal, Turquoise. \$7.95.

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BIG BEN. World's best known alarm clock. New modern styling. Choice of colors. Spring-driven (quiet tick, soft or loud alarm) or electric. Metal case, non-breakable crystal. \$7.95. Luminous, \$8.95.



BRANT. Electric alarm. Elegance in modern grey tone plastic. Equally at home in bedroom or living room. High styled dial, gold color trim. Luminous, \$7.95.



TINY TIM. Spring-driven alarm. Only 3" high. Quiet tick, dust resistant metal case. Gold color trim and ring. Two colors. Ivory and Pink. \$5.95. Luminous, \$6.95.



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BAXTER ON THE HIGH SEAS

A native son defends much-maligned Toronto

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



Baxter's view of expanding Toronto — a city of the young in heart.

Finally comes the last spurt to London, where the little engine with its piercing whistle rattles its way through a medley of crisscross tracks until it comes to a full stop at Euston Station. The passengers say good-by to each other and express the hope that they will meet again some time, but they never will. Ocean friendships are as fragile as ocean romances. One look at Euston Station and you are back to earth.

Then comes the taxicab journey to St. John's Wood, the family reunion, the fallen leaves in the garden, the odd feeling that one has not been away at all. "Did you have a wonderful time?" "Oh yes, I had a marvelous time." "Who did you see?" "Oh nearly everybody." "Did you make any speeches in Toronto?" "Yes, at the Men's Canadian Club luncheon, but I wasn't very good. It was better at the Women's Canadian Club."

Forgive this intrusion into my own privacy, but in the twenty-odd times that I have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic the procedure has always been much the same. There is really something about Euston Station that brings you to earth with a bump.

Once more I have visited my native country of Canada and am recuperating on board ship with nothing more exciting than a grey sky that hides the sun from the rolling waves of the sea. We are not a very colorful lot on board but that is usually the case. It is only the last day at sea that one belatedly discovers that there have been quite a number of handsome men and witty women on board.

Ships, cows and a prima donna

Soon we shall reach Liverpool with its harsh contours and untidy medley of ships. Then comes the seven-hour train journey to London through the countryside with its brooding cows that do not bother to give us so much as a glance, and as if there were nothing more to life than to go on grazing grass.

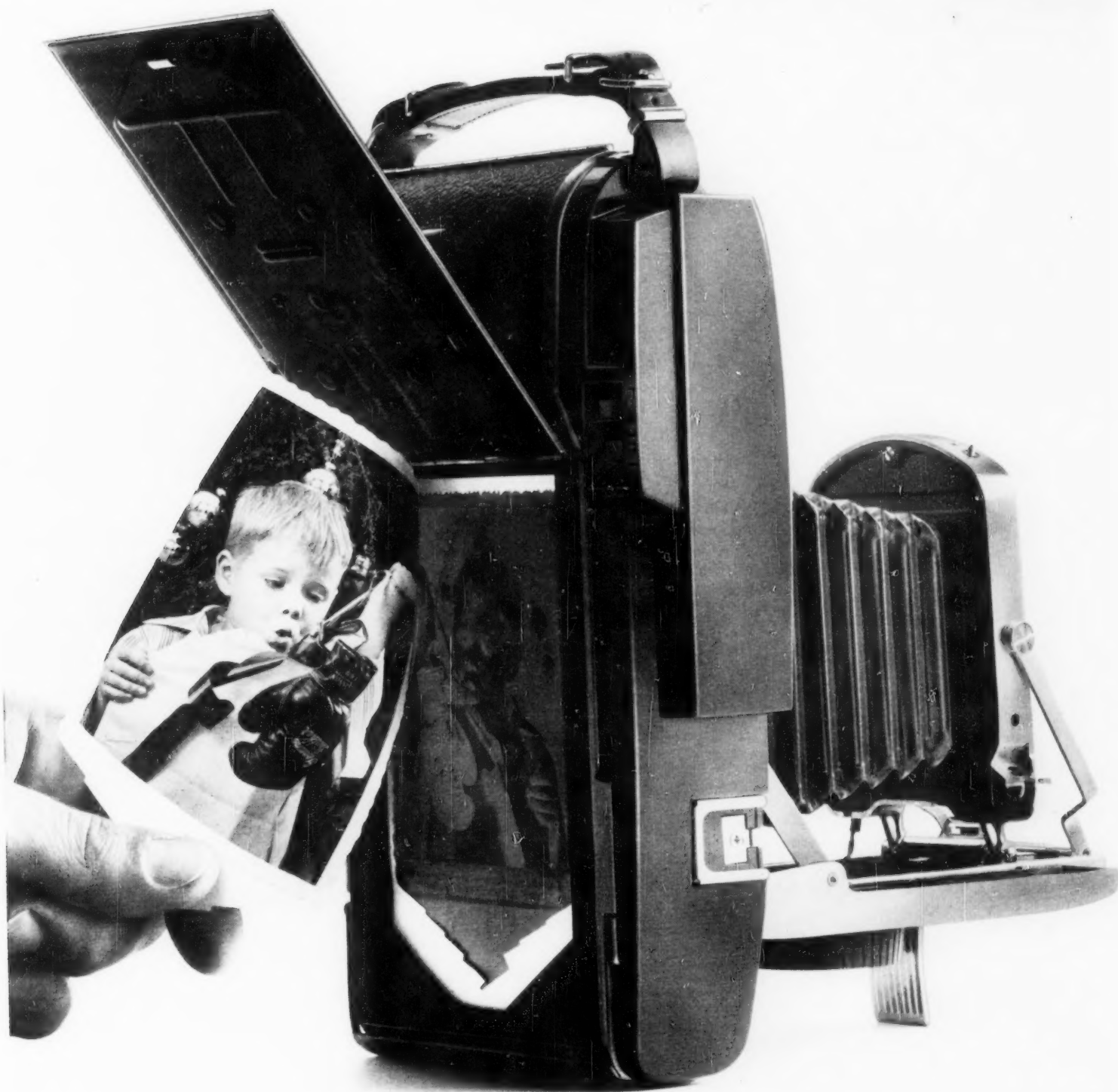
For no particular reason the engine that drives the train will let out a series from time to time, and a prima donna stabbed in the front, but that is just to call attention to itself. As the train passes the halfway point on its way to the metropolis the domains of the landscape will gradually soften and we note the recurring church steeples outlined against the sky.

A brooding sense of history

What are the most vivid memories of this latest incursion into Canadiana? There was the sunlit river at Fredericton and the charming white colonial houses on the bank as if we were back in the Deep South before the slaves were made almost free. Then there was the long, long river trail of the beautifully named Miramichi as it winds its way to the sea. Nor can we fail to acclaim Saint John for its stubborn courage and also for being the cradle of famous men.

Now come to Ottawa with its elegant aloofness and its sense of occasion such as when we awaited the arrival of the Queen's aeroplane. There is a brooding sense of history that lingers in the very air of Ottawa. The viceregal lodge, the embassies, the Houses of Parliament, the lovely trees, the furtive waterways, the quiet elegance of it all. . . . Ottawa has a lure of its own even if there are still hearts that are bleeding from the cruel thrust of the general election.

In Ottawa there is no desperate crowding into a subway or hanging precariously on the steps of a streetcar. Canada's capital city is in no hurry. **continued on page 103**



Can you do this with your camera?

YOU CAN IF your camera is a Polaroid Land Camera. For here is the only camera in the world that develops and prints its own pictures in sixty seconds.

And with the remarkable new panchromatic Polaroid Land film, the quality of these pictures is just magnificent. People who see today's Polaroid Land pictures for the first time are

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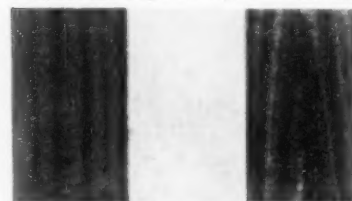
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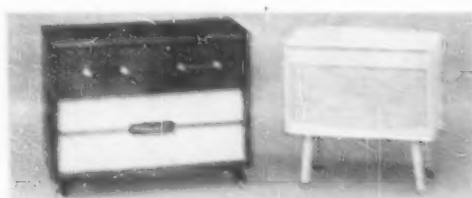


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Left: The Delano 30" H.C. 20" "Double-Fidelity" combination in walnut. \$199.95. Right: H.C. 20" "Double-Fidelity" combination in maple. \$199.95.

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AROUND THE WORLD. Frankie Carli, his piano and Orchestra. Wonderful light and lifting musical numbers. Long Play (LPM 1405) \$3.98.



Man and mountain: Rex Gibson sizes up the sprawling 9,000-foot massif of Mount Howson. He chose a route up the west ridge (left of peak).

ORDEAL ON MOUNT HOWSON

With two staunch friends Rex Gibson, Canada's most famous mountaineer, was climbing the peak that had beaten him three times before. Then, at 7,000 feet, began an epic of endurance, pain and heroism that will endure as long as man pits his strength against the towering rock of nature

BY ERIC HUTTON

Major Rex Gibson braced himself against a rock pinnacle seven thousand feet up Mount Howson to change places on the safety rope. His two companions wanted him in the lead for the final climb to the summit, partly because he was the most experienced snow climber and partly because they knew he had a personal account to settle with this mountain. They had reached this height to discover that the only way up was a snow-filled cleft that rose steeply to the peak. Downward, the narrow snowfield disappeared abruptly over a cliff five hundred feet below.

Gibson and his companions, Dr. Sterling Hendricks and Dr. Donald Hubbard, knew the climb would become somewhat more dangerous when they stepped out on the snow crust. What they did not know was that they stood literally on the verge of one of the

most remarkable episodes—an episode at once tragic and triumphant—in all the eventful annals of the supremely dangerous sport of mountain climbing.

The idea of turning back did not occur to any of them. Gibson particularly was in a mood of rare elation. As he knotted the nylon line about him with practiced fingers he nodded toward the panorama of forest and mountain that started at timberline far beneath their feet and spread to the horizon. "When people ask me why I climb mountains I can't find words to tell them," he said. "But here is the answer—getting up where nobody ever stood before and looking down at a thousand square miles with not a soul in it."

Hendricks and Hubbard, in a hundred climbs with him, had seldom heard the trenchant, matter-of-fact Gib- **continued over page**



Ordeal on Mount Howson continued

◀ **The scene:** Gibson and his companions fell 500 feet from a point below the mist line, half way down the snow-filled cleft. Crippled by a broken shoulder, broken ribs and fractured spine, Dr. Sterling Hendricks climbed back to the point of fall, then down to bring help. The rescue party climbed to the left of cleft. These remarkable photographs were taken by Alvin Peterson, a member of the rescue team.



The climbers: Dr. Donald Hubbard, Gibson, Hendricks and Peterson rest on Panorama Peak during preliminary reconnoitre of Howson. Photograph was taken by the fifth man of the party, Dr. Alexander Fabergé.

"Rugged but not impossible," said Gibson appraisingly. And his companions knew this was to be no ordinary climb

son speak in such terms. On the contrary, they had seen him cringe at being referred to as "Mr. Mountaineer of Canada" and knew he took no collector's pride in having made more first ascents of peaks in the Canadian Rockies than any other man. But this was no ordinary occasion. During the three years he had been president of the Alpine Club of Canada, Rex Gibson's goal had been the conquest of Howson. Three times in the short climbing seasons of northern British Columbia he had come to this lonely mountain fifty miles beyond Kitimat, accessible only if one could persuade a chartered pilot to risk setting down a float plane amid the unmapped shoals of Burnie Lake in the foothills.

Each year it seemed as if Mount Howson reserved its worst storm of the summer to hurl at Gibson. Torrential rain on the lower slopes and blizzards above the snowline had blockaded him. Each year the weather cleared only long enough for him to scout the glacier that guards the approach to the main peak and to catch glimpses of forbidding heights lost in clouds of snow.

Gibson determinedly renewed his attack on Howson this year. He felt fit as ever, but at sixty-five he faced the fact that he was past the age when most alpinists have climbed their last mountain. This time he came with Dr. Alexander Fabergé, of the University of Texas, who had, in vain, tackled Howson with him twice before, and three other United States members of the Alpine Club, all experienced climbers but of age and eminence that made them a little incongruous as athletes in this most strenuous of sports.

Fabergé, at forty-five the youngest of the party, and fifty-five-year-old Sterling Hendricks are among the world's top agronomists. Fabergé, called by associates "a genius in genetics," was born in Russia of French parents, lived most of his life in England and went to the U. S. in 1945. Hendricks, chief of chemical research at the vast U. S. experimental stations at Beltsville, Maryland, is known for recent discoveries in the effect of light and dark on growth, work his colleagues regard as of Nobel Prize calibre. Hubbard, fifty-seven, is a research physicist with the U. S. Bureau of Standards. The fifth man, Alvin Peterson, fifty-two, is an experimental engineer with the U. S. ordnance laboratory in Washington.

This party landed in Burnie Lake on August 8. The members had agreed to devote twelve days to the attack on Mount Howson, and the chartered plane was to return from its base at Terrace, on the Skeena River forty miles westward, on Monday, August 19.

No sooner had they pitched their base camp in the foothills three miles upslope from the lake than what they came to call "Gibson's weather" started. For a solid week it rained on the camp



The rescue: An exhausted Hubbard, his right leg bound to ease the pain of a fracture, dozes as rescuer Fabergé uses a signaling mirror to indicate their position to a circling search plane. Gibson died on peak.



The descent: Fabergé, carrying a back-breaking load of rescue equipment, cautiously lowers himself down the mountain on a safety rope. At his widow's request, Gibson's body has been left on the mountain.

and snowed on the mountain. Then, with only four days remaining before the plane's return, the skies cleared. The five men hurried to reconnoitre the mountain. In the sunlight Howson was a grimly beautiful study in black rock and white snow, towering more than nine thousand feet, its flanks guarded by four stark ridges. Those formidable buttresses, though, offered the best hope of climbing Howson safely. "Scale the ridges," warns unwritten mountaineering law, "and ava-

lanches or rock slides can't come down on you."

For two days Gibson and his party circled the base of the mountain, sizing up the ridges. In turn they wrote off the north, east and south ridges as impossible. That left only the west ridge. Gibson's face showed mingled hope and anxiety as this last route came into view. The five men stood amid the vast untidiness of boulders in a moraine at the foot of a thousand-foot glacier under the west **continued on page 91**

The spinster who lectures wives on love and childbirth

DR. MARION HILLIARD

once delivered fifty babies in one month;
her book on life and love is a current best-seller;
she's swamped with lecture and TV offers.
"Fantastic endurance"
makes it possible and straight talk makes it stick

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

In an age when most physicians and surgeons are wary of publicity, afraid to go out on a limb, hesitant to generalize (or worse still, to specify), a fifty-five-year-old Toronto doctor named Marion Hilliard has earned an international reputation by speaking her mind, in private and in public.

Dr. Hilliard's recently published book, *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, is currently in its second printing of forty thousand copies. Most of its chapters appeared originally in the Canadian magazine, *Chatelaine*, and since publication it has been serialized in twenty-six newspapers here and in the United States. As a consequence, thousands of Canadian women are as familiar with Marion Hilliard's photograph and forthright views as with those of their own doctors. Offers of lecture tours and television appearances reach her almost daily.

So far as the public is concerned, she has Arrived.

In Canadian medical circles, Dr. Hilliard arrived long ago. For ten years, until she retired from the post last spring, she was chief of obstetrics and gynaecology at Women's College Hospital in Toronto, a unique institution staffed entirely by women doctors. Although she has recently given up most of her large and lucrative obstetrical practice so as to devote more time to gynaecology, she still handles difficult deliveries. She performs operations five days a week. She is a past president of the Federation of Canadian Medical Women and is currently vice-president of the International Federation of Medical Women. She is also probably the only Canadian doctor to have a fellowship established in her name by her grateful patients, thirteen hundred of whom have subscribed \$7,500 toward an annual grant to some young doctor or nurse or medical project at Women's College Hospital.

Yet — "There's nothing interesting about me

except my endurance," says Marion Hilliard, who is seldom given to understatement.

Fellow physicians agree that her endurance is fantastic. They have known her to dash fifteen miles to the hospital from her house in suburban Scarborough three times in one night, deliver three babies, snatch a total of two hours sleep and turn up again at eight in the morning, rested and ready to undertake surgery, committee meetings, ward rounds and private appointments. She seldom looks tired, never complains and refuses to slow down.

"Marion is congenitally hopped up," says Dr. Jessie Gray, chief of surgery at Women's College Hospital.

Whatever the cause of her acceleration, it has sped Dr. Hilliard through a life of considerable achievement. Ten years ago, when her practice was at its peak, she was delivering fifty infants a month and struggling to limit her daily appointments to forty. She **continued on page 84**



PHOTOGRAPH
BY WALTER
CURTIN

Why the west will win the Grey Cup



CRITIC KERNS spent four seasons in eastern football, played on two Grey Cup teams, helped coach both.

It makes the most of Canadian rules

Its hard-running teams say—and prove—“you can’t score if we’ve got the ball”

It has better officials, better organization and a better spirit

And the west is going to keep winning, says this expert, till the east gets wise

BY JOHN KERNS

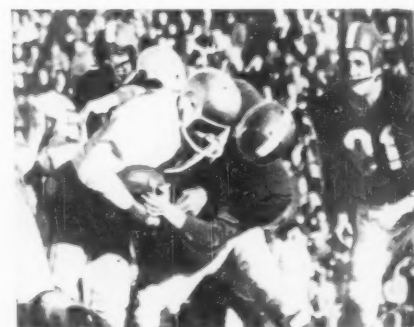
with TRENT FRAYNE

Here are the big reasons
why Kerns says
west will clobber east in the
year-end showdown



WEST uses all five men in backfield as potential offensive threats. Here Edmonton Eskimos, in white, noted for the “two-fullback” power running formation, start one of their fast-breaking split-T plays.

EAST, whose coaches think in terms of four-man backfield, frequently wastes the fifth back by flanking him wide. Defensive team sends a back to cover him — and they’re both playing 11-man football.



WEST puts emphasis on possession, will run for short gains rather than gamble on long passes. Edmonton’s Bright squeezes ball here.

EAST looks to aerial sharpshooters such as Montreal Alouettes’ Sam Etcheverry (below) to pick up long gains. But it often loses the ball.



up this year... and next... and next... and nex

On the last Saturday of this month, every Canadian who knows that a halfback is not fifty cents change, and thousands more who don't, will find themselves in the grip of a fashionable paralysis called Grey Cup fever. Debating the great annual question—Will the east win? Will the west win?—taxi drivers will draw up to the curbs of a dozen cities, escort their passengers to the sidewalks, and punch them on the nose. Milquetoasts will threaten their bosses and bosses will shout at their wives. Wives will go home to mother, whereupon they'll fight about football.

But speaking as a man who has been in the middle of this fantastic emotional bender called the Grey Cup final—played in it, coached in it, and sat in the stands and reveled in it—speaking from this point of vantage I've got news. The east hasn't got a chance. It hasn't got a chance this year of 1957. It hasn't got a chance next year, 1958, and, what's more, unless it mends its ways, it hasn't got a chance for maybe five years to come.

They play tougher, sharper, more imaginative football in the west. I'm not speaking specifically about the Edmonton Eskimos, with their three straight Grey Cup victories; I mean the whole league. Don't forget that the western league's all-star team pulverized the eastern all-stars 35 to 0 in the annual Shrine game in Vancouver last December. Western - Conference

coaches take greater advantage of Canadian rules and they make more judicious use of Canadian players. In every aspect of the game—expansion, recruiting, financing, treatment of the fan, administration and progressiveness of thinking—the west is away out in front.

I'll show you what I mean. I remember once hearing a puzzled fellow American ask Bill Swiacki, a former Argonaut coach, what they did in Canada with their fifth backfielder (there are only four backs in U.S. football).

"Well," said Swiacki, "we just flank him wide and settle down to a little American football."

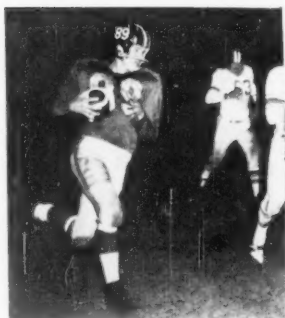
What he meant was that Big Four coaches send the "extra" backfielder jogging toward the sideline just before the ball is snapped so that when the play starts he's flanked maybe ten to fifteen yards from the centre of action. To counter him, the defensive team sends out a man, too. Thus you've got eleven-man football because both men are out of the play except for the few times that the quarterback passes to that wide man. Certainly there's no other use to be made of him.

Worse still, they'll sometimes flank two men wide, one to each side. That leaves only two backs in a position to take the ball from the quarterback for a running play.

On Grey Cup day watch that western club when it lines up. In the west they take full advantage of every man. They run a lot of plays in

which any one of five backfielders can be the ball-carrier. Most people are familiar with the names of the Edmonton backfielders, so we'll take them as an example, although this applies to other western teams too. Edmonton quarterback Don Getty stands close up to the centre to take the ball when the play starts. Lined up four abreast behind him are Johnny Bright, Normie Kwong, Jackie Parker and Rollie Miles. When the ball is snapped to Getty and the four backs are rolling, he has several options. He can give it to Kwong, who resembles a small tank, or to Bright, who resembles a large one, as they rumble past him and crash up the middle. Or he can fake it to Kwong or Bright but instead flip it to Parker or Miles bounding wide like startled fawns. Or he can fake the handoff, fake the pitchout, but pass downfield instead. This may be getting a little dizzying, but the guy can eschew all these opportunities to frighten the defending team, and run with it himself if he chooses.

This is why the confused defenders tend to acquire sprained ankles trying to decide which shadow to grab. It explains why Montreal's defense has been ripped to shreds in past Grey Cup games and why I say the eastern representatives will be running around with tongues hanging out this year. All season long in the Big Four, linemen and linebackers have had only two, or at most three, **continued on page 81**



WEST has quarterbacks who can run as well as pass. Above, Winnipeg Blue Bombers' Ken Ploen.

EAST quarterbacks, such as Hamilton's rugged Bernie Faloney (below), pass but seldom run ball.



WEST keeps play crisp with no-nonsense refereeing. For arguing with official, ex-Winnipeg coach Sherman was fined \$100.

EAST sometimes allows games to become ragged and disjointed as the referees stop the play for no apparent reason.



WEST polices itself by giving commissioner Sidney Halter full authority over its games.

EAST gives its commissioner, Judge Allan Fraser, no jurisdiction over league officials.



WEST gets a morale boost from its enthusiastic supporters whose interest is cultivated through player-fan clubs.

EAST puts less effort into building up close ties between its teams and fans, often receives little support in return.





"A woman should be master of her own body," flared Miss Palmer to police who booked her.

THE GREAT

For six months
in an Ottawa courtroom
an historic battle
studded with famous figures
flashed around a 28-year-old book clerk
while the world watched.
Was Dorothea Palmer a criminal
for spreading birth-control information
among Catholic mothers?

BY BILL STEPHENSON

Two decades ago, in the independent Ottawa suburb of Eastview, the longest and perhaps costliest trial ever held in a Canadian magistrate's court was fought to a bitter conclusion. The case—the Crown vs. Dorothea Palmer, social worker—involved the broad question of whether the public good was served by the dissemination of birth-control information in a community whose religious convictions were against such practices.

On October 27, 1936, a week after the trial had begun, the defense had already introduced some eighty pieces of literature and a dozen expert witnesses. Acting Crown Attorney Raoul Mercier complained, "We shall not be out of the trenches by Christmas if the defense continues to roam the world on sociological data!"

As a matter of record, Mr. Mercier was not to see Miss Palmer acquitted of his charges till St. Patrick's Day, almost six months and three quarters of a million words later.

From start to finish the Palmer case was enlivened by famous figures, brilliant testimony and cross-examination, surprise witnesses, unsuspected pathos, plus that most titillating of trial ingredients: sex. So delicate were some of the side-issues—from the sins of Onan and the interesting moral customs in the French Congo, to the efficacy of household vinegar as a contraceptive—that both

BIRTH CONTROL TRIAL

Ottawa English-language papers sought to protect their readers' purity by burying insipid accounts of all but the highlights in their inner pages.

The third Ottawa daily, *Le Droit*, though loftily ignoring the day-to-day testimony, was censured by the presiding magistrate for its sensational accusation that the defendant's work was part of a Toronto-sponsored plot to choke off the French-Canadian race at the womb. Other newspapers across Canada and the world hung on wire reports of the case. Many referred to Miss Palmer as "the Marie Stopes of Canada," recalling the furor in Britain a decade earlier over this famous English woman who opened the first birth-control clinic in the British Empire at Manchester in 1921.

The cause of the celebrated trial was a series of calls made on Eastview housewives by twenty-eight-year-old Dorothea Palmer, a pleasantly plump social worker who had emigrated to Canada from Wales ten years before. Miss Palmer's normal occupation was listed as, "saleslady, Egoist Library (and stamp shop), Queen Street, Ottawa," but she worked part time for the Parents' Information Bureau of Kitchener, Ontario.

This organization, financed and directed even today by A. R. Kaufman, a wealthy Kitchener manufacturer of rubber boots, raincoats, gloves and other wearing apparel, employed about fifty women across Canada—most of them nurses—to visit poorer homes and discuss spacing of children with the mothers. Acting on their reports, the PIB sent a free box containing birth-control devices and information to approved mothers who had signed requests for such boxes. Further supplies were available from the Bureau at cost, or gratis if the case warranted it.

Eastview, in this mid-Depression year of 1936, held about 4,000 souls, most of them French, the rest mainly Irish, with a handful of other groups. Although it is just across the Rideau River from Ottawa, where some of its people found work, the town itself was virtually at an economic standstill. A quarter of its people were destitute. The rest were able to raise in taxes less than four percent of the \$130,000 in relief required annually to feed and clothe their indigent fellow-townfolk, and their growing families.

The remainder of the money as the defense was to point out, came not from Ottawa but from the predominantly English-supported provincial treasury in Toronto.

All the women visited by Miss Palmer were Catholic, all but one were French-Canadian. Most had a number of children. Most received relief money. Miss Palmer was non-Catholic and spoke no French. Though she had been trained as a social worker in Sheffield, she was not a registered nurse.

Acting on a complaint laid against Miss Palmer,



Three quarters of a million words of testimony were heard in the small jammed courtroom in Eastview town hall. Religious leaders were called to testify for and against birth control.



Birth control information bureau's backer was—and is—manufacturer A. R. Kaufman.



"We're being asked to commit race suicide," prosecutor Raoul Mercier summed up.

Constable Emile Martel of the Eastview Police visited several homes and confiscated a number of boxes and one pamphlet entitled *Birth Control and Some of its Simplest Methods*. Then on September 14 he met Miss Palmer leaving an Eastview home, and asked her to accompany him to the police station. Miss Palmer did so. In conversation there she admitted surprise that it was the police who had tried to stop her and not the clergy. Whatever happened, she declared, she would go on

with her work. She also stated, "A woman should be master of her own body. She should be the one to say if she wants to become a mother."

Several hours later she was informed that she was under arrest, that anything she said might be used against her, and that bail would be five hundred dollars.

The charges, as Eastview Police Chief Richard Mannion outlined them after a telephone conversation with Carleton

continued on page 76



We sailed



"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives. **HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY?** If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

It took nine months of off-hours work, \$5,000 worth of material to build Elbon, but she was worth it.



ed our kids to Florida

In our homemade

schooner we rubbed shoulders

with a shark,

a hurricane, sea tramps and the

floating rich.

But when we got there all we

wanted was

a stiff breeze on Lake Ontario

By Elinor Noble

As soon as we were back home we sold our schooner and started work on Elbon II. The kids, Stuart and Jerry, are already right at home — and as keen as we are to sail again.

My husband Jeff came home one day from his job at the Consumers' Gas Company in Toronto and said, "Let's sail down to Florida."

I cheerfully answered "sure" without taking him seriously. His remark was what you might expect from a man who had put in nine months of after-supper work building a boat and was modestly proud of what had taken shape. But people don't just walk out on their living to go on a four-thousand-mile round trip in a sailboat they've built in the backyard. Especially people with a couple of young children, one still in diapers.

But next night our living-room floor was carpeted with maps on which we happily charted our make-believe course . . . across Lake Ontario to Oswego, N.Y., through the storied Erie Canal system to the Hudson River and down to New York City. About the time we traced the course past the Statue of Liberty and around Sandy Hook southward into the open Atlantic, we knew it wasn't make-believe any more. We were going.

Our friends were skeptical. "How on earth can you manage it?" they asked, aware that our bank account was no bigger and our mortgage no smaller than those of any average Canadian wage-earning family. When we tried to answer, we found so many good reasons why we couldn't possibly manage the trip that we hurried our preparations before good sense made us change our minds.

There were, of course, some circumstances that made the trip feasible. Like owning a two-masted, twin-cabin auxiliary cruiser. Owning Elbon (Noble spelled backward) was not only a matter of building her but working up to her. There was five thousand dollars worth of material in her, plus countless hours of loving labor by both of us, but mostly Jeff. When Jeff came back from five years with the RCAF we built a sixteen-foot boat and really began our married life—we had married in 1941 when he was twenty-two and I was twenty, just before he went overseas.

We sold that first boat after one season for a modest profit. After repeating the process three times we owned a single-cabin sailer worth three thousand dollars. That left a gap of two thousand for the materials for the thirty-two footer we wanted next—Elbon.

As family budgeteer it was up to me to squeeze it out of our income, via a little ingenuity and a lot of determination. I made sure our bare necessities were covered. The rest went

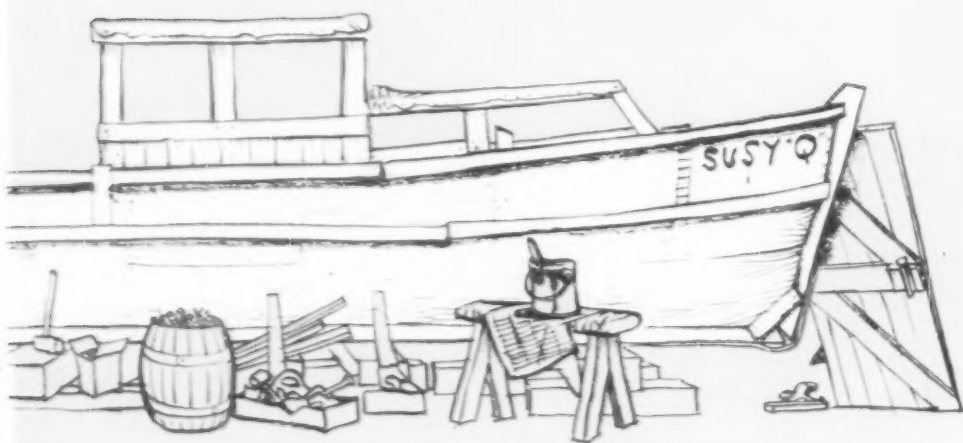
into the boat. But until Elbon was almost finished our most ambitious plans were for extensive week-end cruises on Lake Ontario. When we decided to live temporarily like the leisured classes it brought up a big problem: what to use for money? We didn't worry about Jeff's ability to get a job at good pay whenever we decided to settle down again. He's skilled in three trades—cabinetmaking, which was his job at the gas company, auto repairs and aircraft maintenance.

So we rented our house, sold our car, and went on a mammoth shopping spree in the nearest supermarket. We stowed our supplies and equipment in all the available space aboard Elbon and sailed out of Toronto Bay on a brisk September morning in 1951 to find out how long we could cruise on about a thousand dollars.

Our first night out of Toronto was also our first opportunity to sleep aboard Elbon and try out her facilities. The layout below decks was simple: in the bow was stowage space for ship's gear. Next, the "nursery," just large enough for two bunks but, thank goodness, with space under them for all our twenty-four cases of baby food. Next, an enclosed toilet—or "head" to all afloat.

Amidships was the main cabin, our living-dining-kitchen-bedroom. It was furnished with berths over lockers, a folding table, icebox and sink. In the stern were the engine and the water and fuel tanks. A small dinghy, to serve as lifeboat and tender, was lashed to the cabin roof.

The first leg of the cruise, from Toronto to Olcott, N.Y., was Elbon's first in open water. We had had time only for the briefest "shake-downs" after she was launched. Neither of us had handled a boat anything like as complex as this two-masted, staysail-rigged schooner—and above all neither of us had sailed salt water before. Nearly a year later Elbon would sail this path homeward, weatherbeaten and showing the scars of many a misadventure (usually with me at the helm). Her logbook, now all white pages, would be stained and smudged with entries — of running aground, of near-disaster in storms, of sighting a huge shark and of children falling overboard. Adventures that would in time become no more than incidents in our unforgettable year among the strange and special people who live on and beside the (sometimes) navigable waters between Toronto's Western Gap and Florida's continued on page 37





We can't escape the world, says Bob, but we can contemplate it. It's cooler.

But I DON'T WANT the new leisure

By Robert Thomas Allen

**What's the use
of the long week end,
asks Bob,
when everyone he knows
is worn out
trying to relax?**

Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson

Like most people trying to put in the time left over from the five-day work week, I've gone in for a lot of hobbies. I've collected butterflies, book-match covers, stones, bits of driftwood and everything but little bits of string, trying to put in the week end. I've identified trees, rocks, birds and bugs. I've made hundreds of things at my workbench that I had no more idea what to do with when I was finished than with the other forty-six hours until Monday morning.

My friends and neighbors seem just as bored with their hobbies as I am. They bring out collections of shells, stamps and coins, look at them dully, yawn, jiggle their car keys, put them back again and start looking for bottle openers.

I happened to be watching one of my neighbors the other day as he bored a hole through his window frame for a TV lead. This took him about five minutes. Then he wandered around with his power drill, looking for something else to drill a hole through, gave up, and slowly worked his way back into the house like a kid on summer holidays trying not to step on cracks in his sidewalk. A few doors away another man looked at an English sparrow through a new pair of binoculars. He lowered them with a frown, as if wondering if this was really all there was to bird watching, then began focusing them on passing cars, TV aerials, his feet, and finally on his wife, who was watch-

ing him as though she were wishing somebody would invent a seven-day work week.

These people all claim, with a straight face, that they can completely lose themselves in their hobbies. A friend of mine who works in a bank told me a while ago, "You know, every man should have an interest outside his work. Take me—know what I like to do?" His voice got far off and dreamy. "Just play around with cooking." He smiled whimsically. "I'm never happier than when I get the old chef's cap on, cooking for a gang."

I pictured him chuckling and basting sides of steers, his worries left at the bank, until one Saturday at my place he brought over his portable brazier. He hauled it through the front door, nodded absently to my wife and kept going right out the back door. Then he set up his brazier, poured some Jiffi-Starter on the briquettes, lit the fire with a blinding explosion, and had all the hamburgers broiled black while his wife was still unloading the car of salads, cakes, Cokes and pickle sauces. Then he put on a chef's cap, yelled, "Come and get it!" turned to me with a worried look and said, "You know, all they need to do is put on a couple of extra tellers."

I thought he was talking about a barbecue sauce at first, until I realized that he was still going over the day's totals. The fact is, the only interest this **continued on page 63**

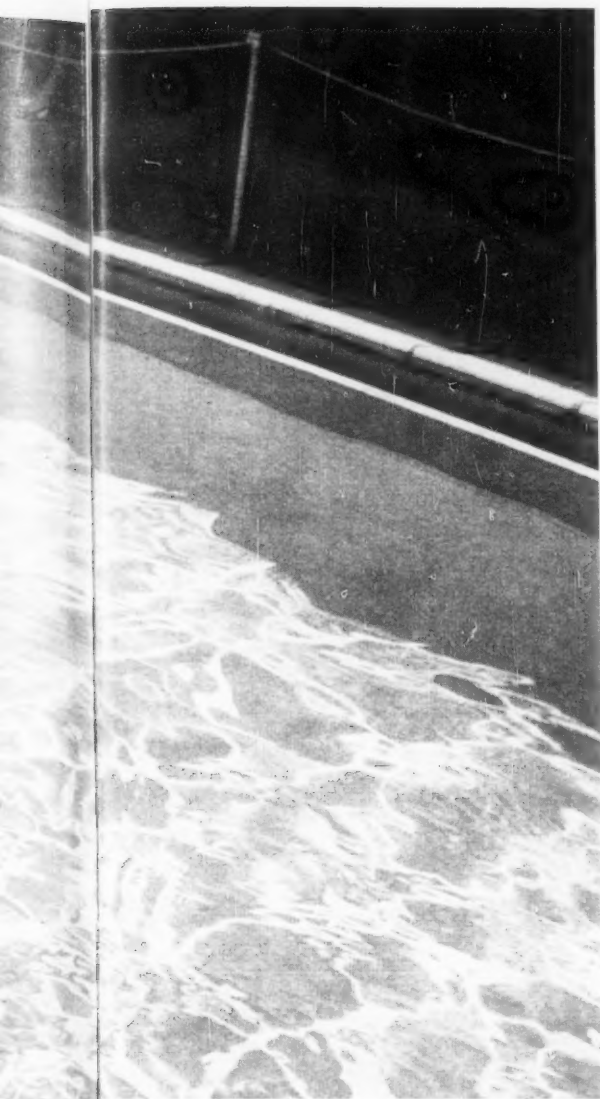


It's only 24 months since Hiller was struggling with the mortgage on a Toronto bungalow. Now he uses the pool that comes with his \$250-a-month one-bedroom flat to cool

The reluctant rise of Arthur Hiller



It's a far cry from his battered Chev coach to this spanking white Lincoln convertible. When Hiller bought it the salesman didn't recognize him. "If I'd known," he said later, "we could have worked out a different deal."



off between lunches at Romanoff's and jaunts to Las Vegas.

BY BARBARA MOON



It's taken Hiller and his wife, Gwen, two years to adjust to their \$4,000-monthly clip.



It's part of his job to lunch with Debra Paget at the edge of her private (and always heated to 90 degrees) pool.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT SMITH, BLACK STAR

He disliked movieland but he "wasn't ready" to direct big-budget shows in Canada, so this psychologist-turned-producer gingerly went to Hollywood. Now, with a phenomenal string of TV successes and a feature movie behind him, he's starting to enjoy himself

Art Hiller didn't want to go to Hollywood. Two years ago, at thirty-one, he was a \$7,500-a-year producer for CBC-TV in Toronto and he liked it fine. His assignments were pedestrian programs for the Talks and Public Affairs department, an occasional drama for Ford Theatre and the On Camera series, a couple of installments of a science-fiction show called Space Command. Sydney Newman, supervising producer of drama for the CBC, said Hiller wasn't quite ready for the big GM Theatre series. But then Hiller had only graduated from radio a few months earlier.

He had a three-year-old pale-green Chevrolet coach and he was paying off the mortgage on a pleasant six-room bungalow in suburban Wilson Heights. He had a wide circle of friends with whom he used to sit around in the evening talking about world affairs, men, women, Canadian culture and such other topics as exercise university graduates who read newspapers and still like books. Hiller holds a master's degree in psychology—but he had gone to work for the CBC as soon as he left the campus. "I had a great admiration and warmth and feeling for the CBC and what it was trying to do," he says now.

Today, only twenty-four months later, Hiller is in Hollywood making forty-five thousand dollars a year as a free-lance TV director. He drives a white Lincoln convertible. His wife Gwen, a tiny shapely brunette with a snub nose and freckles, drives a baby-blue Bel-Air Chev. They haven't yet found a house to their liking so they pay \$250 a month for a one-bedroom apartment.

Hiller is in demand for most of the top drama shows in network television: Climax, Panic, Ford Theatre, Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theatre and the CBS prestige series, Playhouse 90. He regularly calls the moves for stars like Carol Channing, Zsa-Zsa Gabor, Ruth Roman, Sarah Churchill, Debra Paget, Linda Darnell, Guy Madison and Edward Everett Horton. He has

even made his first motion picture, The Careless Years, for Kirk Douglas' Bryna Productions.

He didn't plan it this way. He was on holidays from the CBC, in 1955, and staying in New York with Mavor Moore, a Canadian impresario, when Moore recommended his calling Richard Pinkham, a vice-president of NBC. Hiller threw together a dossier that lumped his radio and TV experience under a reassuring six-year time span and did so. Pinkham introduced him to Albert McCleery, executive producer of Matinee, a day-time drama series NBC was about to launch in compatible color. McCleery had come east from the Hollywood color studios to assemble a stable of directors for the show. He had eight hundred and fifty applications stacked on his desk but he interviewed Hiller and asked for kinescopes of his work at the CBC. He looked at the opening scenes of one kinescope and noted that Hiller had used one actor's silhouette to frame another actor's face—a dramatic and effective device known irreverently to the trade as a "crotch shot." Hiller had picked up many such thrifty substitutes for expensive sets at CBC. Matinee was to be a low-budget show. "I'm terribly impressed," said McCleery and offered Hiller a job.

Hiller mightn't have taken the job if one factor had been different: he was still smarting from his annual contract negotiations with the CBC which he describes as "unsatisfactory." He adds, "I felt my keen interest and years of service didn't count for anything." **continued on page 65**

It's Hiller's gift to get the most from his stars. He's coaching Nancy Kelly in a Playhouse 90 drama.





A MACLEAN'S NOVEL AWARD

FLORENCIA BAY

By James McNamee

PART FOUR

Monica tore the roses and scattered the petals.

"It's picture language," she said. "It says, 'Watch out, be careful, you might lose your own head.'"

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Pat Crogan has been told bluntly by Indian Charlie Jack that he is to marry Monica, Charlie's alluring and alarming halfbreed daughter. Wanting only to seek gold from the black sand of the west coast beach, Pat can't completely believe Charlie will back his demand with force. But wealthy Charlie, and Monica, are used to getting what they want.

He had to wait next day until noon for the tide to recede and expose the patches of black sand before he could use the nitric acid. He washed between twenty and thirty pounds of sand, collecting the concentrates in his china cup. He baked the cup on the stove and spread the dry contents over a piece of wrapping paper, taking out the gold colors with a matchstick. He put back what was left into the cup and added nitric acid. The mixture seethed and rolled like lava.

The test was a disappointment. The inner sides of the cup yellowed and on the bottom a brown gum formed. He knew now the sands carried gold neither greyed by tellurium nor blackened by arsenic. Their only gold was free gold, flour gold, gold colors. He filled the china cup with water. The stains would remain but it could still be used for coffee.

He decided to start working the beach sand with his boxes. He spent the afternoon putting them together. He had two boxes, and a hopper, two feet in diameter, two feet in depth, narrowing to a spout, and he had a flat

tin tube with one end rounded, the other end soldered to a lid that fitted the tin boxes. Each box was rimmed with sponge rubber, and divided into two compartments, one large, one small. The spout where it joined the lid had a movable tongue.

To separate the light sand from the heavy, the hopper would be raised, attached to the spout with a coupling, the lid clamped to a box, and all filled with water. Sand would slide and tumble in the spout, through the water, each grain digging up or digging down according to its gravity, and, at the tongue, the light would take to the large compartment, and the sand with the gold would take to the small. As sand filled the box, the surplus water would drain through a hose from the hopper to the other box. The sand in the large compartment would be thrown away, the heavy sand kept until there was a quantity, and separated again, and again, and kept and separated again, the black being taken out by magnet, and after the collected residues had again gone **continued on page 48**

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN DALLISON



The rough and always ready mayor of Winnipeg

By Robert Collins

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID PORTIGAL

Ever since Canadian-Ukrainian
Steve Juba crossed
the tracks to storm Winnipeg's
city hall he's
traded political punches with
all comers including
the premier of Manitoba—and
even when he
loses he's a crowd pleaser



Flanked by the city clerk, who tips him off on procedure, Juba runs city council with a hard fist. "One-man rule," critics charge. "I make decisions fast," Juba says. "If the people don't like it they'll kick me out."

When Stephen Juba, a meek-looking candidate from the wrong side of town, unseated Winnipeg's highly favored mayor George Sharpe in last year's civic elections even Juba's supporters were dismayed.

They hadn't expected him to win. Few took him seriously. To most of them Juba was just a large likeable Ukrainian-Canadian with a boyish grin, a gullible expression and a two-year job too big to handle.

He had no experience in civic government, no newspaper support and had alienated several aldermen during his campaign. It was only his second win in eight tries for public office. As an Independent MLA (a post he still holds) Juba had been noted for homespun humor and fractured English, and for backing causes like colored margarine and a new Canadian flag.

If Juba's supporters were dismayed his critics were shattered. To them the new mayor was a lowbrow. He owned a wholesale business and drove a Cadillac but the car was flashy yellow, not sincere black. He liked western music and even yodeled, within the sanctuary of his home. He lived in a four-room bungalow half a block from a railway track on William Avenue West, one of Winnipeg's least fashionable districts.

He didn't belong to the better clubs, sometimes lunched at the CPR station and had once raced his own stock car at a local speedway. He had spent election day working on a gravel driveway. A resident of elegant River Heights summed it up for one of Juba's friends: "What would he do if he ever had to meet the Queen?"

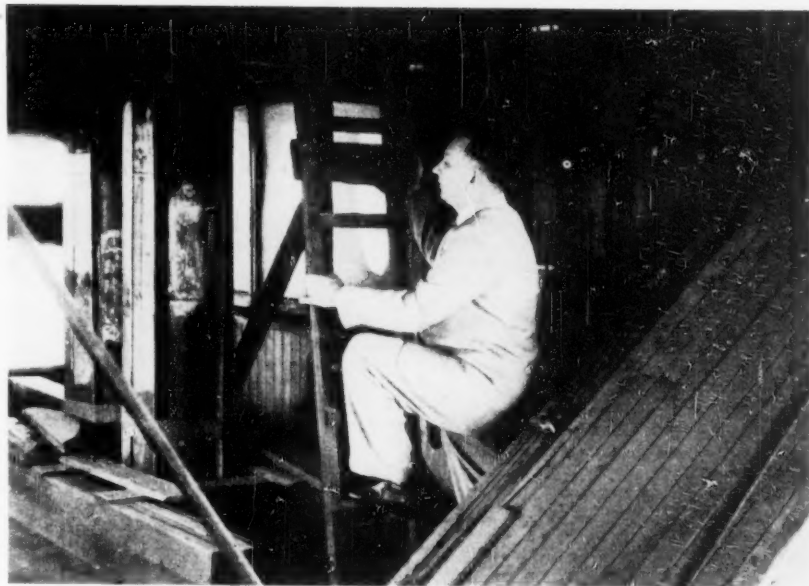
That was in October, 1956. Juba hasn't changed except that he now drives a lavender Cadillac. But no one doubts that he can handle civic office. What bothers some officials is how to handle Juba. He's becoming the fightingest crowd-pleasing politician in Manitoba. Probably he'll be the favorite if he stands for re-election in 1958.

Although not universally loved, Juba is generally admired because he never backs away from a hot issue. He has made civic government the prime conversation-piece in Winnipeg. To date the mild-looking mayor has scolded or squared off with the City Hydro Electric System, the Winnipeg and Central Gas Company, the chairman of the civic charities endorsement bureau, the parks-board superintendent, one or two suburban mayors, most of his eighteen aldermen and Manitoba Premier Douglas Campbell.

His run-in with the gas company, over proposed rates to consumers for Alberta natural gas, ended in partial victory for Juba. The Municipal and Public Utilities board set rates lower than those asked by Winnipeg and Central Gas, although not as low as requested by the city. When natural gas came to Winnipeg in late September, Juba skipped both the official dinner and "turning on" ceremonies. He went to a dog show and a function at the University of Manitoba instead. But he insisted his absence at the natural-gas ceremonies had nothing to do with his skirmish with the gas company.

Juba also won a concession from the provincial government. Originally the province offered a million dollars to help Winnipeg build a proposed seven-million-dollar bridge and freeway over the Red River. Juba said if Premier Campbell didn't raise the offer to around three million dollars he, Juba, would raise a billboard on Main Street blaming Campbell for traffic jams. Recently the government agreed to give \$2.6 million, which will build the bridge proper.

Last September Juba was in hot water again, this time over an incident that came to be called the battle of the Wolsley Avenue elm. The city public-works committee voted to chop down the ninety-five-year-old tree, which grows in the middle of the residential street, slowing traffic down to a crawl. But angry housewives in the district said it promoted safe driving and should stand. On the morning appointed for the elm's execution a band of women, one wielding an axe, stood off workmen, public-works officials, aldermen and police. Juba showed up and while the women egged him on and a local radio station played Trees **continued on page 70**



Once boss of a construction firm that failed, Juba backs up his campaign for a new city hall by guiding tours through the old one's quaking rafters.



Filing his nomination in the council chamber, Juba (arrow) faced an underdog fight. "Relax," he said. "It's the big noise at the end that counts."

Quick to pin a Winnipeg crest on Miss Canada, Joan Fitzpatrick, Juba has been slow to mix with the city's social set: "I'm not a tea-party mayor."

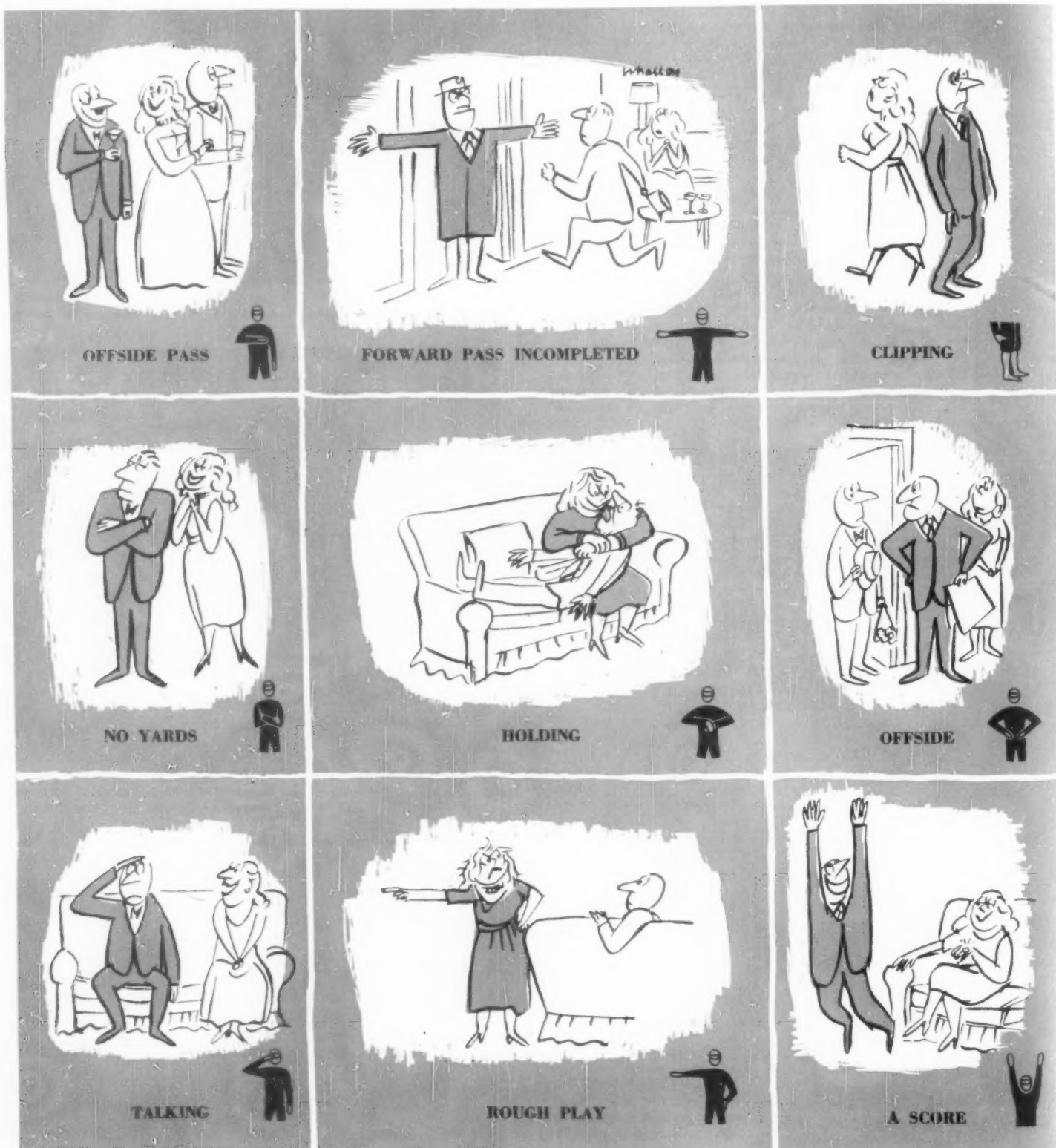


Sweet & sour

The romance of football

BY PETER WHALLEY

A gridiron referee's hand signals tell the spectators how he has called a play. But to artist Peter Whalley they suggest manoeuvres of another sort



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*Hollow ground blade is self-sharpening.

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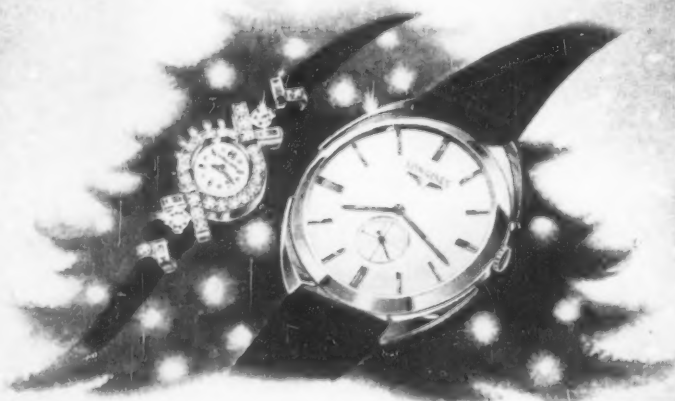
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BEST BET

LES GIRLS: Three cancan dancers in Paris (Mitzi Gaynor, Kay Kendall, Taina Elg) unofficially represent the United States, Britain and France in the frothy goings-on which help make this one of the year's finest and funniest musicals. M-G-M didn't use much more than the title of the popular book of memoirs written by Constance Tomkinson, daughter of a Nova Scotia clergyman. The results nonetheless are full of charm and sparkle, and Cole Porter's songs are worthy of his name. Gene Kelly is the genial but bewildered dancer-showman who tries to straighten out the girls' romantic complexities.

CHICAGO CONFIDENTIAL: Pretending to "expose" labor-union racketeering as a sort of red-hot footnote to some of the recent headlines, this turns out to be just another routine cops-and-robbers melodrama.

FORTY GUNS: Barbara Stanwyck is a high-ridin' woman with a whip again, in a western so portentous and overblown that it somehow seems twice as long as its seventy-six minutes. With Barry Sullivan, Dean Jagger.

MY GUN IS QUICK: Author Mickey Spillane's copyrighted blend of sex, brutality and mystery is even less impressive than usual in this cluttered story, although Robert Bray does reasonably well as Mike Hammer, the bloodshot private eye.

OPERATION MAD BALL: This fast and lively army comedy deserves a further commendation here, despite a few rather gruesome bits in a morgue. Jack Lemmon, Kathryn Grant and TV's Ernie Kovacs are amusingly on hand.

THE PASSIONATE STRANGER: Sir Ralph Richardson and Margaret Leighton make *more* than the most of their scant opportunities in this coy British comedy, which has a story-within-a-story (in color) as its central gimmick.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
An Affair to Remember: Romance. Fair.
Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.
The Careless Years: Drama. Fair.
Daughter of Dr. Jekyll: Horror. Poor.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
Doctor at Large: Comedy. Good.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
The Helen Morgan Story: Show-biz biographical drama. Fair.
Hell Drivers: Action drama. Fair.
High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
Interlude: Romantic drama. Fair.
Jeanne Engels: Bio drama. Fair.
Johnny Trouble: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Joker Is Wild: Show-biz comedy-drama. Good.
Let's Be Happy: Musical. Fair.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.
My Man Godfrey: Comedy. Fair.

Omar Khayyam: Costume drama. Poor.
Pacific Destiny: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Perri: Disney squirrel tale. Good.
The Prince and the Showgirl: British romantic comedy. Good.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
Story of Esther Costello (formerly *The Golden Virgin*): Drama. Fair.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
The Sun Also Rises: Drama. Good.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
The Unholy Wife: Melodrama. Poor.
Valerie: Drama. Fair.
Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?: Comedy. Good.
Woman of the River: Italian sex melodrama. Poor.



We sailed our kids to Florida

Continued from page 25

Western Gap and Florida's Biscayne Bay.

At Oswego, N.Y., the Lake Ontario terminus of the once-bustling Erie Canal system, we faced the strenuous task of dismasting and stowing all spars and sails neatly on deck so we could pass under the innumerable bridges across nearly two hundred miles of winding waterway between Oswego and Troy on the Hudson. When Elbon was just a hull covered with spars and canvas we started our twenty-five-horsepower auxiliary and began our voyage in earnest.

The water route from Lake Ontario to the Hudson is scenic and historic, no doubt, but to a boat crew it's half boredom and half rough dangerous work. Reason: no fewer than thirty locks are needed to lift boats over the hump in the Appalachian Mountains between lake and river. The process is alternately long waits at the lockmaster's pleasure and frantic moments of coping with swirling whirlpools that rush through lock gates, and trying to tie the boat against rasp-rough cement walls to stanchions that are always too high for the deckhand (me).

Running through locks meant that life aboard came to a standstill. With decks taken up by spars and sails there was no place for the children to play—and anyway the turbulent water running into or out of the lock gates would make a tumble overboard a tragedy. The children spent the locking trip peering up out of the cabin from behind two boards blocking the companionway. Jeff's nerves were wearing thin from close manoeuvring at every lock. As deckhand, I was bruised; as housekeeper, I was away behind on my laundry.

So Troy, N.Y., looked beautiful. We found a quiet backwater under an old railroad bridge and re-stepped our masts from above. Then I did an enormous washing, and hung long strings of diapers between the masts.

We had visitors, of course. One of the fascinations of cruising is that when you tie up people start arriving, small boys and old men who ask questions, offer information or just stand and look. And usually among them is a nautical character. One such sauntered up at Troy mooring, an elderly man, threadbare but jaunty in a yachting cap. He pointed to my strings of diaper pennants and said jovially, "Madam, I sighted your signals from afar, but could not read your message."

"That's easy," I said. "They mean 'baby aboard.'"

It was smooth sailing down the broad Hudson, and we had a destination we were eager to reach. On the chart was a yacht club at Newburgh with the notation "Facilities," which meant hot baths, a night's sleep ashore for a change, and a tankful of good fresh water. When we got there, though, the club looked almost deserted. A couple of men were fastening canvas covers on boats already in their winter cradles. They told us the club was closed.

"The three of you going to New York City for a little holiday?" one of them asked casually. At that moment



The Case of the Talking Goloshes

Yes, these boots have plenty to say about their owners: the high-heeled bootlets coo "Fashionable Lady". The Flight-boots ooze Pessimist from every pore. And Black-buckles, over there, mutters "Old Fashioned Gent".

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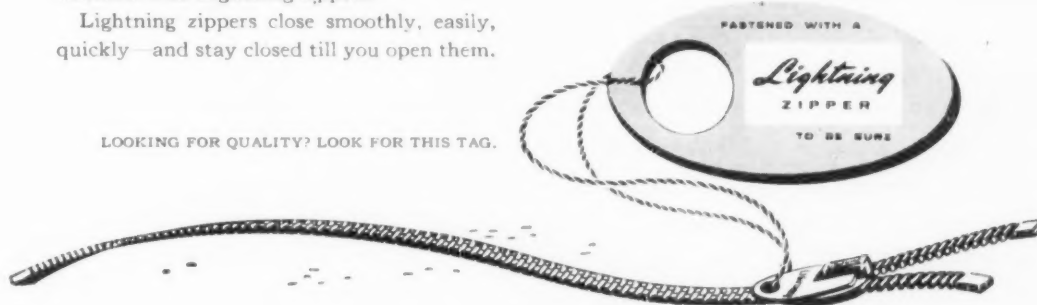
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"I was awakened by a terrifying noise. Our boat was rhythmically crashing down on some object"

Jerry swarmed stoutly up from the cabin and flopped into the cockpit. "No," said Jeff, "the four of us are going to Florida."

The men on the dock looked up at the Red Ensign on our masthead, down at the two children in the cockpit, and then at each other. "In that case," said one who turned out to be the club commodore, "I guess we're not closed."

We were given the run of the club for the night. Actually, that treatment was only somewhat more generous than boating people encounter at most inland yacht clubs. I mention it only because it was about the last place we would encounter "inland waters" hospitality. Atlantic coast facilities are rather sharply divided into municipal, commercial and high society. It's quite logical, really. People afloat on the waters between New York City and Florida tend to be either poor people who discover in a boat the cheapest accommodation and transport, or rich people who regard life on the water as a luxury.

In the fifty miles from Newburgh to Manhattan both the weather and the river became increasingly unpleasant. A strong wind blew upriver; barges, logs and other floating debris made it impossible for us to tack against the wind, and reluctantly Jeff started the motor and we lowered sails. His reluctance was caused by misgivings over the clutch. He had calculated the number of hours the new motor should run before the clutch would require adjustment, and planned to do the job at New York City. With the motor in operation now, we might run into trouble from a slipping clutch. With the engine full open we barely made headway, which was just as well because the river was full of driftwood and unidentified debris ("dead horses," Jeff said cheerfully) and to ram an obstruction at any speed might have been disastrous.

Then the rains came—and the clutch went. Jeff slowed the racing engine, and by some contortion managed to keep the clutch mechanism engaged with his foot. He had to stand uncomfortably all the rest of our painfully slow run into New York City. Eventually we could see the fabled lights of Manhattan through the murk, and limped toward the boat basin at the foot of 72nd Street. There wasn't a vacant berth to be seen inside the breakwater, and in desperation we tied up to the breakwater pilings. Almost immediately a voice boomed at us through a loud-speaker:

"It is prohibited to moor to the pilings. Please tie up at floating buoy number three."

We peered out at the buoy marked "3," a metal cone lurching in what seemed midstream, right in the path of tugs and assorted vessels going their heedless way. Reluctantly we cast off from the solid sea wall and edged out to the exposed buoy. We tied up, made coffee and decided to call it a day—the most eventful and exhausting day of the cruise so far. I had scarcely fallen asleep, though, when I was awakened by a frightening noise: our boat was rhythmically crashing into something. I scrambled up on deck, with Jeff on my heels. What we were crashing into was the buoy. Wind and current were fighting an evenly matched battle, with our boat in the middle. Every time one of

the elements gained the upper hand for a moment poor Elbon smacked the buoy. We tried shortening line and then lengthening it, but periodically jarring crashes would recur. I spent a miserable night thinking of the battering my paintwork was taking.

Ashore the next morning we learned that the bad weather was nothing less than the lash of a hurricane's tail. Our hurricane was How, the last of that year. While we had been sailing down the Hudson, How had been rampaging from Florida northward. Much of our voyage south was to be in the wake of hurricane How.

The hurricane's tail kept us bottled up at the 72nd Street basin for three days. It was morning rush hour on the river when we finally sailed, and our course lay across the ferryboat traffic. Ferries, we decided, had signals all their own. Certainly in our brief but hectic encounters we never deciphered their toots. Consequently there was a good deal of frantic last-minute dodging on both sides, and we undoubtedly left behind many nerve-shaken commuters from Jersey and many choleric ferry skip-pers.

Abreast the Statue of Liberty we hoisted sail. Beyond Sandy Hook the sea "lengthened" and we were riding swells born in the open ocean. This was our first sail on real salt water. Its difference from lake sailing, we decided, was the difference between a gallop and a trot. We would change our minds later, but on that bright October morning the Atlantic Ocean off the New Jersey coast was the most wonderful thing the Nobles had ever seen.

The ominous stakes

Until, that is, we encountered the fish-trap stakes. It happened while I was at the helm, of course. We were sailing merrily along when suddenly the stakes showed up, acres of tree-trunks four to six inches in diameter driven into the sea bottom. Steel cables were strung between the stakes and fish nets hung from the cables. Some stakes were broken off just below the water line, and these could mean sudden death to a boat. If a pitching hull came down on an unseen stake it would be holed and sink quickly. Danger lurked on our other side, too, where a heavy surf was rolling up the shore.

Jeff and I held an emergency meeting and decided to take our chances on being blown ashore rather than try to pick our way through the stakes to the offshore ship channel which now I discovered clearly marked on our chart. We had been off course almost from the time we rounded Sandy Hook.

In the end we had to run the gauntlet of the stakes. We were approaching the first day's destination, Manasquan, N.J. The sun was lowering, and breakers ahead warned that we would have to sail seaward of a buoy to enter the harbor. With sails lowered we chugged slowly through. Fortunately the tide was high and we fouled no cables. We rounded the buoy and were about to breathe a sigh of relief when we saw the entrance to Manasquan's harbor. Waves were building up as they poured through the narrow opening. We watched fishing boats approaching cautiously, and then one by one make a dash for the harbor mouth and ride in on the



DIE MEISTERSINGER, Germany



WILLIAM TELL, Switzerland



CARMEN, Spain



FALSTAFF, England



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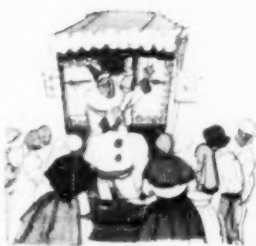
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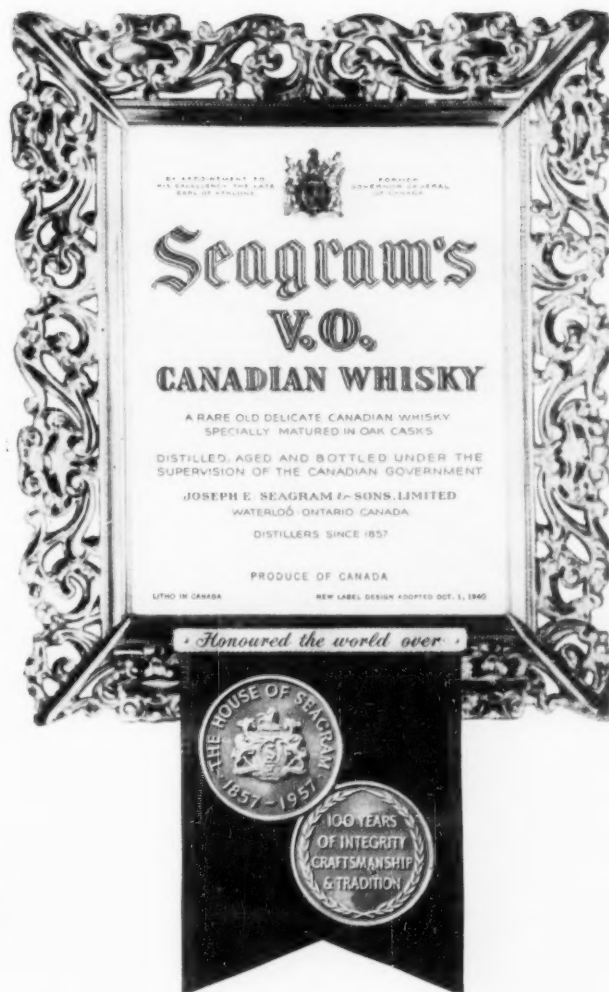
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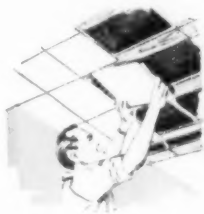
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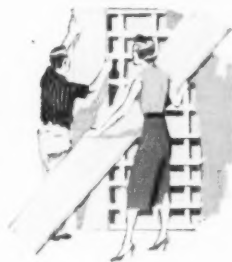
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crest like so many sporty surfboards. "If they can do it we can—maybe," said Jeff. "We have to try it, anyway. There's nowhere else to go."

We picked a wave and Jeff gunned the motor. For one wild moment the boat broached to the wall of green water and I thought we were going over. Then she straightened up and roller-coasted buoyantly through the breakwater into sudden calm.

This first ocean stopover was also the entrance to the Inland Waterway. We had hoped to have some days' sailing in open ocean, but that first experience impressed us with the dangers of the sea route, particularly with young children aboard, and we decided to use the less adventurous route even though it would mean less sailing and more use of the engine.

Probably not many Canadians know that it is possible to cruise by small boat from New York City down the Atlantic Coast clear to the southern tip of Florida with only one twenty-five-mile unsheltered stretch—the stretch we had traveled from New York Bay to Manasquan. For fifteen hundred miles southward the Inland Waterway runs via bays, rivers, canals, lagoons and coastal waters sheltered by offshore islands. For long reaches it is a hundred-foot-wide ditch dredged in water three or four miles wide but only a foot or two deep. This can provide startling sights. On our first day in the waterway, Stuart called from his lookout position astride the bowsprit:

"There's a man walking in the water!" Since the low shorelines were barely visible on both sides we paid no attention to such nonsense—until we came abreast a man in hipboots raking for clams at the edge of the waterway, miles from shore. I should have remembered him a day or two later when, at Ocean City, N.J., I let my attention wander to a big square-rigger pulled up on shore. Suddenly I was "off the road" and hard aground. It was the first of countless groundings during the voyage. Sheer need developed a technique for becoming waterborne again. The drill was for all hands to weigh down the bow, alter Elbon's trim and make her draw less water, and usually allow the thrashing propeller to ease her into deep water.

Not all the waterway was shallow and sheltered, however. At Cape May, the entrance to a canal leading into Delaware Bay, more than sixty boats were tied to every conceivable mooring, waiting for high winds to lessen. We had met an increasing number of southbound boats at each night's mooring, and now we were in the thick of the winter migration—sports fishermen who had been tuna fishing off Nova Scotia, cabin cruisers from the New York and Great Lakes ports, and even a cruiser that had come farther than we had, the Trudy Anna from Ottawa via the St. Lawrence River, Lake Champlain and the Hudson.

After three days filled with grumblings, the radio predicted good weather and at dawn on the fourth day an amazing procession streamed through the Cape May canal and spilled into Delaware Bay for the long run up to Delaware City and the canal that would take us into that great inland sea, Chesapeake Bay. At Delaware City we docked next to a strange craft, all unaware that she was to become part of our lives for many weeks to come.

She was a large and ancient cabin cruiser. Her moth-eaten plush upholstery hinted she had once been owned by a wealthy sportsman. From her depths came the clankings of an engine

being worked on and presently a man emerged. He introduced himself as Charlie Read, owner. "She's got carburetor trouble—I think," he said.

Jeff, who has a weakness for engines, quickly found the trouble and fixed it. Mrs. Read and two children, a boy and an eleven-year-old girl named Ann, returned while we were having coffee, and we heard the family's story. Read was a plumber in Yonkers, N.Y., but suffered from chronic asthma. He finally sold the business, bought the old cabin cruiser and headed south. As a navigator and mechanic, he admitted, he was a good plumber. His plan was to rent a permanent mooring at Miami and make a living betting at Hialeah racetrack.

"I have an infallible system," he explained matter-of-factly.

To complete their saga, we tied up near them at Miami and Jeff and Charlie went off to the races. Jeff came home early. He had been terribly bored by the races, he explained, especially when they wouldn't let him bet on the prettiest horse at the track, a piebald pony with flowing mane. "They said it was the lead horse and wasn't eligible," he

The pre-atomic terror

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It wiped out Sodom and Gomorrah,

Gutted Greek acropolises,

Annihilated fauna, flora,

Villages, metropolises!

How great its havoc, no one knows,

It's scarred the whole earth's face—

Yet look how cheerfully it glows

Inside my fireplace.

ELOISE KEELER

said indignantly. He had left Charlie busy with his system.

That evening Charlie came over, looking sheepish. "I wonder," he said, "if you'd mind loaning me ten dollars? There are some bugs in my system that I have to straighten out." We never did see the ten dollars again, but we figured his daughter had more than earned it by baby-sitting for us.

At Annapolis (with me at the helm) Elbon trespassed in water reserved for the Naval Academy's bombing or gunnery range, and we were firmly shoed away by a patrol boat. We docked next to a seagoing cruiser the size of a small liner. It had been a rough tiring day and I was throwing something together for supper when there was a knock on our companionway. A crisply uniformed young man stood there smiling—with a steaming pie in each hand. He explained a little sadly that he was steward of the luxury boat. "The owner is seldom aboard so I have nobody to appreciate my cooking," he said. "I am French."

We appreciated his cooking. We ate one pie at a sitting.

Our favorite food discovery, though, was shrimps. At home our family budget (including boatbuilding) doesn't include shrimps at a dollar and a half a pound. But when the shrimp fleet docked just after us at Page's Creek, North Carolina, and I timidly asked the price of a pound of shrimps, a fisherman told me, "Don't rightly know, ma'am—but a bucketful's fifty cents." So shrimp became a luxurious staple—to be firmly removed from the menu back in Toronto, of course.

At Norfolk, Virginia, we headed back

She likes to be warm....



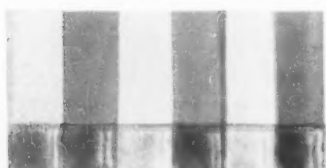
he likes to be cool....



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into the Inland Waterway proper. We had our choice of two routes, one via the Dismal Swamp. Naturally we couldn't resist such a fascinating name, especially since our guidebook said the Dismal Swamp canal had been dug by George Washington. It turned out to be fifteen miles of ditch bordered by mangroves. It was a roofless tunnel floored with water. Our topmost sail, the fisherman's staysail, reached above the mangroves and caught a breeze. A negro fisherman stared as we glided silently by. "First time I ever see a boat sail through Dismal Swamp," he called.

At Belhaven we met Teepee, a Bahama-built schooner seventy-five feet long, owned by Caleb Crandall, a retired U.S. naval officer. Teepee had been double-dismasted by Hurricane How. Crandall had put in new masts, and now was cruising south under power

while re-rigging his sails. Jeff agreed to help him, and for the rest of the way to Miami we tied up almost every night together.

Mrs. Crandall had two black cats and delighted the children by promising them a kitten when they were born—any day now, she said. But as days and weeks went by and we got closer to Miami and the parting from the Crandalls, no kittens appeared and the children became more and more worried. Those kittens never did arrive.

When we bade a catless farewell to the Crandalls we took up residence at Just's Island, a snug mooring nine bridges up the Miami River from the sea. Near us was a roving houseboat whose hull had long since settled into the ooze. It was inhabited by a couple who quarrelled frequently. One night after a violent disagreement the woman departed and the enraged husband started to throw

We asked...

"Do you think the Queen should be required to spend a certain part of each year in Canada?"

They answered...



H. Napier Moore, former editor of Maclean's—"If by required you mean demanded, I'm afraid even Ottawa can't do that to Her Majesty. If you mean there's a need or desire, the presence of Canada's Queen at regular intervals would undoubtedly strengthen the concept of the Commonwealth—the Family of Nations. But there are difficulties.

Australia and New Zealand, for instance, would have equal claim. The Sovereign could not be absent from the United Kingdom for extended periods every year. She is Queen of England first. Visits are one thing. To be in residence is another, involving as it would something approaching a Court of Ottawa, a Court of Canberra, etc. And what about the choice of disrupting the education of her children or leaving them at home? It seems to me that the basic idea is desirable but not feasible."



Thomas Vien, senator—"In my humble opinion, certainly not. Her Majesty's duties as Queen of the United Kingdom, Canada and other Realms, and as Head of the Commonwealth are so important, heavy and diversified, that it would be cruel, unreasonable and inhuman to tax her endurance to such an excessive degree. When, in the course of her reign, Her Majesty finds it possible to visit Canada, it is, as we have seen, a source of great joy and satisfaction to all Canadians. In the future she will receive the same cordial and right royal welcome. However, for the reasons stated above, it would be unwise, inexpedient and impractical to request Her Majesty to spend some time each year in Canada, other realms, dominions, or parts of the Commonwealth."

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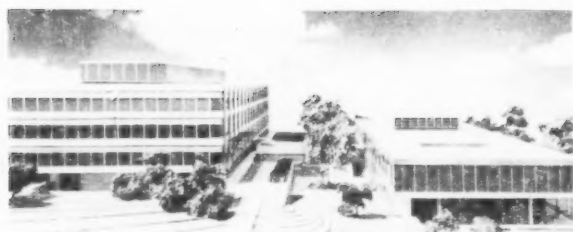
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things into the water. At midnight we were woken up by piteous cries outside. From the deck we could see feeble splashes in mid-channel—our neighbor had thrown his cat overboard.

Jeff launched our dinghy and rescued the almost-drowned cat. We forced some wine down her throat and washed off the Miami River sewage ("too thick to swim in, too thin to walk on," they say down there). Bilgewater, as she was immediately christened, became a full-fledged member of the ship's company.

Unfortunately, Bilgewater wasn't housebroken, an impossible situation aboard a small boat. So we started intensive training, built around a sandbox on deck. Bilgewater learned fast and with a thoroughness that became exasperating. She would be roaming a quarter of a mile away when an idea would occur to her. She would gallop back to the boat over a dozen acres of the finest sand in Florida, making a beeline for her box. Then she would gallop back over those acres of sand to whatever had been occupying her interest in the first place. She fell overboard at least once a day and if she happened to be beyond reach of an outstretched arm we would have to launch the dinghy to rescue her. This became such a nuisance that we finally bought a long-handled crab net to scoop her back aboard.

Child overboard — again

The children were better disciplined. Stuart understood boating safety rules, since he had literally been cruising Lake Ontario before he was born—he arrived a few hours after I got back from a sail. Under way, we made sure Jerry was in a safe place, usually in the cockpit or, in rough weather, peering over protective boards at the top of the companionway. But when we tied up at docks and discipline relaxed a little there was an occasional "child overboard" crisis. Stuart went in a few times when the fishing off the bowsprit got too exciting. One day Jerry was playing ashore not far from our mooring in the Miami River when a woman on a nearby boat gave her a pair of small cowboy boots. She ran back to show us. But the unaccustomed boots tripped her and she fell into the water. The boots filled and she sank.

We were in the cabin when we heard the splash and rushed up. Jeff saw bubbles rising between boat and dock, reached down, and hauled Jerry out. We hosed her off on the dock, and under a layer of Miami River sewage she was none the worse, except for indignation that, having got wet by falling in, she should be immediately given a second bath.

Days and weeks went by. We sunbathed and just relaxed, and less and less did we take Elbon down the river for an open-sea sail. We spent Christmas in shorts and shirt sleeves, and people came to our mooring to look at the first Christmas tree they had seen on a sailboat. We ate great quantities of fruit and vegetables and seafood at bargain prices. The children grew before our eyes and never had so much as a cold. I turned from a fair-skinned brunette into a tanned sun-bleached blonde. We were spending less than a hundred dollars a month and living well.

One day we were about to cast off to head down river under the nine bridges for a sail when a "neighbor" in a powerboat pulled alongside and offered a lift downtown. We accepted as a matter of course. It was so much easier to scoot under the bridges than to

wait for them to be raised for our tall mast. But that night we admitted to each other that we were falling into bad habits.

"When last did we go sailing?" Jeff asked. We calculated—and it was more than two weeks before. Yet sailing was our favorite activity. Jeff said he had come to the conclusion that people with sailboats did more sailing in four summer months on Lake Ontario than the year around in Florida.

"Let's go home in time to do some real sailing this summer," Jeff suggested, and suddenly I was as eager as he was. We started back in long runs, fifty and sixty miles a day. But the Inland Waterway wouldn't let us pass without a last and nearly fatal mishap.

One day in late April we set out on the seventy-five-mile leg from Chesapeake City to Cape May through Delaware Bay. Headwinds battered us to the point where in early afternoon we had to decide whether to turn back or carry on. We kept going. At least, we kept our bow pointed toward Cape May. But wind, waves and tide matched our combined sail and engine power. By dusk we had to get out of the ship channel or risk being run down by freighters headed up toward Wilmington. The only alternative to the channel was the fish stakes.

We entered this perilous wilderness at dark. We knew that an encounter with a broken-off stake could finish us, especially with waves up to nine feet high tossing us around. Slowly, blindly we drove into the darkness. Every time our bow rammed down into the black water we shuddered.

Finally it came, a loud crash forward. But instead of being pinned on a stake, Elbon's bow rose as usual. Once more came the crash. Jeff couldn't leave the helm, so I worked my way to the bow with the help of lifelines we had rigged all around the deck. Immediately I was drenched to the skin with cold spray. There were two more crashes before I reached the bow—where I found with relief that the anchor had broken loose from its deck lashings and gone over the side. It was dangling from its chain and banging against the hull with every wave. I lashed it back in place. Then I went below to change and to heat a can of soup each, to be eaten right out of the can because nothing would stay in a plate or bowl. I peered into the children's cabin. They were sound asleep. Bilgewater was nowhere to be seen.

I heard a shout from the cockpit. "Cape May canal light!" Jeff was calling. We anchored in calm water at three in the morning. That night we felt nothing more could happen in the hundreds of miles that lay between Cape May and our berth at the Port Credit Yacht Club that hadn't happened already. And nothing did, really, if we don't count being escorted for a while by a fourteen-foot shark on our open-sea leg up the New Jersey coast.

There are a few loose ends to tie up. Bilgewater, a seagoing cat, didn't survive long on land. She thought all vehicles were boats, friendly things that usually approached her to rescue her from drowning. She died under the wheels of a truck she went on the road to greet. Our boat Elbon has been sold — for enough to build a slightly bigger schooner on similar lines.

And the very process of recalling our trip has stirred up an irresistible urge to get under way again. We're going back, this summer or next, with an extra youngster, another boat—and a store of invaluable experience. ★

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"How do I get down?" The old man waved his arms helplessly. "Slide," said Crogan.

FLORENCIA BAY continued from page 31

through the spout the small compartment would glitter with gold. The gold pan and mercury would do the rest. Down the spout, into the boxes, gently sliding through six feet of covered water, and no capillary action, no floating particles.

Crogan split a cedar log into posts and built a trestle for the hopper. The satisfying task was finished before the rain began.

The rain stopped on Monday. Steam rose from the logs. Crogan collected the socks he had thrown out the window and rinsed them at the flume. The rain had done no damage to the roses outside Inkster's shack. Their leaves were greener, the blossoms more pink. Cheered by their color, he snapped enough stems to make a small bunch and carried them with him down the beach. He set them on the sand beside the hopper.

He fitted a rubber hose to a cock on the edge of the hopper and left the other end dangling in the second box. The machine was set up. He filled it with water.

Crogan judged that eight shovelfuls would fill the hopper. It took ten. Water gurgled from the hose into the empty box. The sand ran slowly, retarded by the water it displaced, water rising and tumbling, making the heavy sink, gently segregating black from grey. He sat and waited.

"Hello, Mr. Crogan."

"Why, hello, Miss Jack."

She wore boy's blue jeans, tucked into wellingtons that reminded him of the Mexican boots Robinson favored, and a boy's T-shirt. Her hair was as he had first seen it, falling to the shoulders.

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

"Oh, I've been here a couple of minutes."

"Why didn't you say something?"

"I did. I said, hello, Mr. Crogan. You don't seem to be busy. You've been sitting down ever since I left the shack."

"What time is it?"

She looked at her wristwatch. It was either white gold or platinum. "Half-past twelve," she said.

"Where's your father?"

"He's gone on business."

"Business with the American cousins, Miss Jack?"

"No. Business in Vancouver. Shipyard business."

"Is he having a boat built?"

"A seiner, Mr. Crogan."

"Isn't that a big boat?"

"It has a crew of four or five, costs eighty, ninety thousand dollars."

"That's money, Miss Jack."

"Oh, he's got money. Have you had your lunch, Mr. Crogan?"

"Have you?"

"Not yet."

"Are you hungry?"

"I could eat something."

"Just a minute." He stepped on the log and put his hand in the hopper. The sand was not flowing fast enough. "Sit down, Miss Jack." He had brought two ship biscuits with him, a thermos of coffee and a piece of cheese.

There was no embarrassment on seeing her again. It was as if her father had never made his wild proposal in the cabin of the Yeti. She looked like a kid. He wondered if he could have been the butt of Charlie's humor. The Indian sense of the funny was a funny thing. Charlie had killed a German who had called him English and that was funny. When a buck courted a girl he had the hell knocked out of him by the girl's brothers, every day he wore the top of his head in a different place, and that was funny. The ugly John, Tom and Augustine Jack had mimicked their father, wiped imaginary glasses and put



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Things
my husband
taught me



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them on, that was funny but they had refused to laugh. She looked like a kid in her blue jeans. "I can give you some hardtack, Miss Jack."

"Anything, Mr. Crogan."

"Just a minute. I want to see how the machine's working."

"How would you like to run a seiner, Mr. Crogan?"

"I don't want to run a seiner, Miss Jack."

"What do you want to do?"

"Mine! Prospect!"

"No. You can't go bunning around the country, Mr. Crogan. Definitely."

He felt as if a tent had collapsed on him. Was the joke to be continued? "Do you want your coffee now, Miss Jack?"

"You use the cup first, Mr. Crogan."

He would fight, but the fight would be with Charlie, not with a female squirt. Let Charlie come, John, Tom, Augustine, and give the young ones hatchets, Jacob and the silent Matthew, let them come, bring the cousins, bring the Sonass people, everybody who wore a feather and ate fish, bring the Squamish, the Songhees and the Sookes, the Cowichans, the Comox, the Nootkas and the Bella Bellas, the Bella Coolas, let them come and tell him what he could or could not do. "This is your cheese, Miss Jack."

She pointed to the roses he had picked. "Who are those for, Mr. Crogan?"

"The roses?"

He watched her gnaw at the ship biscuit. With her teeth she probably could nibble a tree. He could not stand the sight of her swallowing mouthful after mouthful of dry crumbs and hurried to give her the cup.

She sat cross-legged, toes tucked against her knees, body as straight as a gatepost. "Tell me about the roses, Mr. Crogan. Your story had better be good."

"Or what?"

"If it's not good, God help you, Mr. Crogan."

He scowled. Strong words to come from a pigmy. Years ago, if his mother had said, the truth or God help you, Pat, he would have told her what she wanted to know; she was a big woman, but this thing did not weigh much more than a hundred pounds.

"Why did you bring them?"

"How does that concern you, Miss Jack?"

"I will give you ten to answer, Mr. Crogan."

Her eyes were slits. In the delicate hands inherited from her Welsh mother she held a stone, the size of a baseball. Crogan knew he was close to having the top of his own head put in a different place.

"Miss Jack, I'm not interested in anybody's daughter. I repeat it. I'm not interested in anybody's daughter. I'm here to take out gold."

"Then stick to gold, Mr. Crogan, and keep away from roses."

"I have some advice to give you, too, Miss Jack. Stick to oolichan oil." He felt better. She might be sitting with a stone in her hand but he had thrown one verbally. "Miss Jack?"

"Yes?"

"Tell that to your father."

She leaned her head on her shoulder and giggled. "Poor Mr. Crogan! I'm sticking to something but it's not oolichan oil."

"To what, Miss Jack?"

"Ah, poor Mr. Crogan, poor Mr. Crogan! You have nice grey eyes." She threw away the stone. "Enough of this lovers' quarrel, Mr. Crogan."

"This what?"

"I said enough of this lovers' quarrel."

Good God! Shades of the prison house had started to close about the growing

boy. He stared at her. He stared at the uncovered box, at the hose connecting it to the hopper. He said, "What time is it, Miss Jack?"

"Ten after one."

He said, "I should be working."

This was his machine. He had stood by while the tinsmith made it, brought it to the beach, set it up, filled it with water, shoveled in sand, had foreseen this moment when he would take off the lid, and now expectation was gone, knocked out of him by a savage. Miss Monica Jack. The machine was his baby. No one in the world had made one like it. Take off the lid and, there, black sand on one side, grey on the other, but where was the glory? Stolen by a half-pint who could sit with her toes tucked into the small of her knees like a contorted idol.

"What are you going to do about these roses, Mr. Crogan?"

"Nothing."

"Then I'd better take them."

"Couldn't you pick some for yourself at the shack?"

"I want these."

"Damn it!" he said. "Take them. Are you going now, Miss Jack?"

"Yes. I just came over to say hello to you. All the family's on the beach to pick cascara."

"Oh!"

"We'll be neighbors. Mamie and the boys are down here now."

"How long will you be staying?"

"I don't know. Maybe all summer. You won't be lonely."

"Good-by, Miss Jack."

"I haven't gone yet."

"Don't you have to help Mamie?"

"Yah! Mamie. She can wait. I'll sit here and talk to you."

"I'm working."

"Go ahead. You can still hear me. How did you like the rain we had?"

"Why don't you go and see what Mamie's cooking?"

"What did you do when it rained, Mr. Crogan?"

"I thought of my sins."

"It only rained for two days."

"I thought of my sins and decided that next year I would enter a monastery."

"Oh, no you don't."

"Oh, yes I do."

"Oh, no you don't."

"I do."

"Oh, no you don't. They don't take married men."

His mind clouded with exasperation. His declaration had been an inspired falsehood but he thought it would remove him from the orbit of the Jacks.

"You want to be a bull nun, Mr. Crogan?"

"Are those words you learned from the sisters, Miss Jack? If I have a vocation, if I decide to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, is it not your duty to encourage me?"

"You can't do it. You've got too much flesh."

"Could you do it?"

"Me? I've got too much devil. But I'd look cute. Eyes like this. Hands like this. I'd be in charge of the boarders. Hard to get up? A bucket of water. Late for mass? I'd stand at the chapel door and boy! I'd kick their rumps."

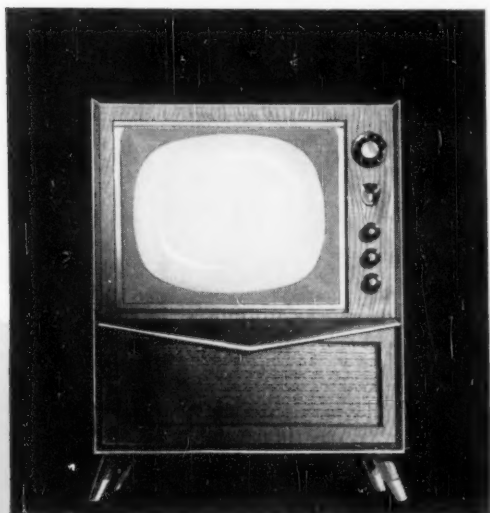
"You'd be cute, Miss Jack."

"You should have seen me when I was confirmed by the bishop. I had a pigtail. What patron saint did you take when you were confirmed, Mr. Crogan?"

"St. Francis, the one who went bunning around the country. Shouldn't you go and help Mamie?"

"I want to tell you about the time I was confirmed. You know how you're supposed to have someone stand behind

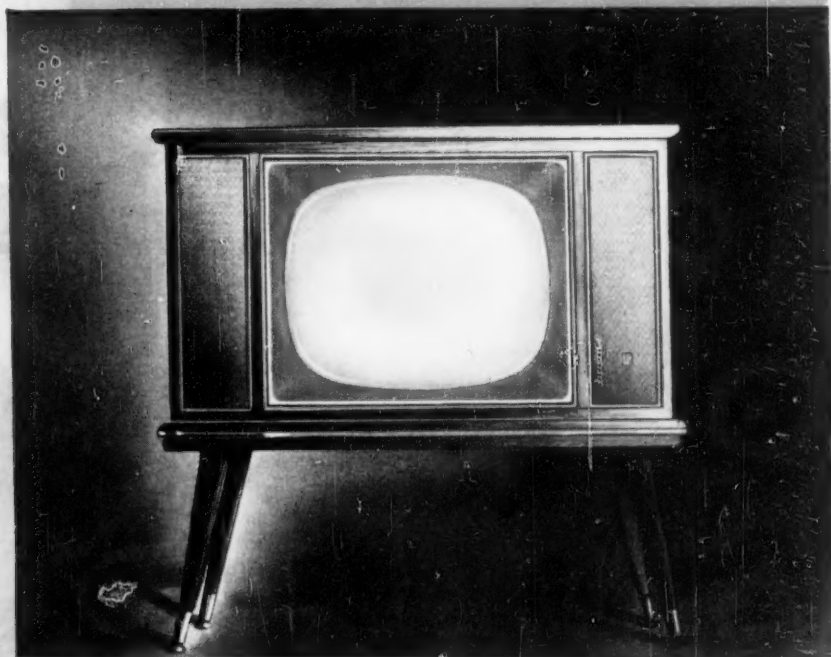
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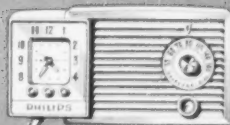
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 23, 1957

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and put his hand on your shoulder, I know."

"My father sent down Robinson. Robinson doesn't know much, Mr. Crogan. He stands behind me with his hands in his pockets. When it's my turn, the bishop sees him and he says, what's wrong with you? He bawls him out in front of a church full of people. I don't like it. Why are you so ignorant? the bishop says. You're supposed to put your hand on the girl's shoulder. I can feel Robinson giving him the look. You should know better than that, the bishop says.

Put your hand on her shoulder. That happened right before the altar, Mr. Crogan. Afterward they had cakes and cocoa. But I went outside to talk to Robinson. I said, let's hide in the bushes, Robinson, and when his car comes we'll throw rocks through a window, but he wouldn't."

"I see. Then what did you do?"

"I ran to get back before they finished all the cake. The bishop saw me come in. He liked me."

"You were cute."

"As a button, Mr. Crogan, and I

was the only Siwash kid they had at the convent. He said, come here, Monica. So I went over. You shouldn't have done it, I said. What shouldn't I have done, Monica? You shouldn't have hurt Robinson's feelings, I said. You shouldn't have been rough when you told him to put his hand on my shoulder. Monica, he said, he should have known better. He didn't like it, I said. Then he'll know better the next time, the bishop said. I'm not talking about him, I said. I'm talking about Jesus Christ—He didn't like it."

"You said that to the bishop?"

"Sure."

"What happened then?"

"I got sent upstairs. But I sure told him."

"You sure did."

"You don't pack a big enough lunch, Mr. Crogan."

"Are you hungry, Miss Jack?"

"I could eat something. I think I'll go and see Mamie. Give me your hand."

"You're not that hungry?"

"Lean over and give me your hand, I want to be pulled up."

She took his hand, To Crogan, the thin delicate fingers with their bright red nails looked as if they belonged to some unknown variety of the human race.

"You have hair on the back of your hands, Mr. Crogan."

"Irish hands, Miss Jack."

"When you see an Irishman, you see a monkey."

"You see the best monkey in the world, Miss Jack."

"Pull me up." When she was on her feet she said, "Poor Mr. Crogan! Always a monkey, never a monk."

"Don't be too sure."

"You can't lie to me, Mr. Crogan."

"Good-by, Miss Jack."

"I haven't gone yet. Where are the roses?" She stooped to pick up the bouquet and started twisting the flowers from their stems. She twisted them all, tearing the petals from each head, scattering them over the ground.

"There was no need for you to do that," he said. "You could have taken them with you and thrown them away."

"No. I'm leaving a message. This is picture language. If any other woman comes here she'll know I've been here first. It also says, watch out, be careful, you might lose your own head."

There was a black glassy concentration in her eyes. He took the shovel and threw sand into the hopper.

"Good-by, Mr. Crogan."

"Good-by, Miss Jack." He waited for several moments and then turned to look at her. She was twenty, twenty-five yards away. A good distance for a grenade. The white collarless shirt, the blue denim pants, the half-boots seemed appropriate somehow to her square shoulders and small behind. Her hair looked like a block of polished ebony. She had the appearance of a high-school kid wearing her brother's clothes — no, the appearance of a wolf wearing lamb's clothes. She had the devil in her. The Welsh blood had gone to her oval face, to her delicate feet and delicate hands, had copper-pinked her skin, perhaps put the Celtic blue that gleamed in her hair when the sun struck it, but it had not subdued her character. She was a savage. Her mutilation of the roses, how she had snapped them, would have done credit to the cold frenzy of a weasel let loose in a henhouse.

It was a night dream, a summer's madness. Charlie had said, how about this fellow, he ought to do, and she had said, I'll take it. They had chosen Crogan with no more compunction than if he had been a tree to be cut into lumber. An unsentimental decision made by the two of them while hauling in fish. Crogan had fought for his country, given the country five years of his life, and now to save what was left of it he had to fight the Jacks. How did you defend yourself against the infiltrations of a female brat and a Siwash with gold-rimmed glasses? How did you refuse the hand of a girl when the hand held a rock? How could you hold ground against a tribe? He could. Let them come. Let Charlie yell, you're elected to marry my daughter, let the daughter narrow her eyes, and the



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Labatt's

brothers and the cousins launch their dugouts, to the whole damned outfit his answer would still be a resounding no.

And this was the day of the demonstration of his new method to recover gold, and all he could think about was his entanglement with a girl who tore up roses. He took the lid off the box. There had been a separation. The sand in the small compartment was dark but not as dark as he had hoped it would be. A subsequent run would make it blacker. He was more or less satisfied. He tested a handful in his gold pan, washing carefully, and counted eighty colors. He washed a handful from the larger compartment and counted about thirty. It was a big loss, yet it could be reduced by experimenting with the angle of the spout and the position of the divider.

One thing was certain. The sand took too long to run. He would be restricted to twelve or fifteen shovelful an hour. But still, the machine would serve to show what values there were on the beach. He could always have a bigger one built. It would be an easy summer. The days would pass in sitting and waiting and shoveling a little sand.

II

He felt better. With his sparkling wits he was more than a match for a family of Indians. He had only to say no. It would come down to that. A simple no, a ferocious no, a challenging no—but no. It was the only defense needed. They could not club him the length of a church or twist his arm before a priest. But at the moment his was the position of a lonely man, a hunted stranger, no one to turn to, no door to rap on, nowhere to ask shelter from the night, from the slings and arrows of a tenacious tribe. And if a door did open, what could he say, for God's sake! I'm in danger of getting married?

The two brown canvas tents he had seen in the natural meadow by Charlie's house, on the other side of the peninsula, were now standing less than a hundred feet from Inkster's shack. Next to them a frame of saplings supported a canvassly. There were bundles and boxes on the sand and a tin cookstove. No one was about. They had probably gone back for a cargo of oolichan oil. He gathered an armful of driftwood to cook his supper. Climbing the steps, he noticed a decoration had been put below the window, a lipstick-penciled heart containing the initials M. J., P. C. You should have seen me when I was confirmed. I had pigtails. She still did, mentally.

III

In the afternoon there was smoke at the south end. The Jacks had arrived. He could now expect to have Monica as a visitor. He did have one, but it wasn't Monica. It was the mountie, Freddy Trotsiuk, the indefatigable Rise and Shine. Crogan noticed he had a way of bringing his hand level to his wrist when he talked.

"Did you get to Alberni?" the horse-man asked.

"Yes."

"Who took you? One of the Jack boys?"

"No. Charlie himself."

"Did you get your nitric acid?"

"At the first drug store."

"What boat did Charlie take?"

"The Yeti."

"She's a good one. Jap-built."

"She belonged to Hogashima, the one who was drowned."

"I never knew that."

Crogan asked, "Were there any further developments there?"

"About Hogashima? Why should there be? Did Monica go with you? By the way, congratulations. I hear you and Monica are engaged." He didn't wait for Crogan to answer. "How's this outfit of yours working? When you first came to the beach with your boxes, you know, everybody thought you were a moon-shiner."

Crogan was worried about the bottles he had in a paper bag under the table at Inkster's shack. "Are you walking the length of the beach?" he asked.

"No, not now," said Rise and Shine.

Crogan looked past him to the wild waves.

"Have you seen anybody else on the beach, Crogan?" Rise and Shine said. "Another prospector?"

"Is there another prospector on the beach?"

"There's supposed to be one here or on his way here."

"What's he done?"

"No, it's not that. Alberni is just checking on him."

"Are you sure he's coming?"

"So he said. They picked him up in

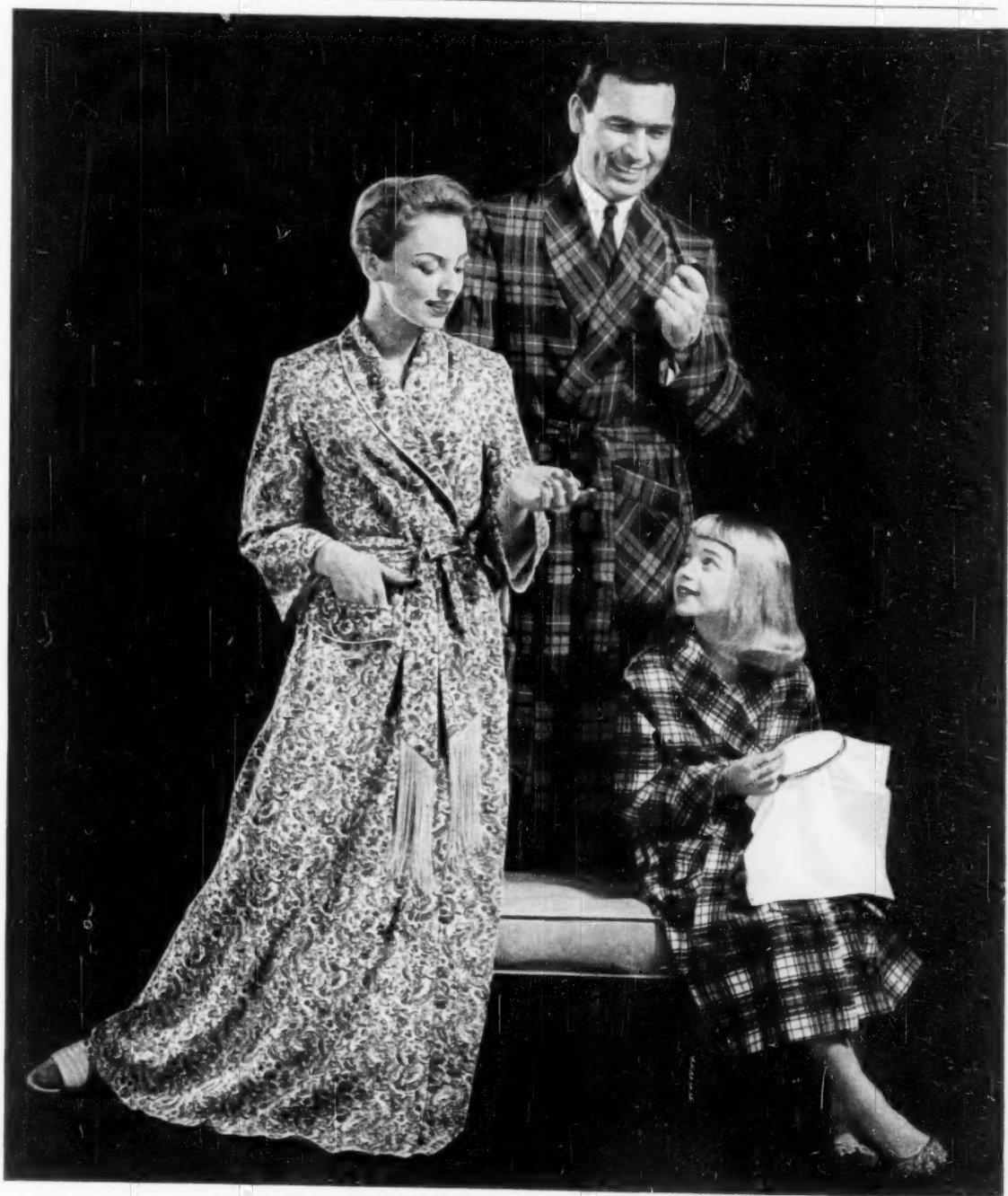
Alberni for investigation. That was two weeks ago. They couldn't hold him. Not even for vagrancy. He had a free-miner's licence. Now they're wondering if he ever got here. He's simple."

"You should know if he did. You meet the boats."

"The big boats, not the fishboats. But he's not coming by boat, he's walking in."

"Walking! How?"

"From Sproat Lake and down the Kennedy River. There's a trail of some sort."



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SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"

56

Crogan had the conviction he was being watched — in the thicket someone waited his next move

"It doesn't show on my map."
 "There is. During the war they walked a battalion in from Alberni."
 "How much is he packing?"
 "They checked on that. He had a blanket and enough grub for five or six days."
 "And that was two weeks ago?"
 "Yes."
 "How's the bush around here for black flies and mosquitoes?"
 "Rotten."
 "Then he's dead."
 "Let's be reasonable, Crogan! They might send me back over the trail from this end to find the body."
 "He's dead. He went off the trail."
 "How do we know he didn't shack up somewhere? There are a couple of old fellows doing development work on a mineral claim at the head of Kennedy Lake. He may be with them. We'll wait. But if he does come, get word to me, will you?"
 "Sure."
 "Perhaps you could tell the Jacks."
 "I will. The poor guy must have read the same geological report I did. Some government man claimed he took a sample from the beach that ran seventeen point six ounces of gold and one point one ounces of platinum the ton. At the foot of a wave-washed cliff, he said. That's all the beach. And that's a lot of gold. It should have started a rush as big as the one they had in California."
 "Time I was getting back," Rise and Shine said. "I have a call to make at Tolino."

The horseman gone, Crogan cleared one of his boxes. He sat down to read the Voyage of the Beagle, Chapter Eight, the singular breed of oxen, the perforated pebbles, the flock of butterflies, Port Desire. Each sentence was a crypt. Each paragraph a cemetery.

IV

Crogan had the conviction he was being watched. The feeling was the old one and still familiar, the heart emphasized its beat, the eyes, of their own accord, studied the middle ground, an organ other than the brain said that in the thicket, under the hedge, around the corner, on the battered roof top, someone was waiting to see him move. He stood up, thinking of Monica Jack. Smoke showed against the trees at the south end but the beach was empty. The feeling was as strong as ever. She might be practicing surprise and infiltration. He turned to the cliff and examined the ridge. Someone, with a black hat and a white beard, was looking at him, someone carrying a frying pan hooked to his belt, and a brown blanket draped over both shoulders like a shawl.

"Hey! Johnnie."
 Crogan said hello.
 "How do I get down, Johnnie?"
 "You slide."
 "You can't slide down here, Johnnie."
 "I did."

"I got to get down, Johnnie."
 Crogan sat on the log. The man ran ten paces along the ridge, and back again. The action was infantile and useless. He could see all the cliff's face from where he had been standing. The brown rug about his shoulders, the white beard, the black hat, gave him the look of a peddler, an Algerian rug merchant. Crogan put his hand in the murky water of the hopper to see how much sand was

left. The man would jump or he wouldn't jump.

"I see an island out there, Johnnie."
 Crogan paid no attention. If the man had crossed the mountains over a forgotten trail, struggled through windfall, beaten his way along the reedy shore of lakes, followed his nose over muskeg, he had no need to crawl away from a slope a schoolboy could have taken on his backside.

"How do I get down, Johnnie?"
 "What have you got with you?"
 "I've got a shovel."
 "Then throw it down and you come after it."

"That's the ticket, Johnnie."
 It was not a shovel he had but a spade. "I got this shovel at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

"There's no gold at Boston Bar."
 "There is, Johnnie."
 "No, there's not."
 "Johnnie, that's where I got the shovel."

"What else have you got?"
 "A gold pan."
 "All right. Throw it down."
 The pan soared over the edge, hitting the pile of grey barren sand Crogan had discarded from his boxes. It was sixteen inches in diameter, an antique. Crogan saw it had been used for a hundred purposes, had absorbed the smoke of a thousand fires.

The old man jumped. Crogan looked up when he heard pebbles rattling. The old man came down on his heels, pressing the spade into the ground behind him. When he reached the bottom, he clawed the blanket off his shoulders, threw it on the sand, and went through his pockets.

"What are you looking for?" Crogan asked.
 "I got matches, Johnnie. I got cigarette papers."

"Good for you."
 The old man whimpered. He came toward Crogan, his mouth trembling, his hand outstretched. "I need a smoke, Johnnie."

"When did you last have one?"
 "Johnnie, I can't think. I don't know. I don't know."

Crogan moved away. Body or breath, the old man stank. There was a feral musk about him. His black hat, salted and water-marked, was as dirty as his gold pan; the brim sagged, the crown had collapsed like a rotten melon. Knees and side pockets of his corduroys were torn. His flannel shirt was sleazy, collar and cuffs crusted with a substance as solid as tar. He had teeth only in the lower jaw—black, jagged, brown, like stumps of a burned-over clearing.

"Are you hungry?" Crogan asked.
 "When did you eat last?"

"I don't know, Johnnie." He wrinkled his nose. "Maybe yesterday but I don't think so, Johnnie."

Crogan had coffee in his thermos and he had saved a potato from his lunch. He could eat a cold unsalted potato as if it were an apple. He had seen, not far from his boxes, a quarter-pint cream bottle that the ocean at some time had brought to the beach, and he went for it. St. Francis might have kissed a leper but Crogan himself did not intend that

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N° 22 BOIS DES ILES CŒUR DE RUSSIE GARDENIA

N° 5
CHANEL
PARIS

CHANEL

the old man should drink from his cup. As he filled the bottle, he said, "You walked in from Alberni?"

"I walked in, Johnnie." When he saw the potato, he said, "Give me more than that, Johnnie."

"That's all I have."

"Give me grub, Johnnie. I'll pay for it."

"There are stores at Ucluelet."

"You've got more than a potato?"

"No, I haven't."

"Johnnie, open this." He took an aspirin box from his shirt pocket. "I'll give it to you for grub."

Crogan took the box. It held a few dozen microscopic nuggets, not one larger than a grain of sand. He said, "You didn't get this at Boston Bar?"

"There's gold at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

"This gold isn't from Boston Bar. Where did you get it?"

"At Whiskey Creek, Johnnie. Give me five dollars worth of grub."

"You haven't two dollars worth here."

"Give me grub for it, Johnnie."

The creature would have to be fed, but it was a long walk to Inkster's shack. Taking an idiot there might prove a bad business, like allowing a stray dog to follow you home. "You stay here," he said at last. "I'll go and get you some grub."

When Crogan returned, the old man, black hat on his face, lay wrapped in the dirty blanket. *Qui dort, dine*, Crogan thought. Who sleeps eats. Trust the French to fit a situation to a capsule. He remembered how the sound of the surf had prevented him from sleeping when he came to the beach. No one, as far as Crogan knew, had ever died of starvation in his sleep, and he placed some food from his slim stock a few inches from the old man's head.

As he retraced his steps toward Inkster's shack, he wondered how to get word to Rise and Shine about the arrival of the missing prospector. What day did the truck run to Ucluelet? Today, tomorrow. He had forgotten.

He would have worked longer but he felt an urge to get away from the old man. The old man could dig where he pleased as long as he kept himself some distance from Crogan's tin boxes. A few days' effort should convince him that Florencia gold was not to be taken with a gold pan. If he had the idea of using a sluice, where could he put it? Certainly not at the flume by the shack. The old man was not to be encouraged. The first time it rained, he would come knocking at the door. Where Crogan had his boxes there was not enough water for a sluice. The only place remaining was the foot-wide stream between the shack and Crogan's boxes. Even if he only panned, there was no other water. He could not use the ocean; the waves and the following undertow would see to that.

Crogan did not climb the steps but kept on walking. The Jacks had gone again. More bundles were on the ground than there had been the day before. Under the canvas fly the stove had been put up, and someone had done enough rough carpentry to make a trestle table and two benches. Crogan looked inside the tents. One had cedar slabs staked into the sand for bedforms, a large form with a groundsheet for Charlie and Mamie, a small one for the little boy who had helped Mamie fight the battle of the burned pancake. The other tent held a canvas cot, an air mattress, a green eiderdown, a green blanket, and folded sheets. Coat hangers were suspended from the ridgepole. There was also a swiveled mirror. Crogan knew he had his Irish nose in Monica Jack's bedroom. He took it out.

V

Fog hid the beach. Crogan kept close to the cliff as he walked toward the boxes. The old man and his blanket had disappeared. Crogan felt relieved; the air would be sweeter for the old man going. He could have had an impulse to his poor head to walk back to Alberni. Then Crogan saw the blanket lying in the gold pan, black wood in a circle of stone, and a rusty can with wet fern leaves in it. The spade was missing.

The old man came back later when the day was sunny. He carried the spade across his shoulders at an awkward angle. It gave him the look of a scared crow.

"What have you got to eat, Johnnie?"

"I've had my breakfast."

"Johnnie, I'm hungry."

"Then build up your fire. I'll give you something."

"Got a matca, Johnnie?"

"You have matches."

The old man gathered driftwood. Crogan laid a slab of bacon and two biscuits in the gold pan. He said, "What's your name?"

"Saul Finlay, Johnnie."

"I'm Pat Crogan."

"I'm Saul Finlay, Johnnie."

Crogan said, "There's gold at Boston Bar."

"There's no gold at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

Crogan looked at the sand he had in the plywood box. He said, "Where were you this morning?"

The old man browned the biscuits in the bacon fat. "Prospecting, Johnnie."

"How did you make out?"

"There's gold here, Johnnie."

"Find some?"

"I'm looking for the place."

"What place?"

"For the bottom of a wave-washed cliff, Johnnie."

"Why?"

"That's where the gold is."

"Seventeen point six ounces."

"Seventeen point six ounces, Johnnie."

"And platinum? One point one ounce?"

"I know about that, Johnnie. It's in a government book."

"Have you got the book?"

The old man wrinkled his nose. "I lost it, Johnnie."

"Where did you find it?"

"Maybe at Manson Creek. There's gold at Manson Creek, Johnnie." He ate his



THE PROFESSIONS: 4

The Clergyman

Each bird, each rock, each tree divine
Has special shape. The humble nut
Is divers, showing God's design
For differentiation. But

His deputies require a stunt
To circumvent obscurity:
We turn our collars back to front
To advertise our purity.

Mavor Moore

bacon, holding the half-cooked chunk in both hands, sucking the meat away from the rind. He broke the greasy biscuits on the edge of his pan and dipped the pieces in his tea.

Crogan said, "I know where you can find that wave-washed cliff. I'll show it to you."

"I'm rolling a cigarette, Johnnie."

"Seventeen point six ounces of gold. Yes, sir! And you can pan it, too. There's water."

"Got a match?"

"You have matches. Don't you want me to show it to you?"

"What?"

"The wave-washed cliff. You were looking for it this morning."

"I know I was, Johnnie."

"Then you don't have to look anymore. I'll take you right there."

The old man was irritated. "I'm smoking, Johnnie."

La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux. Patience is a bitter tree, but its fruit is sweet. He would allow the old man to finish his cigarette.

"What are you doing, Johnnie?"

"Separating sand."

"What for?"

"I like separating sand." If the creature had a tenth of his wits about him he would have known what the boxes were for, and appreciated the fact that sluicing could be done with imprisoned water as well as with water that gushed. The wits weren't there.

Crogan picked up Saul's spade and the gold pan. He looked at his tent that had stayed in the same place, rolled, ever since he had come to the beach. The old man might as well borrow it. His blanket would not protect him from the rain. "Get up," Crogan said. "Get up and grab that tent and the rest of your things."

"Where are we going, Johnnie?"

"To the wave-washed cliff."

"Are we partners, Johnnie?"

"No. You can work this seventeen-ounce dirt yourself."

The tent and blanket on his shoulders and the frying pan hitched to his belt, the old man walked with little steps, scuffling the sand, sending it ahead of him in showers.

"And there are some Indians camping at the end of the beach. Don't go near them."

"Squaws, Johnnie?"

"Saul, I said don't go near them."

"I won't, Johnnie."

The old man had better not. Definite if unexplained misfortunes had happened to others who intruded upon Charlie Jack. Hagoshima had refused to stay away from Ucluelet, and his body had washed up at the north corner, crab-eaten, bones loose in the back of his head. And Inkster had disappeared, gone away, with a watch, a golden turnip, like the one the Chilcotin Robinson now carried. "Drop the tent, Saul. This is the foot of the wave-washed cliff."

The old man, when he put down the tent, sat on it and looked at the shallow foot-wide stream. "I can't pan here, Johnnie."

"Yes, you can. Make a pool and you'll have plenty of water."

"There's not enough for a sluice box, Johnnie."

"Of course there is. It's only sand you'll be sluicing, not gravel. When you want a sluice, I'll get you one." He thought of the two sections of Inkster's old sluice still lying on the bank above the flume. But the old man would never have the time to sluice. Rise and Shine would take him away. "Can you put up the tent by yourself, Saul?"

"I can do it, Johnnie."

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"All right. After I quit work, I'll bring you something to eat. Don't go off. You stay here and pan gold."

During the afternoon, as Crogan worked he often looked down the beach to see what the old man was doing. Finlay sat on the tent for hours before he put it up, perhaps confused as to whether this was the beach where he had thrown his gold pan, where the wave-washed cliff guarded its fictitious gold. When the tent was up, he took his blanket and went inside. Let him sleep. Unconscious, he was as normal as anyone else. Poor Saul! He was not a man with brain, body and eternal soul but a forked radish with the sign of a wolverine and the emotions of a goat.

Crogan, himself, slept, his head shadowed by the log. He woke to see Charlie Jack. It had happened before, at the same place, the first day he had been on the beach. Charlie, this time, had not brought his rifle with him but he did have Monica. She was sitting on her heels, fluttering the pages of Crogan's book.

"Why didn't you wake me?" Crogan asked. "Hello, Miss Jack."

"Hello, Mr. Crogan. I wouldn't let him I wanted to see if you snore."

"Do I?"

"I'm happy to say that you don't, Mr. Crogan."

Charlie said, "I can't find any gold in these buckets, Pat."

"Give me time, Charlie, give me time."

The eyes behind the glasses stared at Crogan. "I'm giving you time."

Crogan felt a tightening in his stomach. There was power about Charlie. Crogan's mother had had it, a conviction that what she had suggested should be done would be done. Crogan said, "I hear you were in Vancouver."

Monica Jack shut the book. "I told you he was in Vancouver, Mr. Crogan."

"So you did."

"How do you like my hair this way?"

"Very nice." She wore it scooped from the neck and braided across the crown. "It sort of gives your head a ridge."

"I don't think much of the book you're reading, Mr. Crogan."

"No? I do."

"Of course you do. You'd like it. But I don't. I'm not a monkey. My ancestors didn't eat peanuts, Mr. Crogan, they ate fish."

"There's very little about monkeys in that book, Miss Jack, but quite a bit about Indians."

"What kind of Indians?"

"People who lived by salt water and paddled dugouts."

"Siwash people, Mr. Crogan?"

"Perhaps you could tell me. They had no clothes and they slept in the sleet and the rain but they did eat fish."

"What part of Ireland did you say they came from, Mr. Crogan?"

Charlie shook his head in admiration. "She's a smart kid."

"Yes, isn't she? Always laughing."

Smart Alec kid.

"I see there's somebody else on the beach, Pat."

"Another prospector, Charlie."

Monica said, "We knew he was a prospector."

"How did you know?"

"We looked inside the tent. He was sleeping."

Charlie beamed. "Cute, eh, Pat?"

For all Crogan knew there could be cute Gila monsters.

Charlie asked, "What kind of a man is he?"

"He's insane."

"Is it safe to have him on the beach, Pat?"

Crogan looked at Monica. She was in

a white sleeveless dress and wore the red shoes, the red belt and the red earrings. He remembered how male heads had turned to examine her in Alberni. He said, "No."

"I'll get him run off, Pat."

Crogan knew Charlie had noticed him looking at Monica. He asked, "Where will you run him to? He hasn't a dollar."

"I'll give him a dollar, Pat. We don't want him."

"Are the boys on the beach, Charlie?"

"Tom and Augustine are, Matthew, too."

"Then it should be all right. He won't be here long."

"I don't want him, Pat."

"It's this way, Charlie. Rise and Shine will pick him up. He was here looking for him yesterday. I'll send word to Ucluelet tomorrow."

"Who's feeding him?"

"I am. And you'd better let me do it. Don't encourage him to hang around the camp."

Monica listened to the talk, then pointed her finger at Crogan. "Tell him."

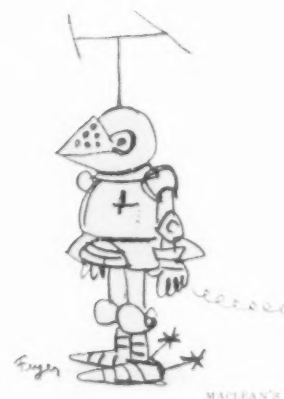
"Pat, do you know my daughter's name?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Monica."

Charlie beat one hand against the



other. "Then you call her Monica. I'm sick of this Miss Jack business."

Crogan folded his arms and looked at the Pacific Ocean.

Monica said, "What did you want me to call him, parent? I forget."

"You forget! You know. You don't forget. You call him Pat."

"That's a small name for a big man with nice grey eyes, parent. Pat is a fat cat, Pat is a fat cat. Now I should remember."

Charlie's benevolence returned. He said, "The boys are doing nothing. Tom and Augustine can walk this bum into Ucluelet."

"I'd rather wait for Rise and Shine, Charlie."

"Why?"

"It's his job."

"Do you like this bum, Pat?"

"No." A chipmunk was a nuisance, too, but you fed it crumbs. So with Saul Finlay. I was hungry and you brought me bread. I was thirsty and you found me tea. I was a stranger and you took me in. I had only a blanket and you lent me a tent. I was sick and you talked to me. I was in prison and you came to me, no, no, I was fit for an asylum and you waited for the decent Rise and Shine to pick me up. He's a prospector, Charlie, so am I. I just want to see him get a break."

Monica rose and brushed the sand from her knees. "Did you shave this morning, fat cat?"

"I shaved yesterday after supper."

"How do you like my dress?"

"Very fashionable."

"It's imported."

"From Paris, I'm sure."

"No. Seattle. The store knows what I look like. Spring, summer, fall and winter, they send me clothes."

"Through the mail?"

"They send them to one of my American cousins at Neah Bay. Then they get imported."

"On a dark night. I suppose he imports your nylons, too."

"I'm not wearing stockings with this dress, fat cat. That's me. It just looks as if I've got on stockings." She lifted a leg and twisted her neck to look at it. "Nice legs I have, eh?"

Crogan said, "When do you start picking cascara, Charlie?"

"Parent, make him say I've got nylons."

Charlie said, "Pat, you tell her she's got nice legs."

"She's a dream, Charlie." A bad one. He recognized Charlie had given a definite order. If Monica had been a bottle, and if Charlie had said, pass me that, Crogan could have exercised his free will and passed it or refused to pass it. Yes or no, I will or I won't. After all, in pig-headedness, Charlie compared to him was a broken reed. But these circumstances were involved. Monica was a third party. In her heart there might be sensibilities. Her presence made for hesitation. You could blast the head off an old rooster but you were instinctively careful of a chick.

"Fat cat?"

"What do you want?"

"Have you a pocket knife?"

"Yes."

"Then clean your fingernails."

There it was. A command. What did you say, who are you Miss Jack? Put your head three times in a bucket and take it out twice, you and your father and the remnants of the Somass Nation?

"This is black sand, it's not dirt."

"You heard me. You've got grease on your pants, too."

"They're my working pants."

"Clean your fingernails. I want you to look pretty."

"What goes on, Charlie? Whose business is it if I've got grease on my pants?"

"Parent, tell him he's to have supper with us tonight."

"You heard that, Pat."

"I have to feed the old man, Charlie."

"I'll take him down to the camp and feed him."

"Don't. I told him not to go near the camp. Leave him alone. I'll find time to look after him." He looked at Monica and said, "Excuse me. I want to talk to your father. Privately."

"I won't listen."

Charlie growled at her in Somass. She took perhaps eight short steps. He growled again. She took two more, turned and stuck out her tongue. Charlie said, "Talk low, Pat."

Crogan stood as close as he could to Charlie. "I don't want to say this in front of her. It's about the old man. He's not responsible for what he does. If he caught a woman alone he might act up. You'd better keep an eye on Monica and Mamie."

"I'll run him off the beach."

"Rise and Shine will come, Charlie. Let him do it."

"I'll do it."

"Take it easy, Charlie. Get the boys to sleep around Monica's tent and it's not likely anything will happen."

"Oh my God! If he bothers Monica, Rise and Shine will never find him."

"What do you mean, Charlie?"



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The broad big head could have been
lost in bronze. His eyes were intent, his
mouth a menace.

"If he hangs around, scare him, Char-
lie, don't hurt him."

When Crogan turned, he bumped into
Monica. "I suppose you found every-
thing."

"Yes."

"You're smoky, aren't you?"

"I'm good and smoky."

Charlie said, "You came for supper."

Pat, "Maybe we'll have a drink."

"You don't have to wait for me, Char-

lie. You'll find the bag under the table."

"I'll wait. We'll have a talk, Pat."

Charlie walked away, leaving Monica
without a word.

What would the surprise be this time?

Crogan was certain of one thing: Charlie,

too, would have a surprise, his wild-

doed matrimonial propensities would

be rammed down his throat. Crogan

started walking, too, toward the shack.

He was quite aware that Monica was

scampering to keep up with him.

"Slow down!"

"Try walking with your toes straight

out. You may find it faster, you know."

"You never mind my toes."

"Good-by, Miss Jack."

She swung the red shoe like a club

and tapped the heel against his elbow.

From wrist to shoulder his arm went

numb. "That hurt, Miss Jack."

"You'll get it on top of the head next

time."

A savage was a savage. He said noth-

ing.

"My father says I'm to call you Pat."

"Some people call me Pat. Others call

me Crogan. You call me Mr. Crogan."

"What are you going to call me?"

"Not what I would like to."

"What are you going to call me when

we're married?"

"That miserable day will never come,

Miss Jack."

"Ho-ho! That's what you think. Give

me your hand."

"Why?"

"I want to hold it."

Before he had the time to come to a

decision, her fingers slid into his. They

were soft, warm and dry but their grip

was vital. Her head came below his

shoulder. The hair was blacker than any-

thing else in all the world and it shone

with the slickness of a hangman's rope.

She still lagged a step behind. He felt

like an embarrassed parent dragging a

stubborn child.

"My father said you were to call me

Monica."

"I'll call you what I want."

Monica dug her heels into the sand

and stopped him. Her nails clawed his

fingers. "You talk like that and I'll smash

your head so flat it will look like one of

Mame's pancakes!"

Crogan knew the time had come to

change the subject. She was dropping

the lids on her eyes. He said, "Calm

down. Your family will think we're

fighting."

"Ah-h-h! I wouldn't fight with you,

Mr. Crogan. You know that. I'm happy.

I've calmed down."

"You be good and you can hold my

hand again, Miss Jack."

She was contrite and silent. He felt

the streamlined slimness of her fingers. "What

do you weigh?" he asked.

"I don't know. I weighed myself in Al-

berni. A hundred and two pounds before

lunch. A hundred and four pounds after

lunch. I don't know how much I weigh."

"That's your trouble, you don't eat

enough. You're all skin and bone."

"I'm perfect, Mr. Crogan."

"A perfect figure should weigh more

than a couple of pails of lard."

"I'm all sweetness and muscle, Mr.

Crogan."

"Ninety-nine percent muscle, Miss

Jack."

She rubbed his cheek and pressed her

palm against his mouth. "Poor Mr. Cro-

gan! To think it's me who has to save

him from the fate that's worse than

death." A moment later she added, "Did

you say you liked my legs, Mr. Crogan?"

"They charm me." He couldn't make

her out. Her body, if delicate, was pre-

cise and she had no bumpish spread of

femininity, and her face glowed —

some sort of character; the eyes, in placid

moments, were serene. She knew she had

good legs, and she drew attention to

them, not with the natural unthinking

innocence of a child, not with archness,

but with an unaffected appreciation of

their worth. Certainly she had good legs,

the skin lustrous and tanned. They

matched. What Crogan found remarkable

was that she only had two.

"Miss Jack, what is the fate worse

than death that you're saving me from?"

"From becoming a dirty, old, talk-to-

yourself prospector, Mr. Crogan."

"Would it be better to go through life

smelling of fish?"

"We'll have a bathtub, Mr. Crogan."

He said with simple oratory, "Death

before bondage!"

She gave him the up-and-down look.

"Maybe so. Don't forget you're suppos-

ed to see my father."

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NEXT ISSUE
FLORENCIA BAY CONCLUSION



But I don't want the new leisure continued from page 27

"Most people go at hobbies convinced they're having a lot of fun — and drop them in a week"

man had in cooking was that it might help him forget his work, a process about as realistic as kiting cheques. You don't get interested in cooking by trying to forget a bank.

Most people start hobbies for reasons just about as realistic. I've known only one person who had no illusions about his hobby. He was a man who worked in a plaster plant near Needles, California, in the middle of the Mojave Desert. His hobby was prospecting and he saw right from the beginning that it would never get him anywhere, so there was no point in making a big deal of it with jeeps, burros and water bags. He did his prospecting at noon, with a sandwich in one hand and a Geiger counter in the other, right outside the main factory entrance, with a joyless, deadpan expression that exasperated his fellow workers.

"Look, how do you expect to find uranium around here?" they'd say in disgust, their idea of a hobby being something picturesque, at least. "I mean—why don't you get out somewhere?"

"This is 'out' to people who don't live here," he'd say, unenthusiastically. "If you were in Buffalo or New York you'd think this was hell-and-gone." He'd step outside the door with his Geiger counter and start prospecting, a fine powder of plaster settling over him.

The Home Craftsman at home

At least he stayed at his hobby, which is more than I can say for most people who, unlike this man, go at their hobbies convinced that they're having a lot of fun, and drop them within a week. If that's all the fun man is going to have when technology turns him free to do whatever he wants to do, I think he should go back to work. So far he hasn't raised enough enthusiasm for home projects to justify the invention of the wheel and the lever.

A salesman I know, who used to spend his Saturday afternoons busily between the Brown Derby and Bowles Lunch, bought himself a whole power-tool outfit, complete with The Correct Clothes for Home Craftsmen, which he saw in an advertisement showing a man laughing at his lathe, steel shavings curling over his shoulder. He started spending all Saturday at home.

I've been in his house three times since he bought his workshop and each time he was dressed in blue denim coveralls and a blue denim engineer's cap, looking as if you could have hit him with hot rivets without even scorching him. But he was nowhere near his lathe. The last time, he was still sitting in his living room at eight o'clock, holding a drink, watching TV and about as close to being asleep as he could get without spilling a drop. He looked like an engineer having a quick snooze while waiting to take out a train.

Not that I blame him for having a sleep. But the point is, when a man stops on his way somewhere to pour a drink, watch Robin Hood and fall asleep, whatever he's going to do when he gets there doesn't matter. This man didn't drop his hobby; he just never picked it up.

"That's the wonderful thing about it," people say. "You can really relax with a hobby."

The last man I heard say he could really relax at his hobby told me, a year

ago last Christmas week, while he was loosening ice cubes out in the kitchen, that he was just nuts over making home movies. Later in the evening he showed me one he had just made, a color film of a little girl in a blue snowsuit who ran

down a sidewalk, stopped as if she'd run into a window, stared into the camera, made flying motions with her hands, and ran off the side of the screen, while my host looked as if he were waiting for the same thing as I was—the end.

I figured he'd just really started his hobby and hadn't got the hang of choosing interesting subjects. I forgot about it until a week ago when I was at another party at his house. He set up his projection apparatus and I sat there looking



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forward to seeing the progress he had made. In a few minutes I was watching a picture of a lake with a distant motorboat moving back and forth on the horizon, apparently with a man in it, who, my host said, was his brother-in-law from Cornwall. Then he showed me the picture of the little girl again, ran the whole thing backward, turned on the lights and said that making home movies didn't seem to occupy all his spare time and he thought he might start drawing up blueprints for building a dinghy.

He might as well. He might as well start drawing up blueprints for building a subway. The way he goes at his hobby he's got all the time in the world.

Having all the time in the world at hobbies is one of the reasons why they never get anywhere.

Quite a few people I know have chosen writing as a way to spend their leisure time, and they all begin by reading books on writing, most of which stress in the early chapters, "Never be satisfied with anything but the exact word."

The week-end writer puts down a word, asks himself sternly, "Is that the right word?" and right away it looks wrong. He stares at it and, as there's no rush, he's still staring at it half an hour later. It dawns on him that he has to write 4,999 more words like this and, not quite as relaxed as he was, he reaches for his cigarettes and a Roget's Thesaurus, which gives every word but the one you want, including a lot you've never even heard of. He comes up with a lot of words like, "feel, handle, finger, thumb, paw, poke, fumble, grope, tickle, twitch, swoon, spitball, appendectomy." Then he begins to wonder what his wife is cooking for supper and wishes something would happen to get him away from his typewriter, like an invasion from Mars. He decides maybe he'll put the whole thing aside till next week end, when the right word will occur to him.

Fidgets with Faust

What will actually occur to him, of course, is a psychological block the size of From Here to Eternity, and he'll write more and more sentences that sound like one I composed one time out of Roget's Thesaurus. "I evinced that I disembogue myself." The only thing that will happen next time he picks up his manuscript will be that he'll want to disembogue himself of the whole idea of writing.

Lack of motion not only blocks the processes of the mind, but murders the nervous system. Last summer I stayed at a cottage opposite a diesel mechanic who had decided to use his summer holidays to enrich his life with good reading. He brought along one of the most scholarly translations of Goethe's Faust, which makes even professors of literature, who are experienced at reading poetry, feel like getting up and stretching. The last time I saw this man sitting in a deck chair determined to make better use of his free time, he was so jumpy he looked as if he were on a short leash.

He was a muscular, energetic little man who occasionally used to fascinate the kids on the beach by walking on his hands. He would take his good-reading program in ten-minute stretches, then come out of his deck chair, find a couple of kids and stand on his hands for them. When the kids wandered off, he'd just stay upside down for a few seconds, figuring it was better to stay that way than to lock horns with lines like:

Think not, as in our German bounds,
your chance is
Of Death's or Fools' or Devils' dances:
Here cheerful revels you await.

He would have done a lot better to make walking on his hands his hobby, and let it go at that. In fact, sometimes I think we should all just go back to being frankly bored over the week end in a stiff, dull, motionless way—the way we used to be on Sunday when we were kids, when we couldn't hammer, saw, shout or get dirty. It was a form of prayer, did us infinite good, and when Monday came around it released us at our arithmetic as if we'd been shot out of catapults. The way it is now, we do neither one thing nor the other. We can't sit still for thinking of all the things we should be doing in our free time, and we can't stay at our hobbies because they require effort, discipline and some idea of what we're trying to do.

After ten or fifteen years of hobby magazines, do-it-yourself kits, self-help books and adult vocational classes, I've never gone into a home and surprised anyone pursuing a hobby, although I've surprised people looking at TV, getting drunk, or fighting with their neighbors—and one time, when I visited an old friend, doing them all at once—while pretending to work at their hobbies.

The wife of this old friend had served us supper outdoors and when we were having coffee, he lit his barbecue, which he had built himself as a hobby but never used. He took careful note of the wind and began putting lawn cuttings on the fire, watching the smoke curl over his neighbor who was sitting on his patio and with whom he had been feuding for a year and a half over fences, driveways and kids. His neighbor, a hi-fi man who only listened to music to see how loud he could get it, went into the house, came back with his equipment, rigged up his speakers outside the house and turned on full volume. He sat there listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which E. M. Forster described as "the most sublime noise that has ever penetrated into the ear of man," and watching us try to communicate by sign language. He was wearing the first holy expression that had ever been brought to his face by great music.

If we're going to keep shortening the work week, I think we should start realizing that we can't fill up the other end with hobbies, as has been made clear by the fact that the popularity of the whole idea has been accompanied by a sharp upswing in TV and tranquilizers. Relaxation is a lot like happiness: the harder we chase it, the farther it moves away. Peace of mind comes only when we turn our attention from what we can get out of a thing, and begin thinking of what we can put into it. We can't escape the world through a hobby or anything else. Magically curing boredom with a power saw leaves out the fact that we are members of a community, related to life, our fellow man, the world and its work—something that is being discovered every year by thousands of retired people.

We can't escape the world, but we can do something much better, something completely unexplored in Western civilization; we can contemplate it. It would be more dignified, more rewarding, and a lot cooler, and I suggest it as the next big Do-It-Yourself. ★

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The reluctant rise of Arthur Hiller continued from page 29

"He's Hollywood's hottest young director, but his lack of qualifications appalls even him"

Even so it took Hiller two and a half weeks to make up his mind. Every fourth day McCleery nudged him by long-distance telephone from Hollywood. "Hollywood!" says Hiller. "I'd thought someday maybe New York, or England. But Hollywood? That was Movieland."

Finally he set himself a deadline, forced himself figuratively to toss the coin and said yes.

He left for Hollywood on September 15, 1955. One year later, to the day, he was running his hands through his cropped dark curls and trying to decide between directing a giant NBC musical based on Gordon Jenkins' sentimental song cycle, Manhattan Tower, and directing a filmed entry for CBS' Playhouse 90. On the strength of his work for Matinee producers inside and outside NBC had been courting him for more than six months, but Hiller had felt he should fill out a full year on Matinee's staff. Since the year was up, he left NBC to freelance, and started in with the Playhouse 90.

Today he's the hottest young director in Hollywood.

Heat, in Hollywood, is not registered in thermal units.

It's registered by degrees of deference in the manner of headwaiters at Romanoff's and Ciro's, of commissionaires in Las Vegas night clubs, and of sundry other purveyors of high-class services. Not long ago the man from whose car agency Hiller bought the Lincoln found out his customer's name. "I never realized who you were," he said reproachfully. "We could have worked out a different deal."

The last time Hiller went to Las Vegas he got a very good table indeed—and only partly because his reservation had been made at Jack Benny's request.

There are other thermometers to record Hiller's prestige. Louella Parsons reports his latest assignment in her syndicated newspaper column. In the lobby of the little Huntingdon Hartford theatre in Hollywood, between acts of *The Apple Cart*, actor Gene Raymond seeks him out and asks Hiller how he likes the play. Hiller used Raymond in a Matinee production called *Skylark* over a year ago.

After the show he goes backstage at the request of Signe Hasso, a Swedish actress who starred in the show and has done television work for Hiller. She kisses him on both cheeks and asks when they're next going to have lunch together.

Starlet Debra Paget phones and asks when they're next going to have lunch together.

He has lunch with Zsa-Zsa Gabor and she pouts and says, "Darling, you don't pay enough attention to me."

He pays a visit, one free afternoon, to the NBC color studios where he directed twenty-seven hour-long plays in color for Matinee. He is waylaid at every other step by technicians, directors, cameramen, actors. "I don't suppose you're thinking of coming back here," says a cameraman hopefully. A prop man skitters across the floor to shake his hand: "It's a privilege to see you again," he says. When Hiller left NBC to freelance, his crew sent him off with a champagne party.

Hiller knows he's hot but he's wide-eyed about the reasons. He admits he knows nothing about cameras or photography, couldn't finish a course in stagecraft he once attempted, and is regularly

appalled by his own want of qualifications. "If there's anything that makes me feel terrible," he shudders, "it's looking at a good show somebody else directed."

A Toronto comedian, as skeptical as Hiller about Hiller's merits, said not long

ago, "I never saw anything special about Art. The only thing he used to do, he used to kill himself laughing at me in dress rehearsals." The comedian paused, struggling with a thought. "Maybe that's it," he announced with an air of discov-

ery. "He made me feel so good I always did a good show."

Psychologist Hiller has an undeniable talent for making people feel good. For a week, during rehearsals of *Three Men On a Horse* for Playhouse 90, he patient-

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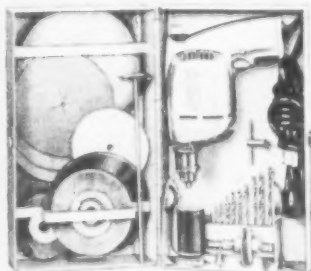


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ly planted the idea that comedian Jack Carson should finesse rather than bulldoze his way through the part of a New York hood. Carson turned up on the eighth day and announced he'd divined that the part should be played with finesse. Hiller soberly congratulated Carson on his inspiration and insight and said he'd be willing to have Carson try it that way. Carson, consequently, thinks Hiller a brilliant director.

Cameramen think Hiller a brilliant director because he tells them what effect he wants with such obvious belief in their ability to produce it that they do.

No doubt these are among the reasons why Variety consistently applauds Hiller for "fine direction" and for extracting "well-above-par performances from his cast."

Hiller remains baffled. "I can't explain why they think I'm good," he says, looking helpless.

Hiller has found Hollywood an astonishing place altogether. For instance, until his wife could join him in Hollywood he rented a bachelor flat in a block carefully chosen for its serenity. The very first night he was roused from sound sleep by flashlights, urgent footsteps and raised voices on the landing outside his door. The next morning at breakfast he read a pertinent headline in the morning paper. It said: Beauty Stabs Mate in Love Triangle. The assault had taken place in the flat next door.

That week end Hiller looked up the nearest Lincoln agency and purchased a convertible. He left it overnight for cleaning and a final check-up. When he returned for it the salesman announced apologetically that the car had been heisted. It was later recovered in downtown Los Angeles.

The only house the Hillers have seriously considered buying burned down as soon as they made an offer on it. They are staying on, for the time being, in their present flat despite Hiller's nocturnal discovery of a fellow tenant sitting drunkenly on the edge of the communal swimming pool timing a blonde who was doing ten lengths entirely in the buff except for diamond ear clips and necklace. Hiller subsequently heard that the tenant was an ex-second-story man.

In fact he has found the Hollywood carryings-on and the Hollywood citizenry about equally remarkable. He reports, for instance, that starlet Debra Paget customarily heats her swimming pool to ninety degrees; that actress Signe Hasso hates her own dark hair so much she will not appear in public without a wig and that comedienne Carol Channing is apt to ask the nearest onlooker to hold her contact lenses while she does a scene

and secretly wears red satin garters when she's rehearsing her way into a gaudy role.

Hiller, still a good Canadian egghead, is vaguely embarrassed by such alien tribal rites. He stubbornly avoided Romanoff's, the local rendezvous of choice, until his sister insisted on inspecting it—and was even more embarrassed to discover he liked it. His favorite food, however, is peanut-butter sandwiches. He does not read Hedda Hopper or Louella Parsons, which makes him almost unique in the colony. He does not drink, smoke or even like coffee. When he and Gwen decided they'd better survey Las Vegas they took one look and headed for home so fast that they dropped more money—twenty-four dollars—on a speeding ticket than they did at the gaming tables. Hiller eschews the customary Hollywood garb of sports shirt and slacks. During the dress rehearsal of Hiller's first show for Mattinee, Albert McCleery, the executive producer, turned up in the control booth, watched for a while, and then said, "Congratulations." Hiller started to look up with a demure smile. But McCleery, who was regarding Hiller's sober suit, white shirt and quiet tie, was already explaining: "You're all dressed up," he said.

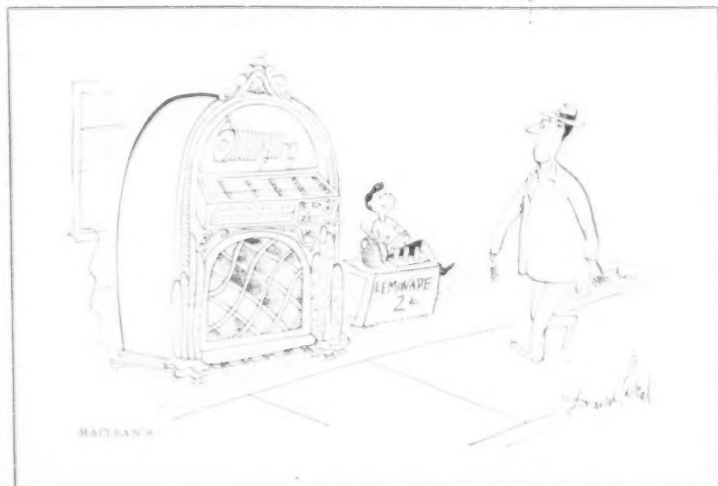
Hiller, in fact, still can't help relating his proper station in life to Canadian standards. He is a washout to one niece in Edmonton because he hasn't yet met Roy Rogers. A nephew, aged eight, is reserving judgment until he sees whether Hiller can produce the twenty-seven Guy Madison autographs he requested, one for each member of his class.

This summer Hiller was happily contemplating a spoof postcard to a friend in Toronto. It was to show himself in dark glasses and bathing trunks reclining on an air mattress in the middle of a swimming pool with lotus blooms behind one ear and a long drink in one hand. The message was to read, "You can see I'm still the same sweet unspoiled boy." There's some evidence that the message was more wistful than Hiller made out.

But, since he likes money, prestige and a clement climate as much as the next man, he has bought a polo shirt and a pair of Italian silk pants discreetly labeled "Limited Edition" and decided to settle in. "My career is now," he intones disrespectfully, "in its Hollywood phase."

His career in its Canadian phase is perpetuated in a questionnaire the CBC once required him to complete. Here, from the archives, is his own account:

Name (Real)? Arthur Hiller
Height? 5' 6"
Weight? 160
Complexion? Medium
Hair? Brown



(Hiller failed to mention dimples, a charming smile and emotional brown eyes.)

Date of Birth? Nov. 22, 1923

Place? Edmonton

Parents' Names? Harry and Rose

What Languages do you Speak Besides English? Jewish

Are You Married? Yes

Wife's Name? Gwen Pechet

(Hiller proposed to his wife, also an Edmontonian, when he was eight and married her in Vancouver when he was twenty-four.)

High School? Victoria High (Edmonton)

College? University of British Columbia

What Degrees do you hold? MA (Psychology)

Did you support yourself while at school or college? Partly

How? Teaching, warehouse work, haberdashery salesman

Military Service? RCAF (3 years). Served overseas on operations as a Flying Officer Navigator.

Experience? Summer of 1946—radio acting at CKUA, Edmonton.

Summer of 1947—announcer-operator at CKUA

1949—joined CBC Radio as producer (Talks and Public Affairs)

1954—transferred to CBC-TV as producer

(Hiller was also asked to list "special or humorous incidents" connected with his CBC career. He noted: "Once produced a program with a baby in my arms; discussion participant couldn't afford a sitter.")

Hiller was determined not to be left holding any babies when he started work in Hollywood. He turned down the first, second and third scripts he was assigned to direct for Matinee on the reasonable grounds that, as a psychologist, he couldn't make sense of their motivation. This was an unheard-of stand for an unseeded director. Hiller, who didn't yet feel committed to Hollywood, explained to McCleery, "I'm down here on trial. I don't feel I have to be in love with the script, but I have to like it."

McCleery grunted, "That seems reasonable," and everyone at NBC began looking at the newcomer with extraordinary respect.

In the year he stayed at NBC Hiller did twenty-seven shows for Matinee, ranging from a fourteenth-century Chinese fantasy to an adaptation of Henry James' *The Aspern Papers*. He also earned a reputation as the most relaxed man around town. More than one director has cracked up and fled the control booth in the face of TV's murderous mixture of cues, stopwatches, camera angles, temperamental actors, switchovers, intercuts and sheer electronics. But at the dress rehearsal of his very first Matinee production, Hiller remarked happily, "Is this all I have to do? Gee, I might as well be at a party." He'd found that the U. S. union setup left only about one third as much for the director to do as the CBC had required.

During the dress rehearsal of his next production his entire lighting board blew out, leaving the studio and booth in pitch darkness. It was an expensive newfangled board considered so reliable that NBC hadn't bothered supplementing it with an emergency system. Hiller was the only person in the studio with dry palms. Fortunately the system was repaired in time for the show.

The schedule for his third show was chopped by two full days. By timing his campaign like a Marx Brothers comedy sequence, by working day and night himself, and by getting the co-operation of

cast and studio crews Hiller managed to mount his show in time. "It was a bit rough in spots," he admits now, "but it's still my favorite show."

He insists that no crisis will give him ulcers. Occasionally, however, he gets quietly upset about people.

He is still bothered, for example, by an incident connected with *For These Services*, one of his Matinee productions. He cast a Negro as a rural doctor in the drama. "I didn't do it self-consciously," he says. "It just seemed right." It turned out that this was such a rare occurrence

that the entire Negro press picked up the story. The Negro actor brought in the clippings to show Hiller and added this poignant footnote: he had been speaking to some friends who'd asked what he was currently doing. "I'm doing a Matinee Theatre," he'd announced with pride.

"What sort of part?"

"A doctor."

Instant comprehension: "Oh. A witch doctor."

"They couldn't imagine any other kind of part he'd be getting," says Hiller sadly. "Isn't that awful?"

Hiller can also get upset to the point of sleeplessness or vomiting about misunderstandings with his colleagues. When Ruth Roman, the only difficult actress he's encountered, kept him "at polite log-gerheads" all through rehearsals he turned up with a psychosomatic backache so crippling he had to direct the show doubled up. The backache left him when the show was over.

He quit NBC partly because he'd had tempting offers from outside but partly, as well, because executive producer McCleery was in a pet with him over a



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BOLDEST ADVANCE IN 50 YEARS

minor matter of protocol. "He thought I was unfair and I thought he was unfair," recalls Hiller, "so I cleared out my desk the very next day."

As a free-lance Hiller has tackled half a dozen dramas as well as a Damon Runyonesque farce, *Three Men on a Horse*, and a western, *Massacre at Sand Creek*, for Playhouse 90. On a trip home early this year Hiller found this dazzling record didn't mean a thing, since Edmontonians can't get Playhouse 90 on their TV sets.

Hiller has also contributed to most of

the other major series from *Climax* to *Panic*. The contributions were so deft that Bryna Productions, an independent company headed by actor-businessman Kirk Douglas, decided Hiller was the man to direct their movie, *The Careless Years*. He describes the plot variously as "a tender adolescent romance" or "a story about the budding sex urge." The picture was only released late this September so Edmontonians haven't had a chance to be impressed with this achievement either.

Hiller, who had never even thought of directing a movie before, was quickly

caught up in the Hollywood he'd imagined back in Canada as "Movieland"—everything from casting problems to nervous pangs at the sneak preview.

The cast list called for a pretty seventeen-year-old heroine and Hiller, along with the author, Ed Lewis, began auditioning every teen-ager in southern California. The audition consisted of a key love scene and Hiller customarily read with each candidate. He claims he got pretty good, but his self-confidence suffered when one young thing turned to Lewis and said condescendingly, "Mr. Hiller reads very well. But, you know, when you look up into the face of a thirty-year-old man . . ." She trailed off meaningfully.

Hiller and Lewis then repaired to New York to audition some eastern teen-agers. One night, by way of relaxation, they went to the theatre and there, on the next aisle, they saw the perfect seventeen-year-old. At intermission they sidled closer and decided she still stacked up.

At the show's end they plunged out of the theatre in pursuit of her. They said they wanted to give her a screen test. Then, simultaneously, they realized they were in a burlesque classic of a situation. It was raining and they were coatless. While their quarry stood under an umbrella and looked coldly past their soggy collars they stumbled wretchedly through over-elaborate explanations. Hiller waved his Screen Directors' Guild card under her nose. Lewis kept saying, "Please, I'm a happily married man."

They said, "You can bring along your mother . . . your father . . . your whole family . . ." The girl actually turned up

the next day—with her grandmother. The story, however, had a fresh twist. She had an indifferent actress and didn't get the part. It went, instead, to Natalie Trundy, a young starlet who had earlier been featured in *The Monte Carlo Story* with Marlene Dietrich. She plays opposite an ex-child actor, Dean Stockwell.

Hiller endeared himself to Miss Trundy and Stockwell during the filming of a beach-party scene at Malibu Beach last January. Even in California January is chilly, and the stars grumbled loudly when they learned they had to strip to swimsuits and play in the surf for the cameras. Hiller was ready for them. When he called for the scene and complaints broke out afresh, he calmly removed his pants, emerged in bathing trunks and waded into the water up to his chest.

Such sympathetic ploys obviously underlie Hiller's firmly established reputation as a man who can get the most from his team. The reputation, in turn, is bringing him more and more assignments. Already this season he's completed another Playhouse 90 and an entry for *Climax* and he's got contracts piled up till past Christmas.

With so much work in store, Hiller's established in Hollywood for the foreseeable future.

And that's beginning to be fine with him. "I like it," he said recently. "Down here, no one seems surprised at all that it's me it's all happening to."

He paused, pondering. "You know, back at the CBC," he said, "they're still wondering why NBC hired me in the first place." ★

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The rough and always ready mayor

Continued from page 33

"You may not like it," Juba told the committee in Winnipeg City Hall, "but I'm going to do it"

the mayor invited trouble again by ordering the workmen away.

"Boy, am I in the soup now," mourned Juba. "I've gone over council's head. If they don't back me up, I'll have to resign."

But council referred the matter back to the public-works committee which, in turn, spared both tree and mayor from the axe.

If Juba doesn't win his bouts he wins headlines, which he considers almost as good. His pronouncements in print often irritate fellow officials. Some aldermen say they have to read the papers to find out what Juba will do next. Last summer during a Greater Winnipeg water shortage, Juba said via the press that when consumption reached fifty million gallons a day pressure would be cut, leaving the suburbs with "practically no water at all." Mayor Darwin Chase of suburban Fort Garry snapped back, "Juba should turn off the pressure himself, and I don't mean water."

Juba is sometimes accused, also, of "one-man rule." In a city hall committee meeting recently Juba said he had a plan for selling ratpayers on the need for a new city hall. He didn't disclose the plan at the time, said it was unorthodox and the committee might not like it but "I don't mind telling you I'm going to do it anyway."

"Who's running this city hall?" demanded an alderman.

"Steve's used to bossing a business, but you can't run city council the same way," says a Winnipeg newspaperman.

Juba rests his case with "the people." "I make decisions fast and I guess some find that irritating," he says. "But I have to do what my conscience tells me or I can't sleep nights. The people know what's right. If they don't like what I do they'll kick me out."

At least Juba is no longer regarded as a lowbrow. He hasn't met the Queen or even many Winnipeg socialites ("I'm not a tea-party mayor") but when he does show up the social set discovers his close-cropped hair is brushed, his suits are conservative blues or greys, he's soft-spoken, witty, and never sips tea from his saucer.

Compared to Calgary's Don Mackay, who wears white cowboy hats, Medicine Hat's Harry Weiner, who runs foot races, and numerous other mayors who compete in plowing matches, Juba is somewhat restrained. Since he took office he's engaged in only one test of strength: he defeated the mayor of nearby Selkirk in a Red River canoe race last summer. On that occasion Juba warmed up on the river bank and, when someone called, "Show your muscle, Steve," thrust forth his head. But recently he ruled that pushing a wheelbarrow down Portage Avenue to



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collect money for an American disaster fund was not seemly.

In city hall he tosses off phrases like, "Is that question relevant to the clause under discussion," a far cry from the Juba-isms of other days ("Let's get this matter cooked and dried by six o'clock." Or, "No comment. I'm not gonna stick my neck out on a limb.")

None of this means that Juba has changed. He simply never was the simple unkempt character many people thought he was—and that he sometimes encouraged his opponents to think he was. This

perplexed-looking but quick-witted businessman was born in a small frame house near Winnipeg's west-end CPR shops, one of three children of a Ukrainian carpenter. He grew up a few blocks away, among the small houses and muddy streets of an adjoining village, Brooklands.

He completed Grade ten, but former schoolmate Nick Solilak, now secretary-treasurer of Brooklands, remembers Juba not as a scholar or athlete but "an idea man."

Juba had his first bright idea in his early teens. Always a builder of shacks

and forts, he one day decided to build his boys' club a one-room house on a vacant lot behind his home. He'd just nicely finished, Juba recalls, when Brooklands gave him twenty-four hours to get the thing off civic property. Unabashed, Juba found a man renting a house for six dollars a month.

"Look at yourself," chided Juba. "Paying rent, nothing to show for it. Now I'll sell you a place, for a hundred and sixty bucks, no down payment, and you just pay me four dollars a month. Like rent."

He wrote a contract, secured a signa-

ture, then said pleasantly, "Of course, you've only got about fourteen hours to move that house. It's all there in the contract."

"Give me back the four bucks," shouted the buyer, but he subsequently bought a lot and moved the building which, with a small addition, still houses a Brooklands family.

Juba invested his monthly income in a used Nash-Ajax, which he parked in a distant field to avoid his mother's disapproval.

After leaving school he worked at everything. He mixed cement ("As fast as I mixed it the truck dumped some more to mix. I could see I wasn't getting anywhere so I quit.") He opened a retail paint shop, lining his shelves with dummy paint cans. Transactions went like this:

Customer: Give me a quart of battle-ship grey.

Juba: Sure, but let's not spoil the display. I'll fetch one from the warehouse.

Whereupon he sprinted out back, across a railway track, sometimes scaling boxcars en route, and bought the paint from a factory.

Before he was old enough to vote Juba founded a construction firm, S. H. Juba and Co. (he has no middle name). One day one of his crews jacked up the wrong house. While Juba studied this error a runner from a second crew reported a drugstore's main floor had collapsed while Juba and Co. excavated under it.

"The one-cent sale," reported the messenger, "is lying all over the basement."

Juba hastened from the first disaster to the second, elbowed through an appreciative crowd and was stopped by a policeman.

"Son," said the policeman, "you've got no business here."

"Officer," said Juba, "you don't know how I wish that was true."

"Steve's no sucker"

Broken financially but not in spirit, Juba moved into a condemned shack for a few years, slept on crumpled paper bags, worked at odd jobs and acquired an ulcer. Finally in 1945 he founded a winner: Keystone Supply Company Ltd. It began as a twelve-by-twenty-five-foot shop and now distributes hardware, electricals, furniture, machinery and sporting goods among twenty-two hundred dealers in western Canada. As this and other business interests prospered Juba experienced the novelty of surplus time and money. He's free with both.

"Mind you, Steve will never be a sucker," says a friend. "He'll buy lunch for the boys once, maybe twice. But if they try to stick him a third time he'll say 'Okay, everybody pays his own.'"

But Juba is a chartered member of a Brooklands social club which runs bingo games and donates to church and handicapped groups. He led a drive that brought sewers to the village, and he frequently helps underprivileged children.

Last Christmas a friend found him in shirtsleeves in Keystone's warehouse, packing toy boxes for needy families. Some fifty children of Christ the King Ukrainian-Catholic Church, in a hard-up district, have bank savings accounts thanks to Juba. When Juba heard of an Anglican church boys' group trying to recondition an old navy cutter for Red River outings he scrounged materials, helped them scrape and paint the boat and donated paddles. But when a reporter asked for a story on his philanthropies Juba refused: "You know what my opponents would say if they heard about this. They'd say I was doing it for politics."

Juba made his political debut in 1949.

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When he lost election tries for MP and P.A. In the next three years he stubbornly ran twice for alderman and once for mayor. Each time he lost by a little less.

"I don't know why I kept trying," Juba says. "Maybe it was remembering the Depression when people always said, 'If I was in government things would be different.' Maybe it was seeing drunks roll out of the beer parlors when I was a kid. Nobody drank in our house."

In any case liquor became teetotaler Juba's first crusade. He maintained that mixed drinking with food in pleasant surroundings would cause less drunkenness than the existing hotel-room drinking, bootlegging joints and drab all-male beer parlors. Liquor reform wasn't a new idea. For several years before it materialized government members privately wondered how to enact it without alienating the "drys." But Juba was the first politician bold enough to take the issue to the hustings.

He toured bootlegging joints, compiled statistics, made speeches entitled Liquor-store line-ups, and, Are the present liquor laws an insult to woman's character?, and ran such election-campaign advertisements as "Stephen Juba — supporting MIXED BEVERAGE ROOMS—to promote temperance and sobriety, reduce drunkenness, associated evils and bootlegging."

Once in reply to criticism he ran an advertisement in both Winnipeg dailies saying, "I am not sponsored or encouraged by any distillery, brewery or any other special interest and I offer \$1,000 reward to charity if that statement is not true."

In 1953 he was elected to the provincial legislature and carried his theme into the next session, waving an empty liquor bottle or graphically describing homebrew ("They put lye in to give it tang").

In 1954 the government appointed the Bracken Commission to investigate the Manitoba liquor situation. From the commission's findings came new regulations—mixed drinking, snacks in beer parlors, cocktail bars, wine with meals—similar to Juba's proposals.

Liquor reform and humor are Juba's main contributions to provincial politics. He is partially deaf and wears earphones during sessions. When an opponent asks a ticklish question Juba cups one ear, fidgets with his earphones and asks apologetically, "Will you repeat that?" His reception never improves. The exchange usually ends with the frustrated questioner bellowing in Juba's bad ear, Juba shaking his head in blank despair and the house doubled up with laughter.

His quips often brighten a dreary afternoon. The legislature discusses a second TV channel for Winnipeg; Juba taps his headset and grumbles, "Too bad I can't get another channel on this." He heckles the government road program: "Maybe I don't travel the best roads but why are all of the holes on the roads I travel?" He pleads for Sunday sport: "Are you fellows going to play ball with me this session?"

Juba's ideas amused everyone for years but few people took him seriously. In 1954 he lost a second bid for mayor as runner-up to George Sharpe. In 1955 he didn't try for office, for the first time in six years.

Months before the 1956 civic election and still not planning to run, Juba said at a dinner, "I'll give a thousand dollars to charity if I run for mayor this year." (He paid up, to the Winnipeg Press-Radio orphan fund.)

Juba announced he would run on October first. But on nomination day, October third, just three weeks before the

election, he offered to withdraw if Alderman Walter Crawford would oppose Sharpe. Crawford, an able official, had once been chairman of a royal commission on crop insurance and, for twenty-one years, comptroller of the University of Manitoba. But Crawford said he "had no ambition to be mayor of Winnipeg," and refused to run, so Juba did.

"But I'm sure Steve had no particular interest in being mayor," says his campaign manager, Ernest Anderson.

So began the strangest mayoralty race in Winnipeg history. Juba's choice of

campaign manager typified his entire casual approach. Anderson, an electrician and Ward II aldermanic candidate, came to Juba to ask for advice on how to campaign in Juba's old Ward II stronghold. The pair had last met briefly in 1950. But Juba said "How'd you like to be my campaign manager? That'd probably help you as much as anything."

"You hardly know me," said Anderson. "I size a man up fast," said Juba.

Less than three weeks before election day Juba rallied his supporters in the "committee room," a north Main Street

restaurant. He announced firmly that he was not going to pour money into the campaign. He had a brief platform, five Vote Juba banners, no campaign buttons, no window placards. He made no radio speeches and few public appearances.

"Relax," he told his bewildered committee. "It's the big noise at the end that counts."

Support cropped up anyway. One admirer donated several hundred Juba campaign buttons. Railway workers chalked Vote Juba on boxcars. Vote Juba placards appeared unexpectedly in shop win-

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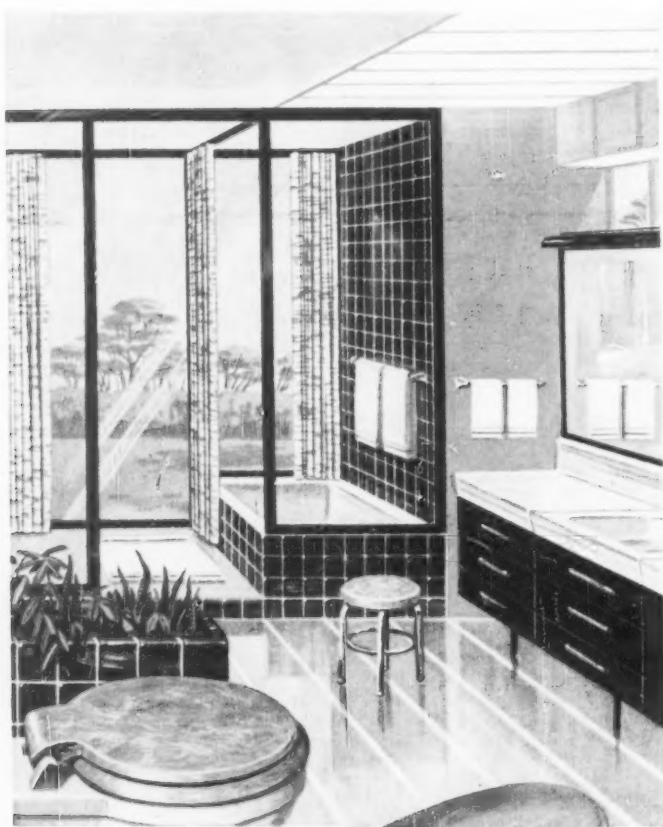


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dows, shopkeepers had saved them from a previous campaign.

Although Anderson didn't win his own election he discovered the value of Juba patronage. When he asked if he could place his own placards in a corner store in a district where the CCF is strong, the proprietor said, "Are you with Juba? Put up two cards."

While Juba campaigned on a shoe-string the Sharpe camp hired an advertising agency and peppered the newspapers with campaign material. One day Ernest Anderson estimated that Sharpe's lineage in one issue of one Winnipeg newspaper cost eight hundred dollars. Juba says his own expenses for the entire campaign were eight hundred and fifty dollars.

Sharpe, the pleasant well-to-do owner of an auto-electric business, had been mayor for two relatively uneventful years. Before that he'd been alderman for eight. The Winnipeg Tribune supported his bid for re-election. The Free Press, after measuring both candidates, also endorsed Sharpe. A former provincial cabinet minister and ex-mayor Garnet Coulter both spoke in his support.

Winnipeggers now wonder if Sharpe's free-spending campaign and friends in high places did him harm. They think perhaps the electorate turned to the "underdog." Juba himself told supporters during the campaign, "Sharpe's doing all our advertising for us."

Other factors probably worked for Juba. The liquor referendum, under which Winnipeggers approved the popular new drinking outlets, was held on civic election day, a happy coincidence for liquor crusader Juba.

The turning point

Juba had also played up one lively campaign issue. For years the city-owned hydro-electric company had played host to clubs, aldermen, other Winnipeg dignitaries and their guests on one-day or weekend trips to a power plant east of the city. These junketers were fed and lodged at a City Hydro staff house; they could, and frequently did, bring their own liquor. The trips came under scrutiny in 1956 with charges that ward-healers were partying at the power-users' expense. Juba denounced trips and trippers. While every alderman was re-elected, Sharpe, who attempted to defend his administration as a whole, seemed to suffer the brunt of Juba's attack.

But no anti-Sharpe trend was evident during the campaign. Juba says he expected to win. But, at the time, he didn't act like a winner. The turning point came when the candidates challenged and counter-challenged each other to public debate. Only Juba showed up to speak. Both newspapers attempted to use this against him. The Tribune accused Juba of "trying to turn the civic election campaign into a circus" while the Free Press, in an editorial headed "First Round to Mr. Sharpe," said Sharpe was "well out of" a rather silly encounter.

"Steve was discouraged when he read that," says Anderson. "He said, 'I can't beat that kind of stuff. From now on it's up to the people. They'll elect me or they won't.'"

Juba made only one more effort. In the dying days of the campaign the provincial government offered Winnipeg land for a new city hall; the implication was that Sharpe had made the offer possible.

"The premier has thrown his trained seal, George Sharpe, a fish which the mayor can feed on at election time," charged Juba.

Then he climbed into his yellow Cadillac, drove through the slums giving

away leftover Vote Juba buttons to forlorn-looking kids, gulped pills to quiet his ulcer and tried to forget the election. Usually on polling day he goes hunting. This time he shoveled gravel.

Early returns favored Juba but he hedged. "I'll believe I'm in when we get the last poll." Not until three in the morning, winner by two thousand and fifty-four votes, did he drink a victory toast in milk.

His term didn't begin until January but Juba immediately began reading up on municipal government, consulting those aldermen who would talk to him and listening to city council meetings.

"I made up my mind I would shift for myself for two years, if I had to," he says.

The air was still charged with ill-feeling. When Juba tried to attend an informal meeting of council in Sharpe's office he remained uninvited in the hall. Juba, in turn, didn't invite Premier Campbell to his inauguration. After taking the oath of office Juba told aldermen, "You must keep in mind that we represent the same people."

At his first meeting he pulled his chair from the mayor's dais to the city clerk's table. He still sits there during council, consulting clerk George Gardner on technicalities. But Juba is no longer ignorant of procedure. Recently he told aldermen, "If I ask for order I do not intend to use this gavel more than twice." Any alderman who used bad language might be ejected, he added.

His first year as mayor has revealed him as a formidable opponent. His wide-eyed gaze alone wins him support. In January three Winnipeg newspapermen (all on friendly terms with Juba) engaged him in a TV round-table discussion. Questions were fired in the same brusque manner the mayor experiences every day in city hall. But to viewers, Juba appeared hurt and bewildered. More than a hundred of them indignantly phoned the CBC while others wrote the newspapers accusing reporters and moderator of "villainy," "gross ignorance" and "snobish cruelty." Some neutral observers think Juba looked puzzled on purpose.

His critics admit that Juba, for the most part, adopts no poses. He is still the hard-driving idea-man from down by the tracks. Probably this is his greatest strength on the hustings.

He still drops in to gossip with Brooklands friends. He and his wife Elva still live in the brown-and-cream bungalow on William Avenue.

"The district's really a slum," says Juba. "But it's my job to stay here and try to improve it."

He works harder than before. Sometimes he reaches his office at 5.30 a.m. for sixteen to eighteen hours of paper work, meetings and crusades. He may work off ten pounds in a week, restoring his weight with quarts of milk and cream. He scrambles unconcernedly through the dusty quaking towers of city hall to show visitors how badly Winnipeg needs a new civic centre.

On matters of civic reform he is obviously sincere. But at times, whether in politics or at home, it's as difficult as ever to know when the poker-faced Juba is pulling your leg. One night last year he took a friend to his house, rummaged in the refrigerator, and called, "How about a drink?"

"Fine," said the astonished guest, thinking Juba was breaking tradition to have a beer.

"Will you have it spiked?"

"With what?" demanded the guest, with mounting alarm.

"Why, cream, of course," said Juba, pouring two glasses of milk. ★

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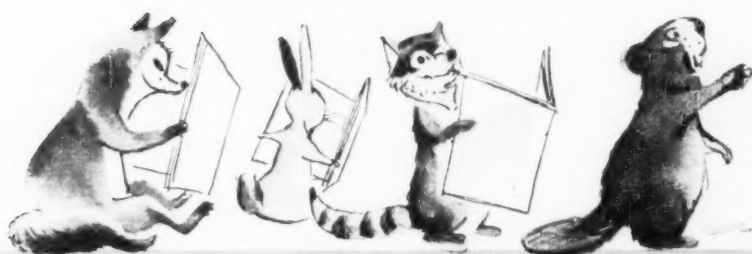
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The great birth control trial

Continued from page 23

"Miss Palmer," the defense claimed, "was being prosecuted for something druggists did openly"

County prosecutor Raoul Mercier, were all contained in Section 207, Subsection 1, of the Criminal Code of Canada. This section of the Code provides that anybody who advertises or sells contraceptive drugs or devices "without lawful justification or excuse" is guilty of an indictable offense and liable to two years' imprisonment. But Subsection 2 provides that nobody shall be convicted who can prove "the public good was served by the acts alleged."

The charge against Miss Palmer read that she had "unlawfully and knowingly" (a) offered contraceptives for sale in Eastview; (b) advertised by pamphlet, etc., various methods of contraception; and (c) actually "had for disposal" some contraceptives. Her defense hinged, of course, on establishing that she had been acting in the public interest.

It is doubtful that the authorities knew that Miss Palmer was an agent of a large organization. All their actions show they assumed she was just someone trying to pick up extra money. Following the arrest, however, they permitted the now-shaken young woman to make a long-distance collect call to Kitchener, as a result of which they were almost immediately confronted by one of Ottawa's ablest lawyers, A. W. Beament, brandishing bail.

At the sight of this unexpected opposition, the Eastview police suggested that perhaps the best thing for all would be for Miss Palmer to agree to conduct her activities elsewhere, in which case they would drop the charges. This Mr. Beament refused to allow. The police had arrested his client. Let them now prepare to accuse her of the alleged offences in open court.

The battle of Eastview had been joined.

The case opened on October 21, 1936, in the tiny Eastview courtroom which held less than fifty people. The courtroom was jammed, mostly with Eastview residents, but these were to disappear the following day on verbal orders from their parish priests. They were replaced for the rest of the trial largely by non-Catholics, mostly Ottawa women. Two Ottawa priests reported the proceedings to their bishop.

Miss Palmer had elected trial by magistrate, in this instance Lester H. Clayton, Toronto barrister F. W. Wegenast, K.C., had joined Mr. Beament on defense. Perhaps anticipating the siege to follow, the defense lawyers engaged a suite in the nearby Eastview Hotel. A great part of this suite was taken up by a library of birth-control literature perhaps unequalled anywhere else on earth. Many of the books had been lent by well-wishers, from all corners of the globe. Marie Stopes herself contributed a large number.

Among the witnesses called by the prosecution in the first days of the trial were twenty-one Eastview housewives. The first, whose husband was a blacksmith earning forty-five dollars a month, had only one child. The next, however, had five children. The next, aged thirty, had nine. Her husband earned three dollars a week as a laborer. One woman, whose husband had worked only a week

in the whole previous year, had twelve children living and three dead. Most admitted to one or more miscarriages as well.

All disconcerted the crown's case by revealing, on cross-examination, that they had very warm feelings for the defendant. Despite what they may have said to officers, several made it plain that Miss Palmer had not tried to sell them anything, or even give them anything directly. But she had made them understand where they could get birth-control materials, about which some of them had been totally ignorant heretofore.

The only Irish woman in the group admitted telling Miss Palmer that she had five children living, and didn't want any more.

The defense had one question to ask of them all: did they think they were doing wrong in accepting the box sent by Miss Palmer's employers?

"No," said nearly all the women, in turn.

"Do you think so now?"

"No," was the answer.

With his own witnesses eager to repudiate publicly anything they may have told him in private, Crown Attorney Mercier did the wise thing: he graciously accepted defeat on the charge that Miss Palmer had tried to sell contraceptives. Magistrate Clayton himself knocked out one of the two remaining charges when he decided that the devices she had with her when arrested were for demonstration, not disposal.

Was the "public good" served?

But he rejected a defense motion that the whole suit be dismissed. The trial must proceed on the remaining charge, which read that Miss Palmer unlawfully advertised by means of a pamphlet materials intended as means of preventing conception.

The defense had already indicated it would not deny Miss Palmer's actions, but would fight the case on Subsection 2 of the law in question, an escape clause which read, "No one shall be convicted . . . who proves that the public good was served by the acts . . . and that there was no excess . . ." There was little legal precedent for such a defense. In Britain this section of the law was worded differently, and previous cases in Canada had contested the evidence itself. The Palmer defense was in unbroken territory.

Since they were setting a precedent, Magistrate Clayton waived the customary limit of five expert witnesses when the defense announced it might call authorities in sociology, labor, religion, psychiatry, economics and other fields. The crown attorney said the defense might call as many experts as it pleased. For the prosecution, one would suffice—Ottawa physician Dr. J. E. DeHaire.

In so acting, Mr. Mercier made what many legal minds consider a major blunder. For the Canada Evidence Act (as the defense had taken pains to learn) specifically states that intention to call more experts than five must be announced before expert testimony begins. Mr.

Mercier was giving his opponents access to the whole world while limiting himself to five witnesses the moment he called Dr. DeHaire to the stand.

Dr. DeHaire, a physician of thirty years' experience, took only a short time to express his belief that the use of contraceptives without medical advice was basically wrong. The only birth-control method he favored was the natural one outlined in a book called *The Rhythm* approved by the Catholic Church. This stressed abstinence from sexual intercourse at certain times of the month, calculated from the onset of the next menstrual period.

On cross-examination, Dr. DeHaire revealed himself to be sincerely and deeply distressed over some aspects of the non-use of contraceptives, particularly "the appalling number" of women who died during abortions. He had also been moved by the courage shown by the East-view mothers in defying Church and husbands to utter a small cry for some personal rights. He admitted that the rhythm system was not infallible, and that about half his women patients were so irregular in their periods that for them it was either total continence, constant risk of pregnancy or the use of contraceptives.

He said there were at least five hundred methods of contraception and not all of them were bad.

With Dr. DeHaire's testimony on October 22 the crown rested its case. Since the onus was on the defense to prove that Miss Palmer had acted in the public good, the real battle now began.

The first defense witness was Miss Anna Weber, head nurse at the Parents' Information Bureau in Kitchener. Asked why birth-control knowledge could not be left to doctors to spread, she was quite blunt: most doctors knew very little about the subject; their patients often owed them money and were ashamed to go to them for advice; often women didn't have car fare or anyone to stay with the other children; some were too embarrassed to be examined even by a medical man.

"They will open their hearts to another woman, however," concluded Miss Weber. "That is why we send nurses around to visit them."

A. R. Kaufman, founder and head of the PIB, was the next to testify. He told the court that he had first become interested in birth control as an aid to happier, healthier living when he noticed that in his own factory there was a direct relationship between absenteeism and large families. The less time between children, the more time the wage-earner lost through illness or other causes. In other words, those families which needed the most earned the least.

In a survey in 1929 to see how he could ease distress among such families, he discovered that many mothers had no idea how to space children. He therefore hired competent medical people and set up a clinic in his own factory, giving family-planning data to all who asked for it. So gratifying were the results that women all over Ontario began writing him for information. Thus the work had expanded. Some twenty-five thousand requests for boxes had been processed to date.

Drawn out, Kaufman said he gave large sums to the YMCA and other social agencies; that his first outside birth-control clinic, in Windsor, Ontario, had been taken over by the Essex County Maternal Health League, to which he donated the equipment; that he made no profit directly or indirectly from the work, but instead lost thousands of dollars each year.

"If the government would take over my job, I would gladly quit," he said.

The crown's attack on the crusading

Mr. Kaufman was that he was making money out of the manufacture of the contraceptives. Kaufman protested that he manufactured only one item because he had been unable to buy it as cheaply as he could make a superior one himself.

At this juncture the courtroom was jolted by the appearance of two surprise witnesses, Walter E. Scott, a relief inspector, and Duchaine Larocque, a truck driver. They testified, grinning, that at the defense's request they had visited many drug stores in Ottawa and East-

view. In none of these, English or French, had there been any questions asked when they inquired for "something to keep my girl from getting pregnant." Their loot, spread out on the crowded exhibit table, included more than twenty-three devices under many brands.

One telling point, besides this proof that Miss Palmer was being prosecuted for something which druggists did openly (and for which Mr. Mercier subsequently declined to prosecute them) was the price of the articles: in every case the druggists charged far more than Kaufman did. One

item he sold for sixty cents was variously priced at a dollar, \$1.50 and \$3.50. Kaufman's statement that he lost thousands each year did not seem nearly so hard to believe now.

During the next few days the court was to hear evidence from many authorities, including a Salvation Army officer who said he had "often wished for some (similar) advice to give women;" a Presbyterian minister who countered the crown's claim that Miss Palmer was wrong in speaking to French women in English, with the statement that they

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used no interpreters in his Toronto clinic either, because nurses speak "the universal language of kindness," a statistician who showed the direct relation between proper spacing of children and lowered infant mortality; a Jewish rabbi who said the defendant's work fitted exactly with Hebrew concepts that a wife may use contraceptives, but not a husband; a labor leader who said it was the poor

who suffer most from lack of birth control information.

The most interesting witness was undoubtedly the erudite Reverend Dr. Claris E. Silcox, of the United Church, general secretary of the Social Service Council of Canada. Questioned for three hours on many aspects of birth control, he spoke, in part, of the Lord's wrath at Onan for casting his seed upon

CANADIANECDOTE



Ronald King

The man who stole a church

Rufus Kimpton was unique among thieves. At a time in pioneer British Columbia's history when horse stealing and claim jumping were commonplace, Rufus outdid them all. He stole an entire church, complete with Bible, hymn books and bell.

The time was 1898 and the place the town of Donald. Besides being the divisional headquarters of the CPR and the business, government and cultural hub of eastern B. C., Donald boasted the only church of any denomination in this hinterland. In the rival town of Revelstoke, church services were held in the local schoolhouse.

The CPR eventually decided to move its divisional headquarters farther west, to Revelstoke. The railroad offered to transport all personnel and household belongings to the new location. Houses, stores and even the Oddfellows' Hall were dismantled and loaded on flatcars.

St. Peter's Church, however, presented another problem. No ecclesiastical permission had been granted to dismantle it. So, while the rest of the town departed, the church remained behind.

Rufus Kimpton, a Donald merchant and churchman, decided that instead of following his fellow townsmen to Revelstoke, he would head south to Windermere, where he already had property. Urged by his wife and impelled by a sense of devotion, he also decided to

take the church with him, and had it carefully dismantled and loaded on flatcars.

The little Anglican church traveled safely by rail to Golden and thence by steamer barge up the Columbia River to Windermere. The sole accident was the theft of the steeple bell at Golden.

Donald's churchmen, now settled in Revelstoke, finally obtained church sanction to move St. Peter's — and then they discovered the theft. Kimpton and his fellow churchmen in Windermere were besieged with angry letters demanding the return of St. Peter's and threatening action.

While the Revelstoke congregation fumed, the citizens of Windermere attended church and ignored the situation. Eventually, the Anglicans of Revelstoke conceded the unequal contest and built their own church.

The battle won, the Windermere congregation tried to recover St. Peter's missing bell, stolen in Golden. Their demand brought the reply that, since the church was stolen property, Windermere had little claim to the bell.

Rather than reopen that question, the church elders decided to drop the matter.

St. Peter's can still be seen on the edge of the Banff highway at Windermere, where the townspeople and descendants of Rufus Kimpton still worship in the "stolen church." SHAUN B. HAMILTON

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

the ground. This was not for reasons usually supposed, however, but because Onan had broken his tribal law (Deuteronomy 25:5) which said that "If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child . . . her husband's brother shall go in unto (the wife of the dead) . . . and perform the duty of an husband's brother unto her."

Taunted by the crown with the charge that contraceptives were unnatural and indecent, Dr. Silcox was unruffled. All progress came about by adaptation of natural objects to unnatural ends, he said. Clothes, for example, flying machines, cooked food. And many things once considered indecent—such as skimpy bathing suits! who called them indecent nowadays?

On each question Dr. Silcox quoted from so many authorities, citing page and paragraph each time, that the magistrate finally instructed him to refrain from citing references. They would take his word for any statements from now on—to save time, which was stretching on and on.

At the close of this display of erudition, Dr. Silcox returned to the present day. Miss Palmer's work, in his view, was an amplification of the spirit of Christ himself. He went out to seek lost sheep; He didn't wait for them to come to Him. Christ's teaching had not been popular with the religious and state authorities of His day either, but would anyone now say it was not in the public good for that reason?

The M-O went farther

Three other notables also made statements damaging to the crown's case. Dr. William A. Scott, professor of obstetrics and gynaecology at the University of Toronto, testified that the information and methods used in the Parents' Information Bureau pamphlet were "the most efficient and least harmful of any . . ." There was no possibility, as the crown alleged, that they could cause cancer or sterility, under normal use.

Dr. W. L. Hutton, medical officer for Brantford, who came to Eastview at his city council's request, went even further: the Kaufman pamphlet was the only sound information ordinary people could get.

Dr. Brock Chisholm, Toronto psychiatrist who was later to become head of the World Health Organization and to shock Canadian parents with the advice that they should stop telling their children there is a Santa Claus, was another surprise witness. He said that the IQ tests he conducted showed the need for birth control because they indicated that the least intelligent people unfortunately bred the quickest. An irrepressible witness, Dr. Chisholm was most amazed, however, that Kaufman could provide contraceptive diaphragms for only fifty cents. "Many doctors I know charge ten dollars," he said.

On November 6 the defense closed its case. They had called thirty-five witnesses, heard 327,000 words of testimony and had caused some second thoughts on the part of the crown attorney, Mr. Mercier now demanded the right to call as many experts as he needed for rebuttal. He was informed by a sympathetic judge that he should have thought of this before. As it was, he had till December 8 to find the four more experts allowed him under law.

A month later, crown witness Leon Gerin-Lajoie, professor of gynaecology at the University of Montreal, testified that in the hands of the average woman any of the physical devices advised in the Bureau's pamphlet was dangerous. On cross-examination, however, Gerin-Lajoie

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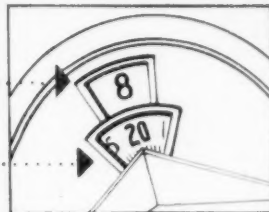
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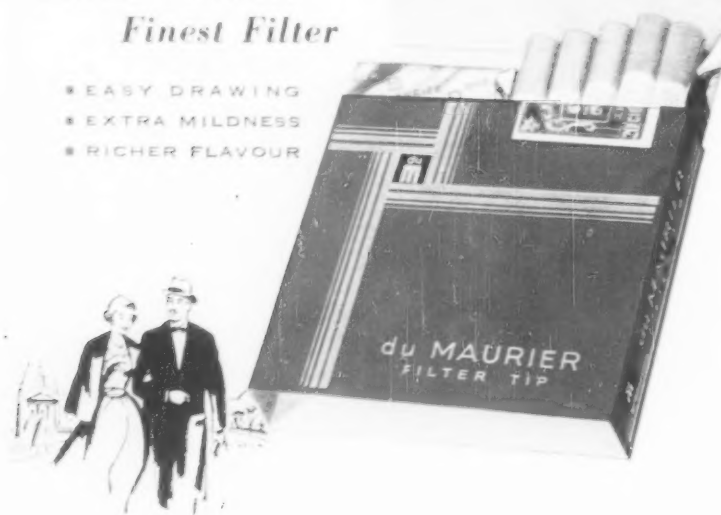
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admitted that he knew very little about contraceptives in detail and taught no course in such things to his own medical students. Yet, he asserted, he would always advise women to go to their doctors for advice on such matters.

A second Ottawa doctor, Ernest Couture, deposed that he too knew few details about contraceptives. After hours of questioning, he conceded that a woman should have the best medical advice, not the best religious medical advice.

On December 11, 1936, Reverend Canon A. H. Whalley, of Ottawa, a Church of England minister, was called as a surprise crown witness. Canon Whalley said he was "aghast" at contraceptives as "a flagrant contravention" of the marriage contract. The last witness to testify, the prelate said that even if his church favored birth control he would have to search his own soul, and resign his ministry if he didn't agree.

With the end of the crown's rebuttal attempt, and nothing remaining but the summing up, Magistrate Clayton postponed the final pleas till February, 1937.

On February 8, the defense started a three-day filibuster for acquittal. Taking turns in the marathon, lawyers Wegenast and Beament cited fifteen reasons why birth control was in the public good. Mr. Mercier, they then conceded, had put up a good fight, but since he really had nothing to say the chief feature of the crown's case was its "incoherence." The whole case against Miss Palmer, they said, made as much sense as the town councilor in Orillia who advocated running another Kaufman nurse out of town because her birth-control advice might injure sales of locally manufactured baby carriages. The crown's real motive, they alleged, was to secure the court's sanction for the Church's views on birth control.

The crown took one day to state its case. Denying the defense's charges, it turned to the records to prove that Miss Palmer had coaxed some women to sign, and had spoken in English to others who understood only French. These were excesses, said Mr. Mercier. As for birth control itself, hadn't Canada progressed by big families, about which the country once used to boast?

"We need more people in Canada, not less," he cried. "We are being asked to commit race suicide!"

The magistrate took one month to reach his decision. Addressing an overflow court on St. Patrick's Day, he read from a prepared document, every phrase of which was a potential headline.

It was well known, he said, that the rich and the middle class obtained means of birth control if they wanted them. The one group from which such information was withheld was the poor. This was why they were a glut on the competitive labor market and a burden on the taxpayer. It was their offspring, by and large, who crowded the juvenile courts.

"What argument is there," he asked, "... that will deny these people the means of properly spacing children ... so that mothers and children can enjoy good health ... above the level of mere starvation existence?"

Turning to the crown argument that since seventy-one percent of Eastview was Roman Catholic it was not in the public good to go against their beliefs, Magistrate Clayton said he could see no harm in giving them information, as Miss Palmer had done. What they did with it was their own business. He had reached the conclusion that though there was excess in one or two cases, compared to the good in other cases it amounted to no excess at all.

"For the reasons stated above," declared Magistrate Clayton, "I hold that

Miss Palmer has proved that the public good was served ... and that there was no excess ... The charge will therefore be dismissed."

Editorial comment on the decision varied from the cry of "Scandal!" in Montreal's *L'Unité* and the accusation by the London (England) Catholic Record that the defense had resorted to "Herrings and Tricks," to the Winnipeg Tribune's enthusiastic endorsement of the outcome. The Star-Phoenix, of Saskatoon, felt that Magistrate Clayton had rendered a great public service, because if information were to be denied to the poor, "society must pay the price."

To the astonishment of everybody the crown protested the acquittal to the Ontario Court of Appeals. This court dismissed the appeal on June 2, 1937, without even calling upon defense lawyers for argument.

The war with its consequent prosperity, and the post-bellum boom, have dimmed the memory of days when forty-five dollars a month was a living wage and having to go "on relief" was no disgrace to a family. The competitive labor market is no longer glutted. Family allowances now attempt to provide the essentials of life for children whether their parents practise birth control or not.

She was the focal point

Although twenty years have passed, the protagonists in this memorable case are almost exactly as they were then. Chief Richard Mannion still heads the police force in Eastview, which, though its population has jumped to 23,000, is still relatively poorer than Ottawa and much poorer than adjacent Rockcliffe Park. Raoul Mercier still presides as crown attorney in the County of Carleton, where his opponent, A. W. Beament, still practises law.

Miss Palmer, focal point of the argument, whose non-appearance on the witness stand undoubtedly deprived the crown of an opportunity for telling rhetoric, still lives in Ottawa. Married the year after the trial to the proprietor of the book shop listed as her Ottawa address, she has one child, a daughter of seventeen. The book shop was razed some years ago to make way for a business block. The former Miss Palmer now acts as a floral designer for a French-Canadian florist's shop. She now has no difficulty making herself understood in French.

A. R. Kaufman still operates the Parents' Information Bureau from a wing of his factory at 410 King Street West in Kitchener. Far from decreasing with prosperity, his work has increased. Over three thousand doctors now co-operate with the Bureau, and more than two hundred thousand requests for birth-control materials had been filled up to the end of 1956. "I hope that day is not far distant when the public will insist that family-planning information be made available to all," Kaufman said recently. More than ninety-five percent of initial supplies are still given away free, to doctor-recommended mothers.

The famous case of Rex vs. Palmer had no effect on the provisions of the law. It is still an offence to have contraceptives for sale in Canada without "lawful justification." But the Palmer case did have a bearing on the way the law is applied. It is unheard of now for anybody to be charged with advertising or selling contraceptives, because authorities know that a defendant could probably claim he was serving the public good. Exactly the same as a Welsh-born social worker did, in a small Ontario town called Eastview, two decades ago. ★



Why the west will win the Grey Cup this year . . . and the next continued from page 21

"Hamilton coach Jim Trimble has seen the light: 'The way to control the ball is to run it' "

...carriers to defend against on ground plays. Comes Grey Cup day and there are five, each resembling a footloose goose.

No line in the east has had to worry much about the quarterback running with the ball. Bernie Faloney, of Hamilton, and Tom Dublinski, who stayed around Toronto long enough for the Argonauts to be eliminated from contention, would have trouble catching a slow-moving bus, and Sam Etcheverry, of Montreal, runs only in case of emergency, like a man heading for the fire exit.

The single exception is Ottawa, whose quarterbacks Hal Ledyard and Tom Dimitroff can run some. Ottawa, in fact, has had surprising success in the Big Four this year and I'd like to tell you a little story about that. When Frank Clair was appointed to coach Ottawa in 1956 after being fired by the Argonauts after the 1954 season, he inherited the worst-looking football team I've seen in the Big Four, the 1955 Ottawa Rough Riders. First thing Frank did was get prints of the 1955 Grey Cup films—that was the game in which Edmonton walloped Montreal 34 to 19 at Vancouver—and study that Edmonton offense until his eyes were bloodshot. He diagramed every play, and the Eskimo system thereby became the Ottawa system that brought order out of chaos in the capital. That idea of using the fifth man as a fullback instead of flanking him wide uselessly gave Ottawa an offense that has been giving everybody fits for two seasons and has made Clair the toast of the east.

There are other signs that the east is beginning to smarten up, but they've been so fitful that I can't see eastern clubs really catching the west for some years. Only last month I read a Toronto newspaperman's report on an interview with Hamilton's coach, Jim Trimble. It said that Trimble, a second-year man at Hamilton, "has seen the light." Quoting Trimble, the story said: "The first thing you have to have in Canadian football is a sound defense . . . The next thing is ball control. The way to control it is to run it. Punch it out, five, six, four yards at a time. You have to run it."

The point is that that's been the Western Conference pattern for four seasons!

You might suggest that it seems pointless to keep grinding out the yardage on the ground and score a touchdown in, say, twelve plays when Sam Etcheverry can flip a pass to that wonderful ball player Hal Patterson and score with that one play. Looking at it that way, you're right. But look at it this way: in last year's Grey Cup game at Toronto's Varsity Stadium there were 180 plays by both teams, not counting punts. Ordinarily, that would mean each team had 90 plays, give or take a play. Except that last year Edmonton controlled the ball for a staggering 113 plays, and Montreal had it for only 67. At the end of the first half Edmonton was leading by five points and the two teams had about the same number of plays; but in the second half, when the Alouettes desperately needed to get the ball, they had it only 19 times, compared with Edmonton's 61. What all this adds up to is this: Montreal's usually devastating aerial attack was actually cut in half because they had the ball only half as

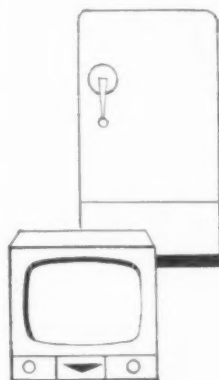
often as they usually do. It's hard for Etcheverry to throw a TD pass to Patterson if his team hasn't got the ball.

And that's been the secret of all three of Edmonton's victories over Montreal. The Eskis haven't been able to stop the

Montreal offense when Montreal had the ball—in fact, the Alouettes have scored 71 points in the three games—but they've been able to keep them from getting possession of it twice as successfully as Big Four clubs have.

Another reason why I say the west will whip the east is that the western teams play smarter defensively. Take the way Edmonton defended the Alouettes in the 1955 game at Vancouver and the way the Alouettes defended Edmonton.

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LUGGAGE

BY TRAVELGARD LIMITED

Peahead Walker, the Montreal coach, was visited a couple of days before the game by a western coach who asked him how he planned to defend the Eskimos' renowned split-T, and Walker told him he'd use what football men call the Eagle defense.

"If you do," the western coach informed him, "you'll get killed."

The Eagle defense is essentially a five-man line with two linebackers up close behind the ends and two other linebackers outside the ends. That leaves a gaping hole in the middle of your defense from tackle to tackle. The western coach pointed out to Walker that the Eagle defense would be ineffective because those barreling Edmonton fullbacks, Normie Kwong and Johnny Bright, were always slamming up the middle where, as I've indicated, there were no linebackers.

"Well, now, I don't know," drawled Walker. "The Eagle has been mighty good to us all season."

Of course it was good to him in the Big Four. The Big Four is a passing league in which those corner linebackers can jam the offensive ends heading downfield on pass-catching assignments. But what's the point of holding up the ends against a team like Edmonton that runs most of the time?

On the other hand, there was a defensive problem confronting Edmonton's coach, Frank (Pop) Ivy. The west had used twelve American import players all season, and the east had used ten. The Canadian Rugby Union ruling was that ten were permitted, so the west had to drop two men. Who was Ivy to drop? Well, one fellow you'd figure he would not drop was Rupe Andrews, his defensive safety man who had been knocking down passes all season, and had made twelve interceptions. You'd figure Ivy couldn't drop a man like that against Etcheverry.

Yet Ivy made the big gamble—really, the smart gamble. He didn't want to weaken any other position and he figured that Jackie Parker could do the defensive job as well as run the offense at quarterback (this was a year before Canadian Don Getty became the regular quarterback and Parker moved over to halfback). Parker had played defensive football in college and with the Eskimos in '54 but he hadn't played defense in 1955. That meant he'd have to go sixty minutes in the Grey Cup game.

Well, to show you how the thing worked out, the Alouettes matched touchdowns with the Eskimos through the first half, and led by one point on a kick by halftime. But in the second half, with Bright and Kwong still banging up the middle for big gains and the Alouettes helpless in their Eagle defense, the Eskimos started to pull away. Late in the third quarter, trailing by a touchdown, the Al's passing started eating up the mileage again. They got deep into Eskimo territory and Etcheverry went back to throw another one. Out of nowhere came the Edmonton safety man named Parker, to intercept the pass on his own five-yard line. Then he took his ball club methodically up the field, with the Al's desperate to get their hands on the ball again, and scored another touchdown. I feel that interception by Parker was the turning point of the game. Alouette spirits were never the same, and Montreal didn't score in the whole second half, the first time that had happened to them all season. Any time they did get the ball, everybody in Empire Stadium knew they'd have to throw it because they were now two touchdowns behind and time was running out. The Eskies knocked down the desperation passes, took over the ball as though they owned it and drummed inexorably up the field again. They won 34 to 19.

A number of intangibles go into the construction of a winning football team, and if you're sitting in the stands on Grey Cup day this month or if you're watching the game on television, you'll actually be able to see one in that western line-up. I mean spirit, or, if you like, pride. There's an eagerness and an enthusiasm about western teams that I suppose is acquired from their hometown fans who seem to regard football as a civic undertaking. You can't fault Big Four players because their fans treat them in a blasé fashion, I'll agree, but still the pride that western players take in their ball club and their town is another reason for my insistence that the west will win the Grey Cup. I remember walking out of an exhibition game at Varsity Stadium last September after the Regina Roughriders had beaten the Argonauts, and running into Ted Punchard, an Argo executive. He invited my wife and me to a reception the Argos were holding across the street in the Park Plaza Hotel, where I was delighted to encounter an old friend from my pro-



MACLEAN'S

"Where did you say the officials came from—the West or the East?"

onal days in the United States, Jack Russell, the assistant coach of the Roughriders. Jack was a great end for the Roughriders; in fact, he played with them in 1951 when Ottawa beat them in the Grey Cup. A knee injury ended Jack's career and he returned to Texas where he was an assistant coach at Texas Christian in 1953. He quit that job after one year and when I met him at the end of last September I asked him why.

"John," he said, "I know this sounds like a joke, but I was homesick for Regina. I'm a native Texan but when I got back to Texas, football just wasn't football anymore. I wrote to Regina and applied for an assistant's job. When I got it, all my friends down home thought I was nuts. But that's only because they haven't seen Regina. I know where I want to live."

That sort of thing goes on all over the west. Jackie Parker, a native of Mississippi, decided last year to live the year round in Edmonton, in spite of the freezing winter temperatures. He has opened a service station there and they tell me you can't get near the place for people wanting to buy their gas from Jackie Parker. Sure, it's smart business for Parker, but where do you find this sort of thing in the east? Same thing with Buddy Tinsley, the great import tackle at Winnipeg who has taken out his papers and is now a Canadian citizen.

Bill Boivin, the general manager of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, was telling me recently that it's a picnic to listen to the big businessmen who are members of the football team's executive when they are standing around at a cocktail party. Their conversation runs to how well this player and that player is doing in the job the executive found for him, or gave him. Why, those guys feel it's a personal affront if one of their boys doesn't do well in business. They give players business advice, often advance them salary so they can make down payments, and make them feel a part of the community. This helps them off the field and gives them a tremendous lift on it.

It may be this way in isolated cases in the east but I'd like to tell you the story of Merv Collins, which I think is general. Merv played for the Argos when I was line coach and he asked me if I'd help him find a job. I went to two companies where I know top executives and I told them about Merv. One fellow was very excited and wanted to know where he could contact Merv.

"Well, I'll see him at practice tonight," I said, "and I'll tell him to call you."

"At practice?" the man said. "What does he do?"

"He plays for us," I said. "You know, Merv Collins who plays guard."

The man coughed and sputtered. He was embarrassed. It turned out that his firm had a company rule forbidding the hiring of professional athletes. Same thing with my other executive friend, and I say you can't take pride in your team and town when things like this happen.

There are other factors, not directly connected with the game the fan sees on the field, but which contribute greatly to the result they see. The west was the first to have quarterback clubs (Winnipeg had the first in Canada in 1935), booster clubs and membership clubs to which citizens pay dues that help defray the ball club's expenses. These player-tan organizations stimulate interest in the team and in the game itself. To make their fans feel more a part of the team Regina changed the name of its club to the Saskatchewan Roughriders and Vancouver called its team the B.C. Lions. There isn't this kind of rapport between



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"Well, now, I don't know," drawled Walker. "The Eagle has been mighty good to us all season."

Of course it was good to him in the Big Four. The Big Four is a passing league in which those corner linebackers can jam the offensive ends heading downfield on pass-catching assignments. But what's the point of holding up the ends against a team like Edmonton that runs most of the time?

On the other hand, there was a defensive problem confronting Edmonton's coach, Frank (Pop) Ivy. The west had used twelve American import players all season, and the east had used ten. The Canadian Rugby Union ruling was that ten were permitted, so the west had to drop two men. Who was Ivy to drop? Well, one fellow you'd figure he would not drop was Rupe Andrews, his defensive safety man who had been knocking down passes all season, and had made twelve interceptions. You'd figure Ivy couldn't drop a man like that against Etcheverry.

Yet Ivy made the big gamble—really, the smart gamble. He didn't want to weaken any other position and he figured that Jackie Parker could do the defensive job as well as run the offense at quarterback (this was a year before Canadian Don Getty became the regular quarterback and Parker moved over to halfback). Parker had played defensive football in college and with the Eskimos in '54 but he hadn't played defense in 1955. That meant he'd have to go sixty minutes in the Grey Cup game.

Well, to show you how the thing worked out, the Alouettes made a touchdown with the Eskimos through the first half, and led by one point on a kick by halftime. But in the second half, with Bright and Kwong still banging up the middle for big gains and the Alouettes helpless in their Eagle defense, the Eskimos started to pull away late in the third quarter, trailing by a touchdown, the Alouettes' passing started lifting up the mileage again. They got deep into Eskimo territory and Etcheverry went back to throw another one. Out of nowhere came the Edmonton safety man, named Parker, to intercept the pass on his own five-yard line. Then he took his ball club methodically up the field, with the Alouettes desperate to get their hands on the ball again, and scored another touchdown. I feel that interception by Parker was the turning point of the game. Alouette spirits were never the same, and Montreal didn't score in the whole second half, the first time that had happened to them all season. Any time they did get the ball, everybody in Empire Stadium knew they'd have to throw it because they were now two touchdowns behind and time was running out. The Eskies knocked down the desperation passes, took over the ball as though they owned it and drummed inexorably up the field again. They won 34 to 19.

A number of intangibles go into the construction of a winning football team, and if you're sitting in the stands on Grey Cup day this month or if you're watching the game on television, you'll actually be able to see one in that western line-up. I mean spirit, or, if you like, pride. There's an eagerness and an enthusiasm about western teams that I suppose is acquired from their hometown fans who seem to regard football as a civic undertaking. You can't fault Big Four players because their fans treat them in a blasé fashion. I'll agree, but still the pride that western players take in their ball club and their town is another reason for my insistence that the west will win the Grey Cup. I remember walking out of an exhibition game at Varsity Stadium last September after the Regina Roughriders had beaten the Argonauts, and running into Ted Punchard, an Argo executive. He invited my wife and me to a reception the Argos were holding across the street in the Park Plaza Hotel, where I was delighted to encounter an old friend from my pro-



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...sional days in the United States, Jack
...Russell, the assistant coach of the Rough-
...riders. Jack was a great end for the
...roughriders: in fact, he played with
...them in 1951 when Ottawa beat them
...for the Grey Cup. A knee injury ended
...Jack's career and he returned to Texas
...where he was an assistant coach at Texas
...Christian in 1953. He quit that job after
...one year and when I met him at the
...early last September I asked him why.
...John," he said. "I know this sounds
...silly, but I was homesick for Regina.
...I'm a native Texan but when I got back
...to Texas, football just wasn't football
...any more. I wrote to Regina and applied
...for an assistant's job. When I got it,
...all my friends down home thought I was
...nuts. But that's only because they haven't
...seen Regina. I know where I want to
...live."

That sort of thing goes on all over
...the west. Jackie Parker, a native of
...Mississippi, decided last year to live the
...year round in Edmonton, in spite of the
...freezing winter temperatures. He has
...opened a service station there and they
...tell me you can't get near the place for
...people wanting to buy their gas from
...Jackie Parker. Sure, it's smart business
...for Parker, but where do you find this
...sort of thing in the east? Same thing
...with Buddy Tinsley, the great import
...tackle at Winnipeg who has taken out
...his papers and is now a Canadian citizen.

Bill Boivin, the general manager of
...the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, was telling
...me recently that it's a picnic to listen to
...the big businessmen who are members
...of the football team's executive when
...they are standing around at a cocktail
...party. Their conversation runs to how
...well this player and that player is doing
...in the job the executive found for him,
...or gave him. Why, those guys feel it's
...a personal affront if one of *their* boys
...doesn't do well in business. They give
...players business advice, often advance
...them salary so they can make down pay-
...ments, and make them feel a part of
...the community. This helps them off the
...field and gives them a tremendous lift on
...it.

It may be this way in isolated cases in
...the east but I'd like to tell you the story
...of Merv Collins, which I think is gen-
...eral. Merv played for the Argos when
...I was line coach and he asked me if I'd
...help him find a job. I went to two com-
...panies where I know top executives and
...I told them about Merv. One fellow was
...very excited and wanted to know where
...he could contact Merv.

"Well, I'll see him at practice tonight,"
...I said, "and I'll tell him to call you."

"At practice?" the man said. "What
...does he do?"

"He plays for us," I said. "You know,
...Merv Collins who plays guard."

The man coughed and sputtered. He
...was embarrassed. It turned out that his
...firm had a company rule forbidding the
...hiring of professional athletes. Same
...thing with my other executive friend, and
...I say you can't take pride in your team
...and town when things like this happen.

There are other factors, not directly
...connected with the game the fan sees
...on the field, but which contribute great-
...ly to the result they see. The west was
...the first to have quarterback clubs (Win-
...nipeg had the first in Canada in 1935),
...booster clubs and membership clubs to
...which citizens pay dues that help defray
...the ball club's expenses. These player-
...fan organizations stimulate interest in
...the team and in the game itself. To make
...their fans feel more a part of the team
...Regina changed the name of its club to
...the Saskatchewan Roughriders and Van-
...couver called its team the B.C. Lions.
...There isn't this kind of rapport between



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the clubs and fans in the east. I can't imagine a more unlikely football fan than a guy running a farm out on the prairies a couple of hundred miles from the nearest stadium, and yet the west is full of them. The Roughriders run a weekly quarterback club for the fans at Swift Current, 163 miles from Regina, to which players and coaches travel for every meeting. There are two season-ticket holders for Regina home games who live in Carrot River, 350 miles from Regina!

This sort of loyalty is contagious, and I think it explains why the Western Conference all-star team went into last year's Shrine game in Vancouver with pride in its league and determination to win. One of the first things the eastern players did when they got to B.C. was demand more money. The west should have been sick to death of football. They'd played a sixteen-game schedule, with a double-header every weekend involving thousands of miles of travel stretching all the way from Vancouver to Winnipeg. In the east it was a fourteen-game schedule and the longest hop was Montreal to Hamilton, less than four hundred miles. Yet those westerners seemed to thrive on it and I think it's because football is organized for the enjoyment of everybody in the west.

Another important point, I think, is that it was the west which first hired a commissioner, although the east has seen the necessity for one in all of my eight years in Canada. Sidney Halter of Winnipeg was appointed four years ago, and his primary job is to direct the game's officials and handle club disputes. Halter has an official observer at every game in the Western Conference who takes notes and fills out reports on the officials' work. If a referee, say, or a head linesman is lax, Halter has all the details and

is in a position to administer a decision immediately. There is no such arrangement in the east. In addition Halter and his assistant, Andy Currie, see every conference game, one of them in one city and the other in another, wherever the double-headers are played. Before Halter's appointment, the referees were given a hard time by coaches and fans who disapproved of a decision. I remember one night in Calgary in 1951 when the Argonauts played an exhibition game there. Les Lear, then coaching the Stampeders, and Archie Gillis, the team manager, created a wild scene in front of the bench when an official's call riled them. They slammed their ten-gallon hats onto the ground and shook their fists at the official. Then Lear grabbed him and loudly spouted some language usually reserved for an alley fight. This roused the fans, too, and the official could do nothing except try to walk away. That sort of thing has long since passed. Halter has the power to fine coaches, managers or players, and the rowdiness is gone.

When the east finally got around to appointing a commissioner last year, it named Judge Allan Fraser whose only previous connection with sport was that he'd once been an official of the Ottawa Valley Softball league. The Big Four declined to give the judge jurisdiction over the league's officials. Can you imagine Ford Frick trying to run baseball with no authority over the umpires, with every one of them at the mercy of the club owners, as the football officials are in the Big Four? One time Fraser went to a game in Montreal and the gateman wouldn't let him in. He finally found an Alouette executive who knew him and the league commissioner was able to get a sideline pass which got him into the park but didn't include a seat.

I wish a commissioner with the league's full backing had charge of the officials in the Big Four because the officials, as that league run a game as though they owned the concessions and wanted to allow time for the bowlers to sell all their hot dogs. Ten times a game I've seen Seymour Wilson, our most experienced referee, stop the teams like a traffic cop as they whipped out of a huddle and prepared to put the ball into play. He'd hold up that hand until they went back to their huddle and then he'd blow his whistle to signal the start of play, heaven knows why. Some day, a fired-up ball club is just going to keep on going as it heads for the line of scrimmage and the centre is going to snap Wilson.

Chief of referees in the Big Four this year is Cec McFadden, a school teacher who until his appointment was a member of the Argonaut board of governors. He has never been a referee and his appointment, far from settling disputes, immediately caused one involving veteran official Jimmy Simpson. The Argonauts in the past had often complained about Simpson's work being unfavorable to them, and just by coincidence, no doubt, his name was not included in McFadden's list of Big Four officials for 1957.

So what I'm saying is that from top to bottom the WFLU is a better league. The whole mish-mash of the east at the executive level permeates down to the last bench-warmer and has a direct bearing on what you see on the field. That's why I'm saying that the west will win the Grey Cup a couple of Saturdays from now, and that's why I believe they'll win it next year, too. It's hard to overtake the kind of running start the west has built up and unless or until eastern thinking clears away the cobwebs I know of no reason why the west shouldn't just go right on winning it. ★



The spinster who lectures wives continued from page 18

"Patients who don't like to hear the truth don't like Dr. Hilliard"

has lost count of all the girl babies named Marion in her honor, but recalls that one of her patients, a young woman evacuated from Birmingham, England, during World War II, proudly named her baby boy Jonathan Hilliard Shapiro.

As a gynaecologist, Dr. Hilliard has won distinction by caring as much for the mind as for the body.

The amount of ignorance abroad in the world never fails to astonish her. Married women have come to her for their first gynaecological examination as long as six years after their wedding day and she has had to inform them that the reason they haven't had babies is that they are still virgins. Brides have collapsed in tears on her desk, relating their miserable honeymoon experiences. Middle-aged patients who think sex is nasty and degrading have begged her advice on how to win back husbands who have unaccountably begun to stray.

Faced with a straight question, Dr. Hilliard sees no reason for withholding a straight answer. Her advice is positive and practical. Self-pity, in herself or others, she can't abide.

When, for instance, a young wife expressed horror and unwillingness at the idea of occasionally pretending an enjoyment of sex just to make her husband happy, Dr. Hilliard regarded her levelly and enquired, "Do you want your marriage to work, or don't you?"

When an unmarried career girl com-

plained bitterly that life had passed her by and it wasn't fair, spinster Hilliard passed on her own personal philosophy of inevitability (live happily and vigorously with what you've got; accept with courage and good humor what you haven't got). "Life comes back into focus at forty, and once the menopause is over you'll feel wonderful," she consoled her.

One of her most widely printed and reprinted stories concerns a pretty young woman who found herself pregnant after a visit to a man's apartment, although, as she assured Dr. Hilliard tearfully, she "wasn't that kind of a girl." Dr. Hilliard just snorted.

"Everyone who isn't suffering from glandular imbalance is 'that kind of a girl,'" she says. "Women shouldn't underestimate their own biology; it's always being triggered off." She doesn't believe there's any such thing as platonic love between a man and a woman who are alone together a lot, and thirty years in the business have convinced her that the saddest words of tongue or pen are, "Don't worry, little girl. I'll take care of you."

Most patients are grateful for Dr. Hilliard's advice, if not at the time, then later. But some stamp off and are never seen again.

"Marion calls the shots as she sees them," says Dr. Eva Mader MacDonald, a close friend. "Patients who don't like to hear the truth don't like her."

Over the years, most of Dr. Hilliard's energy and exuberance have been turned in the direction of Women's College Hospital. It was her dream that the University of Toronto would someday recognize the high standards and excellent facilities of her department and make it a teaching unit for medical students. In 1955 her dream came true. She has earmarked the Canadian royalties from her book for the hospital and campaigned twice for funds: once in 1928 for the present building and again in 1953 when four million dollars was required for modern equipment, a new wing and a nurses' residence. She has never been afraid to tackle anybody for funds, and some of her methods have been ingenious. In 1947, when she heard it said that the United Church had turned down a financial donation from O'Keefe's Brewing Company, she hurried right down and persuaded the beer manufacturers to give the money to Women's College Hospital. "I figured it must be in their budget already, and who needed it more than we did, or for better work?" she says.

O'Keefe's granted the hospital five thousand dollars a year for the next five years, making possible, among other things, the establishment of its well-known cancer-detection clinic. Dr. Hilliard was delighted, although a member of the hospital's board of governors resigned on moral grounds.

According to Dr. Hilliard's medical



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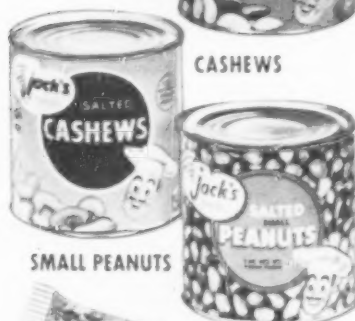
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friends, she's the most guileless soul on earth, but they say that in matters relating to the hospital she's not above scheming. "Marion can bite off more than all the rest of us can chew," the late Dr. Gwen Mulock, a close friend, once remarked wryly.

What energy she isn't throwing into her profession. Dr. Hilliard invests in outside activities like sports, YWCA work and gardening. She's a baseball fan, a football fan who seldom misses a Grey Cup playoff, and a hockey fan who once played the game herself.

Bobbie Rosenfeld, Canada's great all-round woman athlete and now a sports writer, recently referred to her on a television program as "a centre who scored the only goal on the Varsity girls' team of '28, a girl who could shoot like a boy and skate like a whippet, a real going concern on skates." These days, fly fishing for trout is her favorite sport. Every summer she goes off with a couple of friends to an isolated camp in Laurentide Park, and Dr. Marjorie Davis, assistant head of surgery at Women's College Hospital, cherishes memories of the time their guide got lost and the funniest sight in the Quebec woods was Marion Hilliard in long wool socks and running shoes leaping from rock to rock on a mile-long portage.

"Something keeps her going," her friends say. It could be her religion. Because babies are born on Sunday morning just as on other mornings, Dr. Hilliard has never been much of a churchgoer, but she is intensely—and practically—religious. For the past six years, she and nine other women, most of them doctors like herself, have met together every Thursday night during Lent to discuss the Bible and participate in what she calls "a kind of out-patients' retreat." When she began cutting down on her obstetrical practice four years ago, she found time to join the national board of the YWCA and headed its Christian Emphasis and Membership Committee. Last summer she represented the Y at the World Council of Churches in Connecticut, and she is just entering a four-year term as one of three vice-presidents.

Is it just energy that made Marion Hilliard a notably successful doctor? Dr. Dorothy Daley, a close friend, thinks there's another reason. "Marion gets closer to her patients than the rest of us," she explains.

Dr. Hilliard says that if she gets close to her obstetrical patients it's because they realize she loves babies as much as they do. She says, "I've never been frustrated at having to give up some personal pleasure to deliver a baby, and I've never gone off call. Even in the theatre, I've always left my seat number so the hospital could locate me. One Christmas I was home exactly two minutes, and during my mother's eightieth birthday celebration I was called out three times! Once I delivered babies for thirteen nights in a row, and once I had a run of nine abnormal babies one after the other. I kept praying the next one would be all right. Number ten was a lovely normal boy."

The glandular changes of her patients during their pregnancy have always fascinated her. Some women, she has observed, become morose and tired in the months preceding the birth of their children, and perk up once the ordeal is over. Others float gaily in and out for months, their feet barely touching the ground, unaware of what a psychological letdown they're in for. She's not a sentimentalist ("Women who call their infants 'bundles of love' appall me," she once declared) but she's glad she chose obstetrics as her life work.

"Obstetricians have the opportunity of treating the whole life of a patient, rather than just the health," she says. "During the twelve months during and after a pregnancy, there are several moments of what might be called total communication." She remembers one young woman who carried her baby full term, as casually as if it were a sack of potatoes, neither happy nor unhappy but just detached. Three weeks after the birth of a healthy daughter, she inexplicably committed suicide. Hilliard berates herself, "I should have suspected something. It's not normal to be detached from life."

Although she has learned never to try to predict the sex of a baby in advance, even in fun ("You say just as a gag 'Well, how would you like a bouncing baby boy?' and the next thing you know they're telling their friends you've promised them a son"), once the baby is born she can't wait to announce the good news to its father. She used to forget the sex of the child she had just delivered; now she is careful to write it down. Even so, she still makes mistakes.

Once she phoned one of three Mr. Smiths who had had babies the same night and told him "Congratulations! You have a lovely baby girl!"

"That's queer," said the wrong Mr. Smith. "I had a lovely baby boy only an hour ago." Another time, she tracked down a new father by telephoning his business office where she was connected by mistake with his seventy-year-old father. "You have a lovely baby boy!" she began gaily. "I know," said the senior member of the firm just as gaily. "I've had him for forty years!"

Although most parents are happy to accept a healthy baby whatever its sex, once in a while she has run across parents who weren't. One woman, informed she had just borne twin boys instead of the girl she wanted, opened her mouth and howled like a banshee. An infuriated father, informed that his wife had just given him a baby girl, snapped, "She can't have—we're having a boy."

She's discovered that second children are the big disappointment to parents who have made up their mind what sex they

prefer. She explains, "A third boy when you have two boys already is no great surprise, and when number four turns up a boy his parents have long since recognized that they're in a rut."

Loving new babies as she does, she was delighted a few years ago when a CBC reporter brought a tape recorder into the delivery room for a broadcast. She recalls, "An immigrant woman was in labor that morning, and her first words were 'Oh, my husband will be so happy.' The recorder even caught the first little snuffly noises the baby made. It was all very tender and simple and later on we played it at a girls' school and the youngsters just loved it. But some member of parliament actually got up and criticized the CBC for letting it go on the air!"

Now that she's devoting most of her time to gynaecology, Dr. Hilliard's phone doesn't ring several times during the night the way it used to do, and she can't get used to seven hours of uninterrupted sleep. She spends five mornings a week in the operating rooms of Women's College Hospital, devotes her afternoons to her private practice, and is back home by six p.m. After a relaxing stroll through her garden, she sits down to dinner with her friend Poppy Boynton, a professor at the university School of Social Work, who shares her large house, and then settles down to a quiet evening reading, listening to hi-fi, or planning her next speech.

By any standards, Dr. Hilliard's speeches are extraordinary. When she gives them, they sound fine, but written down on paper they go every which way, like a haystack. One of her most successful speeches, addressed to the nurses' graduating class of Women's College Hospital at their own request, started out in typical Hilliard fashion by detailing four topics she wasn't going to discuss, before getting around to her real topic. Inevitably and Love, illustrated by apparently random reflections on the batting technique of Mickey Mantle, a delicate operation performed that morning, and the beginning of wisdom as depicted in a Hollywood movie entitled Lili.

"Taken down on a tape recorder," Dr.

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"I thought it would look nice in a corner."

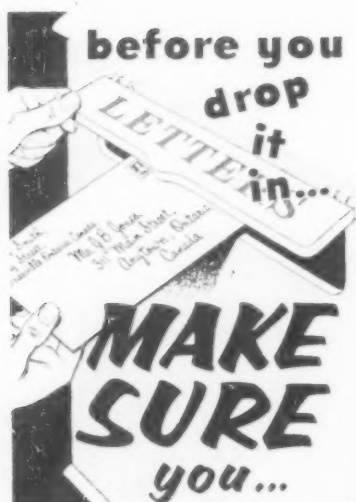
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Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS

Hilliard sighs, "my speeches are very peculiar."

Sheer personality, however, puts them across. Dr. Dorothy Daley, who has listened to dozens of them, says, "She seems to catch something out of the audience, and she goes on from there." When word got about that she would speak at a north Toronto home and school club meeting last year, a thousand people unexpectedly turned up and a p.a. system had to be hurriedly installed. Her talks on marriage to bride-and-groom schools, YWCA and church groups are highly popular.

Some years ago, she addressed the teen-age girls of Victoria College on the subject of sex with such vivid effect that one of them fainted at her feet. Dr. Hilliard propped her up, loosened her collar and demanded, "Well, do you want to hear it from me or from some man?"

Planning a speech, her usual procedure is to jot down her ideas in sequence, with enough anecdotes to put them across. She can remember only two speeches she ever wrote out in full. One was intended for a group of non-medical professional women and the other for ladies' night at a men's service club. She says, "I felt neither of them was a great success. I wasn't lit up over them because I was reading them."

After years of sharing the same house, Professor Boynton has learned that when her friend isn't planning a speech she's planning a party. The spacious grounds with their tall trees and old-fashioned gardens, and the beautiful house furnished in warm brown tones by decorator Freda James, are a perfect setting and Dr. Hilliard loves parties. She gives receptions for visiting celebrities, afternoon teas to the nurses' graduating class, and Christmas parties for the children of her medical friends. Dinner parties are her favorite kind of celebration, because then she can cook Italian pasta or Chinese barbecued spare ribs in soybean sauce and sherry. One of her recent parties was for Dr. Ellen Blatchford, her anaesthetist and "right-hand man" for twenty-six years, who had just retired from the hospital staff. "To my favorite Night Rider," she inscribed on the silver cigarette case she gave her friend, in memory of many a dark night when they had sped through city streets to the delivery room.

A few years ago, when Dr. Hilliard remarked facetiously that nobody ever gave her a party, several doctors with a sense of humor arranged a bride's shower in her honor. The gifts included a hat decorated with gynaecology instruments, a book with blank pages entitled Sex After Sixty and a complete wardrobe of clothes for herself and a mythical groom named Herbert Rover de Wolf. The evening was gay, and at the end of it Dr. Hilliard donned the entire wardrobe and then auctioned it off, piece by piece, back to the donors. The funds, needless to say, went to Women's College Hospital.

The mythical Herbert Rover de Wolf is the only husband Dr. Hilliard has ever had. In her book, she tells about the man she once hoped to marry. He was an engineer and had been away on a project for several months. She was an interne at the time, and had spent four successive nights on duty in the delivery room. On the fifth night he returned to town and took her to dinner in a borrowed automobile. The car was warm and she was tired and as he eagerly discussed his plans for the future she fell fast asleep. He drove her back to the hospital, bade her a curt goodnight, and began to date other girls. Not very long after, he married someone else.

"Then," writes Dr. Hilliard, "he pre-

sented me with my Gethsemane. He asked me to be his wife's doctor and deliver their first baby. It was a valuable experience. On Mother's Day, in the early morning, their child was born. If I could accept that and survive, and I could, then I could withstand anything."

To critics who suggest sourly that a single woman is hardly an authority on married bliss or the lack of it, Dr. Hilliard retorts that occasionally a view from the sidelines is best. Married women tend not to see the woods for the trees, and she's learned a lot about husbands from their wives. Her bitterest renunciation was not a mate but motherhood. As a little girl, she planned to marry and have ten babies. Ironically, she is the only member of her family who has never married.

The analogy of the bent twig is more than usually evident when one considers Marion Hilliard's early environment. She was born in Morrisburg, Ontario, the middle child of five born to Anna McAmmond and Irwin Hilliard, a member of the Ontario Legislature and a strong-willed lawyer who retired at seventy-five.

Miracle bugs

The cheering truth can now be told About the helpful common cold Whose bugs have the engaging virtue To benefit you more than hurt you. What else an eager germ produces Supplies so many sound excuses For skipping lectures, breaking dates, For men not dancing with their mates, Postponing in-laws' visits Sundays? For sleeping in till noon on Mondays? It wheedles students from pianos, And silences most shrill sopranos, Subdues the children's chronic screeches, Makes politicians cut their speeches. For public good, the common cold Is far more valuable than gold.

P. J. BLACKWELL

then bought back his practice and continued to work until his death. Dancing and cardplaying were strictly forbidden in the Hilliard home, and the two worthwhile professions were considered to be teaching and preaching. Dr. Hilliard's elder brother is a preacher, her two sisters taught school before they were married, and her younger brother, Irwin Jr., is now professor of medicine at the University of Saskatchewan.

Skating and tennis and sliding down the banisters were permitted in the Hilliard household as healthy, active sports, but fun came after work and the keynote of the home was responsibility and initiative. The youngest sister, Mrs. Barbara McNeel of Toronto, says, "If you saw apples in a pan you automatically made applesauce." Young Marion was a natural for this kind of home: she was direct, helpful, and ready to tackle anything. Mrs. McNeel recalls that one day the organist failed to show up for a meeting of the Women's Missionary Society, and Mrs. Hilliard called her daughter before her. "Marion, dear, you are going to have to play the organ for us," she said pleasantly. Fourteen-year-old Marion, who was taking piano lessons but had never touched an organ, obligingly sat down, struck a few horrible chords, then got the hang of the thing and played for two hours.

This kind of cheerful attack on whatever needs to be done has distinguished Dr. Hilliard all her life. After she grad-

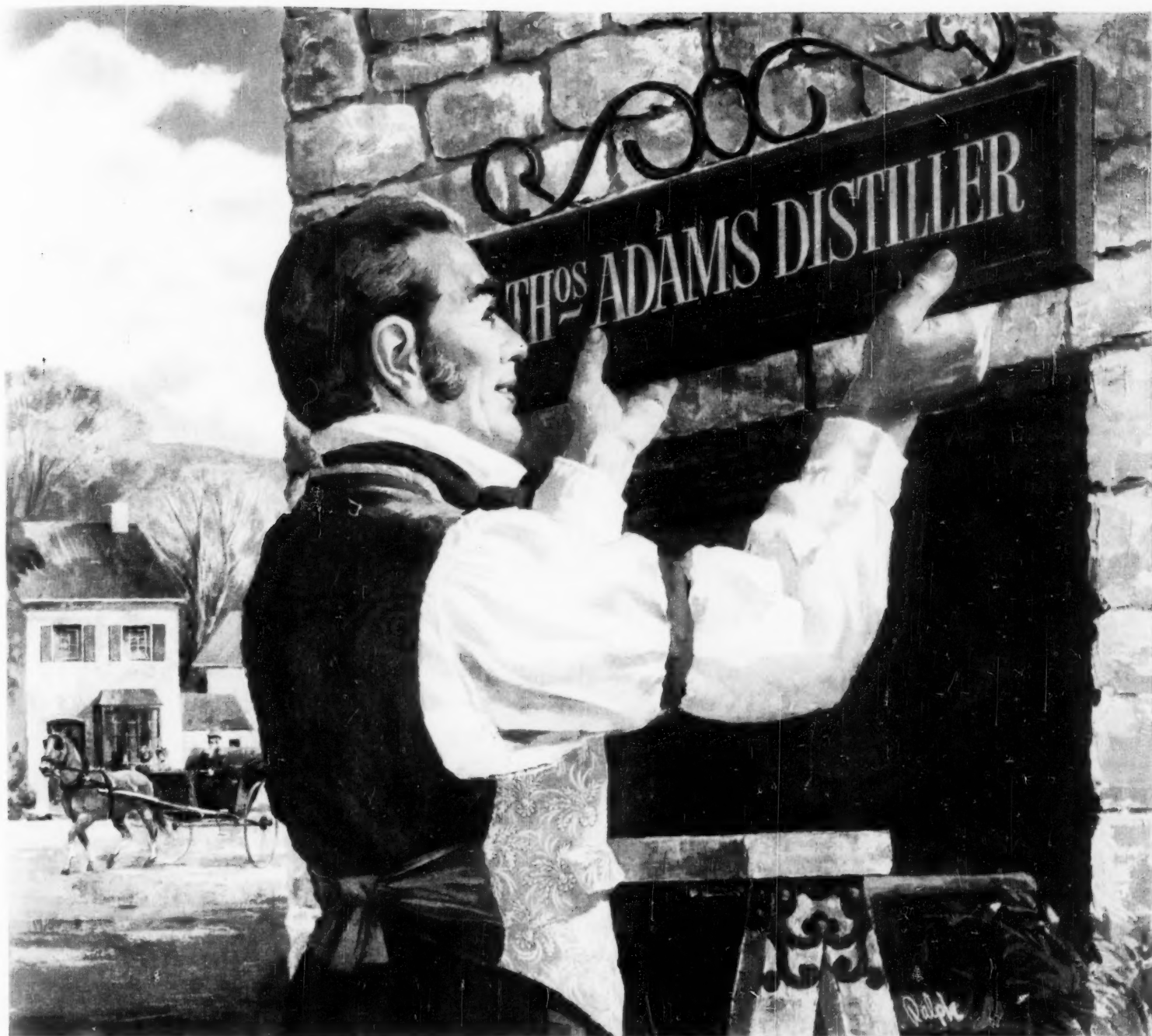
uated in medicine from the University of Toronto in 1927 she went to England on a scholarship to study obstetrics at the Queen Charlotte Hospital in London, Women's Hospital in Soho Square, and Ireland's famous maternity hospital, The Rotunda. Back home in Toronto, she was eager for a staff appointment at Toronto General Hospital, but Professor William Hendry, its chief of obstetrics, told her, "Here, you'd be nothing but the flick of a duck's tail. Go to your own hospital and make it something." So she joined the staff of Women's College Hospital, then a crowded seventy-five-bed house on Rusholme Road, as assistant to Chief Obstetrician Dr. Marion Kerr. "The reason I was first assistant right off was because there were only the two of us," she explains.

Her private practice, which she began that same year, was virtually non-existent. There was, to begin with, discrimination against women doctors thirty years ago. Female medical students found it hard to get specialist training. Dr. Hilliard says, "To succeed, your performance had to be twenty-five percent better than that of your male competitor. Women distrusted other women, and nobody came near us if they could help it." She recalls one Toronto housewife who attended the hospital clinic during her first pregnancy. She came to Dr. Hilliard to have her deliver her second child for twenty-five dollars during Depression days. By the time this woman was pregnant for the third time, the Depression was over and her husband was becoming prosperous. "This time," she informed him happily, "We'll have a real (i.e. male) doctor!"

Dr. Eva MacDonald, who was intern-ing then and sharing a flat on St. Mary's Street with Dr. Hilliard, recalls Dr. Hilliard's early struggles with no automobile, no good clothes (she wore the same blue tweed suit for five years and finally had to burn it) and, worst of all, no patients. In those Depression days nobody was wasting good money on doctors. Public wards were full and private rooms empty. Young Dr. Hilliard considered herself fortunate to get fifty cents apiece for examining swimmers at the Y pool, five dollars for an evening lecture to the Health League (with refreshments at the end of it) and finally a part-time job with the Children's Aid Society where her eyes were opened to the seamier side of life.

Asked recently what happened in the gap between these early days of relative poverty and her present state of relative wealth, Dr. Hilliard retorted "Hard work . . . eighteen hours a day of hard work . . . that's what happened." By the mid-thirties, money was more plentiful, satisfied patients were recommending her to their friends, and her practice was growing by leaps and bounds. She was specializing by watching experts on the job. She went to Boston to study the surgical technique of Dr. Joseph Megs, the famous gynaecologist, and she went to New York to consult with authorities on problems of female infertility. Discovering a scheme whereby a doctor could pay a fat fee for the privilege of assisting an internationally famous Hungarian surgeon with his own practice, she wrote the great man and was accepted. He had presumed from her Christian name, Marion, that she was a man, and when she turned up in Budapest very much a woman he was so furious that he ordered her to go home and study nutrition. On second thought, he permitted her to stay as one of twelve assistants for a full six weeks.

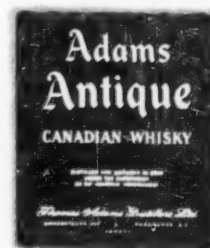
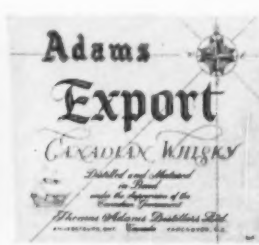
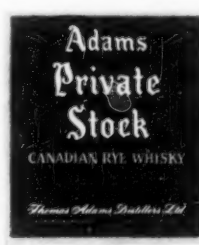
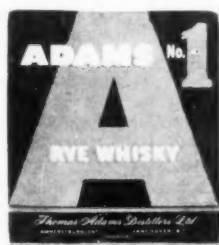
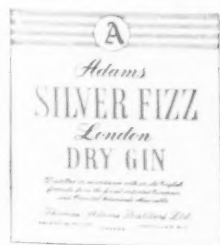
By 1947, when Dr. Kerr retired and Dr. Hilliard succeeded her as chief of



... and thereby grew a tradition

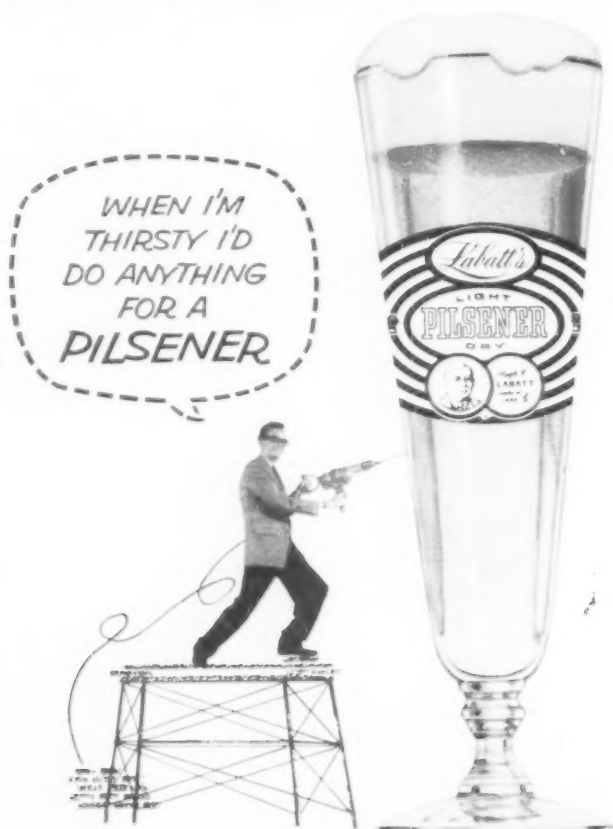
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obstetrics and gynaecology, she was well known in Toronto for her professional skill and her forthright views. Three years ago, she and journalist June Callwood, one of her former patients, collaborated on a series of articles for *Chatelaine* magazine. Women from coast to coast read her words and liked her viewpoints. The medical profession was less enthusiastic. Although more patients was the last thing she was seeking, and her cheques for articles were signed over to the hospital, there were physicians who believed she should confine her literary talents to medical dissertations on the menopause—a subject on which she had done considerable research. Dr. Minerva Reid, the Grand Old Lady of Women's College Hospital, told her sadly, "You have broken my heart and demeaned your gift."

Marion Hilliard can't see that she's demeaned her gift or her profession. She maintains that women have a right to know the truth about themselves, and doctors are not a race apart from their patients. But she's finished with journalism just the same.

"I have a great sense of the timing of things," she explained recently. "I don't think that at my age you suddenly rush into another line of work just because it's exciting."

Instead, she thinks she may head for Africa or Egypt or India in a couple of years, and offer her medical experience where it's most needed. Friends see her a sort of female Brock Chisholm, using up some of that fantastic energy for an organization like the United Nations.

It appears she may end up teaching and preaching after all. ★

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Will curbs on crop solve wheat problem?

As a start on the wheat problem, you say Stop Growing What Can't Be Sold (Oct. 12). If dirt farmers followed the advice of the armchair farmers the national economy would be much more sadly out of balance than it is now. For if even prairie farmers followed your advice there would be such a surplus of coarse grains, cattle and hogs that the markets would be glutted, mostly with perishable products, and eastern farmers would be put out of the livestock business within two years.

Your editorial further states: "The coldest, hardest, sternest fact for western Canada is that we can't count on bigger world markets for Canadian wheat." Also, "Nothing Canada can do will guarantee an expanding wheat market." This is a defeatist attitude. If Canada had gone in with the U.S. in her giveaway deals North America would have a great many more friends than we have at present.—WILL W. WARNOCK, UNITY, SASK.

Twin examples for Canada

Congratulations on your Sept. 28 issue with the words and works of Joseph Tucker and Fenwick Lansdowne. While Canada can boast of such magnificent individuals, the greatness of this country need never be in doubt. I marveled at Joseph Tucker. May I be even half as useful when I reach 83. As an artist, Lansdowne has no equal. His works must be scanned with awe. I am certain this man will eventually be proclaimed Canada's greatest artist.—SAMUEL COLLIS MACDONALD, NORTH FOURCHU, N.S.

The price Cologne paid

Beverley Baxter's Letter from Germany (Oct. 12) states: "We had to destroy Cologne to save civilization . . . and paid a heavy price." What a preposterous platitude! Baxter implies that the Allies, to weaken Germany's morale, had to erase ancient cities, only a few of which had any military value. The heavy price Baxter thinks civilization paid lies not in the vanished skyline and architectural beauty of this city, but in the women and children who died during these air raids.—AUGUST WIEDMANN, NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

How Gilmour's ratings rate

Just in case you're asking, "How do Gilmour's Ratings Rate?" I'd like to answer for myself. As far as I'm concerned he's the critic most likely to be right. He's fonder of musicals than I am and sometimes calls a picture over-long when to me it is a satisfying evening. Once familiar with these angles, however, I follow his recommendations and have never been disappointed in a picture he rated high.—PEGGY DOUGLAS, TORONTO.

Izaak Killam's fortune

Peter C. Newman provides an interesting story on Canada's Biggest Big Businessmen (Oct. 12). While mention is made of old-timers such as Sir Herbert Holt and more recent millionaires, why no mention of Izaak Walton Killam, of Montreal, who died in 1955 and left an estate of about \$160 million? He and I worked as bank clerks 50 years ago in Halifax at a salary not exceeding \$900.—J. W. RUGGLES, VICTORIA.

Glasses a mark of distinction

What in the world did McKenzie Porter have in mind when he wrote (Oct. 12) that the Queen is "a young woman who . . . might, with a pair of dark glasses on, pass unnoticed at an IODE tea"? I cannot think of anyone less likely to pass unnoticed at an IODE tea than a young woman wearing dark glasses.—PAMELA MACLEAN, VANCOUVER.

What's a good Christian?

What a superb statement by Dr. Robert Brockway (We're Being Bullied by the Christians, Sept. 14)! In our interdependent world there is no place for arrogant parochialism . . . To impose on minority groups practices and language distasteful to them is to do violence to personality in a manner differing only in method from the intimidation of a Nazi or a Georgia racist. I was told of a Texas teacher who bade her small pupils, "All good Christians will bow their heads!" And indeed all good Christians should bow their heads in shame that misplaced piety should replace goodwill toward those who differ from them by reason of training or conviction.—GEORGE W. MARSHFIELD, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

... Brockway lays bare the fraud and misrepresentation practiced by many of the ecclesiastics in our society who seek to impose their way of life on the rest of us and who would use any mechanism of the state to do so.—G. B. HAYES, MIMICO, ONT. ★



Ordeal on Mount Howson

Continued from page 17

ridge and studied yard by yard the cliffs and the outcrops and the ravines that marked the upward climb of the ridge as far as the eye could distinguish perspective.

"Rugged, but not impossible," pronounced Gibson.

Fabergé, his companion on many a hazardous climb, disagreed. "Impossible unclimbable," he said.

Hendricks and Hubbard agreed to try the west ridge with Gibson. Amicably, Fabergé and Peterson decided to tackle another peak of the Howson range some miles to the south. The Gibson party spent the rest of the day establishing an advanced camp near the foot of the west-ridge glacier, three miles from base camp and a thousand feet higher.

At dawn of a bright day, Sunday, August 18, they started upward. Five hours of hard climbing confirmed Gibson's estimate of the west ridge: "Rugged—but not impossible." But now, seven thousand feet up, the ridge sharpened into a pinnacle that barred further progress. On the south shoulder of the ridge, though, ran a narrow cleft filled with snow. It was no more than fifteen feet wide and enclosed in rock walls, so that the sun scarcely touched it and the snow's crust was hard and slippery as glass. Down the middle of the narrow snowfield ran an even harder gutter of ice, three feet wide, formed by the periodic avalanching of snow from above. The climbers could trace this gutter's path downward in a series of hummocks and fall-offs to the lip of the cliff where it ended.

Gibson, in the lead, had to chop steps in the snow with his ice axe for himself and his companions. Hubbard was ten feet behind his leader. Every few steps he would thrust the steel-tipped handle of his ice axe into the snow ahead, ready to hitch the rope, which joined the three men, around the handle if the lead man should fall. Hendricks followed twenty feet behind Hubbard, also climbing between thrusts of his axe handle, in the role of anchor man.

Then with frightful suddenness the unexpected, the unexplained, happened.

Hendricks, looking directly up at Gibson, saw him half turn in his tracks, utter a soft exclamation, and lose his foothold. Gibson slid into Hubbard who, by great ill chance, had at that instant of time raised his axe to thrust it in for a new hold. The tangle of two men skidded down on Hendricks and accelerated past him on the steep glassy crust.

Instinctively, Hendricks braced himself for the shock that would come in an instant. He had been twenty feet behind Hubbard, and since they were tied at fifty-foot intervals, the rope Hendricks clutched had thirty feet of slack before the weight of two falling men jerked at the knotted rope firmly tied to his own waist. If he could only brake the rope with his hands before the thirty feet ran out...

Now the slack ran out and the weight was on the rope. He closed his hands on it tighter and tighter until he was holding it with all his desperate strength. Pain

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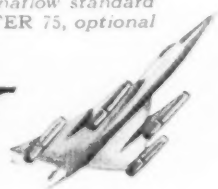


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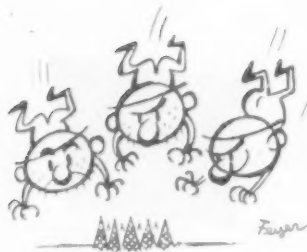
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seared his palms as the rope cut through gloves and burned through flesh.

But it was elation Hendricks felt instead of pain. The headlong flight of Gibson and Hubbard was slowing. If Hubbard could make a lucky thrust with the ice axe he still held in his flailing right hand, this nightmare might end in just another incident to be added to their mountaineering "close ones."

In a sort of agonizing slow motion, Hendricks felt the rope come almost to a stop in his hands. At just the right moment, Hubbard drove his axe head into the ice crust. But in the same instant safety was snatched away. The two men, still tangled, reached the brink of a short drop in the snowslide before they could come to a total stop. It was an inconsequential fall-off, not more than three feet deep. But it was enough to jerk Hubbard's hand off his axe and, coming at the point where Hendricks ran out of slack in his rope, to snap him off his feet.

Instantly the three men pitched down the slope, not sliding but in sickening bounds of ten or twenty feet at a time, a tangle of arms and legs, rope and flailing axes and rucksacks heavy with equipment, ricocheting toward the cliff they had seen five hundred feet below.

A man's thoughts in such a desperate moment have seldom been described because few have survived such an experience to tell their thoughts. Both Hendricks and Hubbard remember clearly what flashed through their minds during the seconds they were falling off Mount Howson. There was no passing of life's incidents before the eyes, no philosophizing at death's imminence.

Hendricks, indeed, thought as he fell that his own death was certain. He gained some comfort from the thought that the unbearable shock of pain that came with each crash landing could not continue, that one more must knock him into merciful unconsciousness. One more . . . two more . . . three more. His brain kept on counting the rhythm of his awful plunge.

Hubbard's thoughts were angry resentment at himself for having "missed his catch," when Gibson first lost his footing. This was followed by desperate exhortations to himself to "get that axe in"—which so nearly succeeded. And in the last part of the fall humiliation at total failure flooded his thoughts.

Hendricks' count had reached ten when the falling men were jarred by the heaviest blow yet. But when its shock was over they realized that they had stopped falling. They had fallen through the ice crust, adding extensive cuts and bruises to their other injuries, but halting their descent just short of the final cliff that would certainly have been fatal to all.

In fact, Hubbard, who fell farthest, found himself so near the brink when he pulled himself out of the snow that he shouted a repeated warning to the others, "Don't move! Don't move! Don't move!"

The warning was not necessary. Gibson was unconscious, bleeding from a severe head wound. Hendricks was under Gibson, deep in the snow and doubled up with intense pain. Hubbard tried to stand up to go to their aid but his right leg collapsed under him and a wave of nausea resulted from the sudden agony of putting all his weight on a broken leg.

Hendricks worked his way out from under Gibson, dazed and weak. The two conscious men took a quick inventory of their injuries. Hendricks could stand up but his left shoulder was broken and his arm useless; one rib at least was fractured and his back hurt. Hubbard could not stand, but he had the use of his arms. Gibson, still unconscious, seemed obviously the most seriously injured. The

wound on his head was the only visible damage.

Hubbard, propelling himself cautiously with his hands while sitting on the ice crust, tried to move Gibson but found he was solidly frozen in. Under the insulation of the crust the snow was intensely cold, even though the air temperature was above fifty degrees. This meant that the three men could not long survive where they had fallen. Atop the crust they were in constant danger of sliding into the abyss; under the ice lurked fatal frostbite. So the discovery of a narrow shelf in the sheer wall of the gully was scarcely less providential than the interruption of their fall.

Gibson regained partial consciousness while Hubbard was chopping him out of his ice prison and was able to help propel himself as Hubbard dragged him to the shelf. Hubbard drove a piton—the mountaineers' indispensable ringed iron stake—into a crevice above the shelf and roped Gibson securely in a half-reclining position. Gibson spoke for the first time, to ask a pertinent question:

"What stopped us?"

The answer, Hendricks and Hubbard had discovered, was that at this point a trickle of water flowed under the ice field, too small to be called a stream or even a rill but enough to weaken the ice crust so that it collapsed under the weight of three tumbling bodies.

Hendricks and Hubbard knew, without discussion, what had to be attempted. Hendricks, with a broken shoulder, useless arm, broken ribs and—although he did not know it at that moment—a fractured spine, must try the almost impossible task of descending the mountain for help because he alone could walk. Fabergé and Peterson, if they had returned from their own climb, would not begin to worry about the three men unless they did not return in time for the rendezvous with the plane on Monday afternoon; a search of Mount Howson's wildernesses of rock and snow might take a week—which would be the same as an eternity as far as the fate of the waiting men was concerned.

Hendricks had to work on an agonizing timetable: he must descend the mountain fast enough to bring help before Gibson and Hubbard had spent more than two nights on the ledge. The air temperature would drop below freezing at sundown; exposure would endanger an injured man's life even on the first night, more gravely the second, and a third night would almost certainly be fatal.

Yet Hendricks must climb down with



Who is it?

Not long after this photograph was taken she cut a world-beating figure. Turn to page 96 to find out who this girl grew up to be.

Their lives depended on the crippled Hendricks getting help. "He's a tough boy," murmured Gibson

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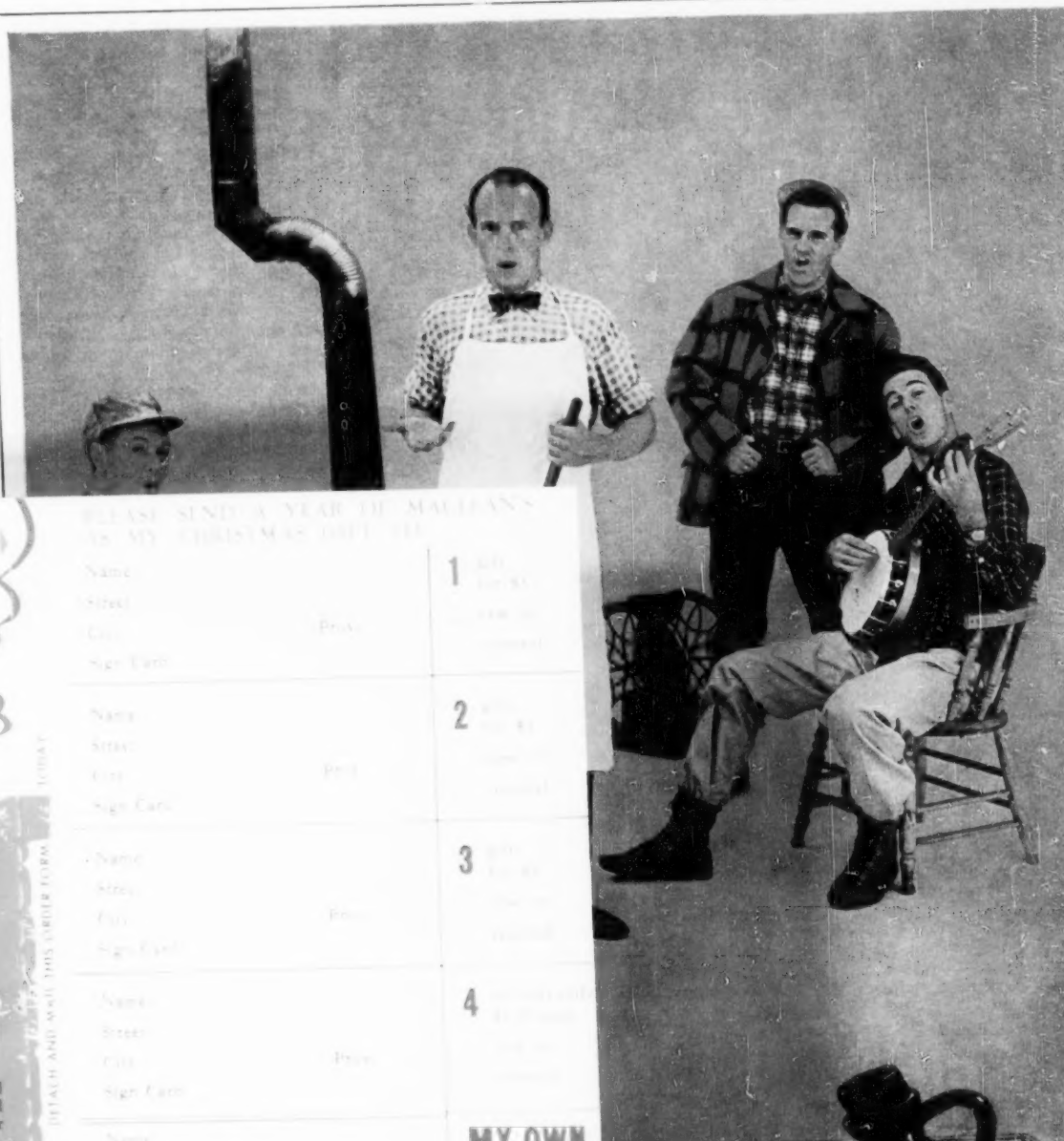
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After that introduction to mountains, any career that kept him away from them was unbearable. In 1926 he threw up his banking job and sailed for Canada with a cunning plan. He would become a

wheat farmer on the prairies and climb the adjacent Rockies in his spare time.

He carried out that plan, too, even though he had to work as a farm laborer to learn wheat farming, and the farm he could afford, on the CNR main line a dozen miles west of Edmonton, was a day's journey away from the Rockies. There were years when bad crops or poor prices provided him with barely enough



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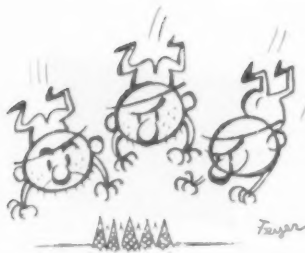
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seared his palms as the rope cut through gloves and burned through flesh.

But it was elation Hendricks felt instead of pain. The headlong flight of Gibson and Hubbard was slowing. If Hubbard could make a lucky thrust with the ice axe he still held in his flailing right hand, this nightmare might end in just another incident to be added to their mountaineering "close ones."

In a sort of agonizing slow motion, Hendricks felt the rope come almost to a stop in his hands. At just the right moment, Hubbard drove his axe head into the ice crust. But in the same instant safety was snatched away. The two men, still tangled, reached the brink of a short drop in the snowslide before they could come to a total stop. It was an inconsequential fall-off, not more than three feet deep. But it was enough to jerk Hubbard's hand off his axe and, coming at the point where Hendricks ran out of slack in his rope, to snap him off his feet.

Instantly the three men pitched down the slope, not sliding but in sickening bounds of ten or twenty feet at a time, a tangle of arms and legs, rope and flailing axes and rucksacks heavy with equipment, ricocheting toward the cliff they had seen five hundred feet below.

A man's thoughts in such a desperate moment have seldom been described because few have survived such an experience to tell their thoughts. Both Hendricks and Hubbard remember clearly what flashed through their minds during the seconds they were falling off Mount

wound on his head was the only visible damage.

Hubbard, propelling himself cautiously with his hands while sitting on the ice crust, tried to move Gibson but found he was solidly frozen in. Under the insulation of the crust the snow was intensely cold, even though the air temperature was above fifty degrees. This meant that the three men could not long survive where they had fallen. Atop the crust they were in constant danger of sliding into the abyss; under the ice lurked fatal frostbite. So the discovery of a narrow shelf in the sheer wall of the gully was scarcely less providential than the interruption of their fall.

Gibson regained partial consciousness while Hubbard was chopping him out of his ice prison and was able to help prop himself as Hubbard dragged him to the shelf. Hubbard drove a piton—the mountaineers' indispensable ringed iron stake—into a crevice above the shelf and roped Gibson securely in a half-reclining position. Gibson spoke for the first time, to ask a pertinent question:

"What stopped us?"

The answer, Hendricks and Hubbard had discovered, was that at this point a trickle of water flowed under the ice field, too small to be called a stream or even a rill but enough to weaken the ice crust so that it collapsed under the weight of three tumbling bodies.

Hendricks and Hubbard knew, without discussion, what had to be attempted. Hendricks, with a broken shoulder, used



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their injuries. Hendricks could stand up but his left shoulder was broken and his arm useless; one rib at least was fractured and his back hurt. Hubbard could not stand, but he had the use of his arms. Gibson, still unconscious, seemed obviously the most seriously injured. The

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Hendricks decided that since he knew the way down from the top, it would be safer to start from there, climb and all, than to venture into the unknown terrain beside the cliff that yawned so close to their feet. Hubbard paid out rope behind Hendricks as he climbed, but so slowly did the latter move that the rope scarcely ran. Gibson opened his eyes and peered after the laboriously retreating figure.

"He's a tough boy, Sterling Hendricks," he said. "He can make it if anybody can."

Hubbard nodded an agreement he was far from feeling. And, he later admitted ruefully, he might have given up hope altogether if he had known then that the injury that reduced Hendricks' step to a painful shuffle was a fractured spine.

An hour later Hendricks was still in sight, and Hubbard became so discouraged that he stopped looking up. Half an hour later when he allowed himself another glance the climber had merged with the rocks. He had made the first lap.

Hubbard saw something else when he looked upward—his own ice axe, clearly silhouetted, with its point firmly fixed in the snow crust where he had sunk it in the last desperate attempt to stop their headlong fall. It gave him some small comfort to think that he had made a solid catch, even though the fall over the little drop-off prevented his holding it. But mostly it brought back the melancholy thought that he had failed in his duty as No. 2 man, failed to save the leader who was lying in desperate straits on the ledge beside him.

Hendricks, making his laborious way at what he feared was a futile gesture, on his part was filled with what he called "golden thoughts." Heaviest on his mind was the conviction that he would never see his dearest mountaineering comrade, Rex Gibson, alive again. The thought kept occurring to Hendricks, "What an odd and rather absurd way for him to die, after all that he's gone through."

They had met each other, this military English-Canadian and this Texas-born scientist, a quarter of a century before on a mountainside above Maligne Lake in Jasper Park, and had hit it off instantly. They had climbed together

since, and in a hundred bivouacs Hendricks had come to know the bare bones of the story of this odd and enchanting man.

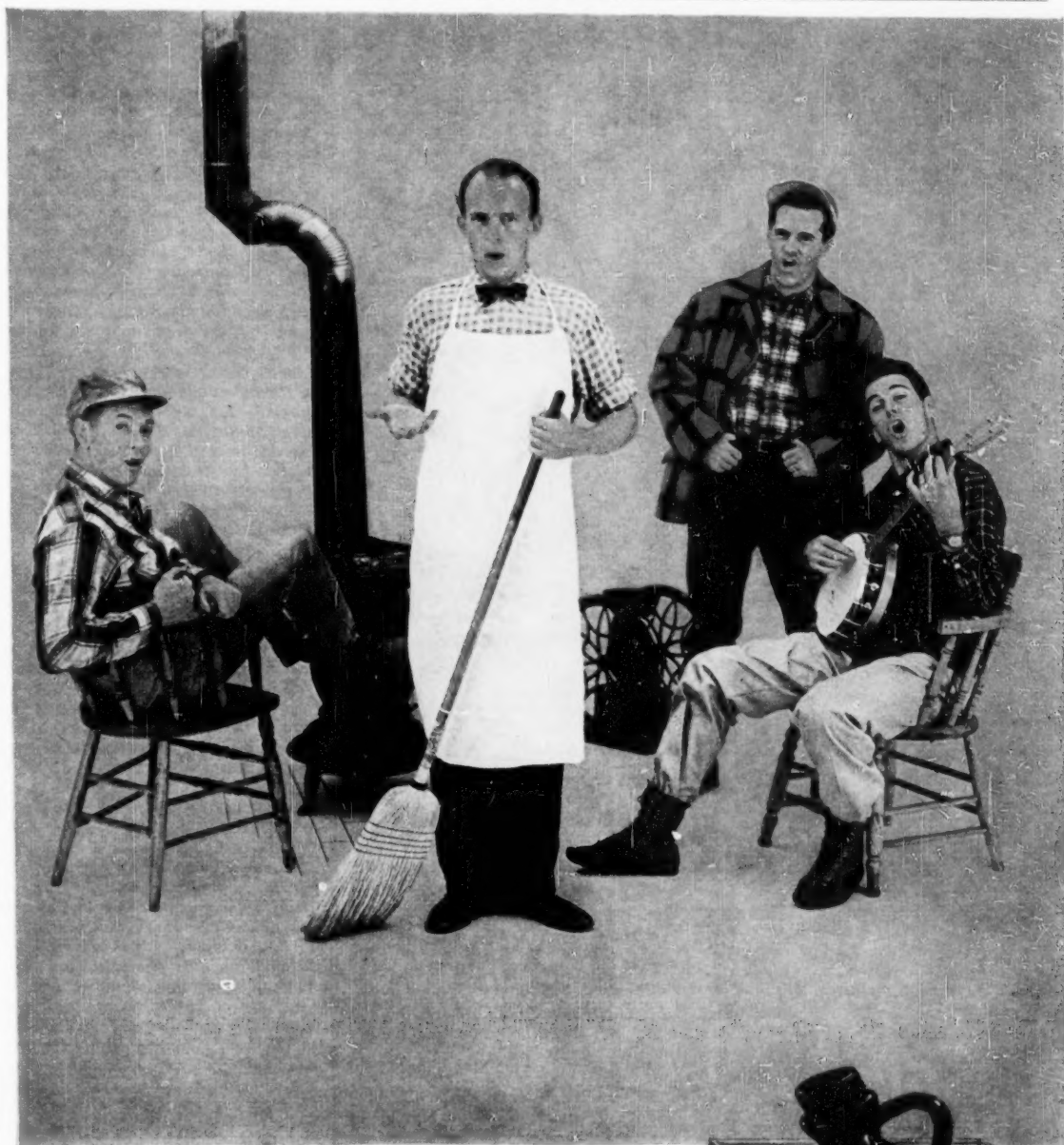
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to eat, but after harvest he would keep his rendezvous with Hendricks and others, full of zest for the climb.

They had accidents—but referred to them as "incidents." There was the time when Hendricks fell on Mount Robson and got an axe point in his neck. Gibson and the third member of the team, R. C. Hind, of Calgary, patched him up and they continued the climb. On Mount Louis, near Banff, Hendricks broke an arm and hand in a fall and Gibson helped him down to level ground. And above all there was the incident on Mount Thor when Hendricks was traversing under a big rock with Hubbard, a new member of the fraternity at that time, behind him. Without warning the rock fell, Hendricks had to leap back into space, and Hubbard was alert to make the catch with axe and rope. The rock partly severed the nylon rope, but it held and Hendricks swung to safety.

World War II, the group feared, would end their climbing. Instead, for Gibson it started five exultant years as both soldier and mountaineer. At forty-eight he easily passed the stiff Canadian Army medical examination and was appointed liaison officer between British, Canadian and United States groups concerned with equipping and training troops for high-altitude warfare.

He and Frank Smythe, a noted Everest climber, were put in charge of training Lovat Scouts, a British regiment with a large proportion of Scottish highlanders, which had been selected for special preparation for mountain operations. It was a happy tour of duty for Gibson—in command of men once more and teaching them his great love, mountain climbing and snowfield skiing. It was a period, though, that was punctuated with an almost fatal accident. He fell through a crust of snow into a deep crevasse on the Athabasca Icefield. For nearly an hour he dangled in space, fighting suffocation and exhaustion from exposure while his two companions, to whom he was tied and thus saved from a plunge to the bottom of the crevasse, struggled in vain to raise him. Finally, with a supreme effort, they raised him to a point where the fissure narrowed enough for him to struggle out with his feet against one wall and his back against the other.

After the Lovat Scouts assignment Gibson was loaned to the U.S. forces. At this stage of the war the Americans thought they might have to invade Japan via Siberia, and launched a large-scale project for testing clothing and equipment for cold mountainous battlefields. Gibson found Hendricks had been asked to take part, and happily the two men and many others swarmed over the mountains of Alaska wearing experimental clothing. On Mount McKinley, Alaska, Gibson had a mishap that resulted in five crushed vertebrae. He was seventeen thousand feet up at the time, on difficult terrain on the highest mountain in North America, but he brushed off the injury and carried on.

The vertebrae healed, but the injury curved Gibson's ramrod-straight spine and in 1945, at fifty-three, he was retired as a total disability case. Characteristically, Gibson snorted at this indignity and proceeded to start life anew. He married and became a father. He had met his wife, Ethne Gale, also an enthusiastic climber, when she joined the Alpine Club. Gibson sold his farm and moved to Saanichton, B.C., from where he could foray into the high mountains with that almost boyish enthusiasm his friends found so engaging. Gibson would undertake even minor routine tasks with enormous zest. Frank Smythe, who had become famous for his attempts on Everest before coming to Canada, described Gib-

son in action on one of their expeditions:

"Wood was needed for the kitchen and supports for the mess tent. This is an occasion when Rex Gibson comes into his own. He glances around with a proprietary and predatory eye, and I seem to see the trees shivering. He selects one, and with axe in hand almost leaps upon it. He does not merely cut it down, but attacks it. The chips fly like bullets from an automatic gun. A tree a mere eight to ten inches in diameter is slain in a matter of seconds, and if a foot or more, in a minute or two."

Gibson repeatedly assaulted one of the most difficult peaks in the Canadian Rockies, Mount Alberta. He explained to friends, "There's an axe on the summit I want as a souvenir." He meant that he wanted to wipe out what he considered an indignity—the fact that Mount Alberta had been climbed only once, in 1925, by a team from Japan supported by Swiss guides hired at great expense for the purpose. What annoyed Gibson was that the climb was undertaken for national prestige by the Japanese, and not for the sport of mountaineering. The propaganda mountaineers had left an ice axe behind. In the stories that spread about Gibson's many (and always unsuccessful) attempts to climb Mount Alberta, the humble Japanese implement was magnified into "a golden axe."

It was in the same spirit of searching out challenging ascents that Gibson had launched his fourth attack on Mount Howson, an attempt that now found him gravely injured and roped to a narrow shelf halfway up the mountain, while his friend Hendricks, almost as severely battered, crawled downward with faint hope of fetching help in time.

To Sterling Hendricks that climb down was an unforgettable nightmare of frustration. Normally a mountain climber leaps lightly down a drop as much as five feet deep, but Hendricks had to crawl down even the smallest declivity because of his back injury. He could not turn on his stomach and use his chest for leverage because of his fractured rib. One good arm and a pair of moderately operative legs proved to be surprisingly poor equipment for climbing down a mountain.

The first crucial test of whether the descent was at all possible came when he encountered a fifteen-foot sheer drop. Hendricks drove a piton into a rock cleft at the brink, snapped a ring to the stake, passed his rope through the ring and began to experiment with the rope wrapped around his body and legs in various ways that might permit him to lower himself safely. Two-handed, it was



Answer to

Who is it? on page 94

Barbara Ann Scott (now King) who was the first Canadian to win the Olympic Women's Figure Skating Championship.

Hendricks' rope caught on the rock. Unless he could get it free in time three men would die

a five-minute routine operation. One-handed, it became a perilous experiment in an unknown technique. It was an hour before Hendricks felt he had worked out a procedure safe enough to trust.

When he reached the bottom of that first drop, he sat exhausted with his back to rock wall for a long time before he could continue. Nearby was a small pool of melted snow. Hendricks leaned over for a drink but the agony of his back prevented his reaching the water. He chewed a mouthful of snow instead.

There were steeper, deeper cliffs to be scaled yet, Hendricks knew. When he had picked his way to the next, the trial-and-error process started again. This time he must be sure beyond question that he had the rope rigged for a controlled descent. He might survive a fifteen-foot drop, but not a plunge of thirty feet. It was another hour before Hendricks touched rock at the bottom. With his good arm he tugged at the precious rope, to free it from the piton ring and coil it for the next *rappel*, or rope descent. The rope stuck. Hendricks pulled harder, but the rope did not give.

It was a desperate situation. Unless he could retrieve the rope he would be unable to negotiate later drops. He would be marooned alone on Mount Howson's west ridge, as far from aid as Gibson and Hubbard back there on the ledge.

He tried again, this time taking the rope in his teeth and pulling with his neck muscles in unison with his arm. The added force freed the rope and it snaked down upon him.

When he had roped himself down the last of the sheer drops, Hendricks could see far below the rim of the glacier above the advanced camp. Mentally, he worked out a rough timetable for survival: if he could reach the glacier's final snow slope, six hundred feet above where it debouched into the rocky moraine near the forward camp, before darkness descended, his own chances and that of the injured men behind him would be doubled. The surface of the glacier, with the sun still shining on it, would be soft enough to be kicked into footholds; and only with light to see could the glacier be negotiated. He could rest in the advanced camp and gather strength to make the three-mile journey down to the base camp in time for Fabergé and Peterson to meet the plane, which they had arranged to return for them on the next day, Monday; and send it back for a helicopter. Meanwhile, Fabergé and Peterson could try to get a tent, sleeping bags and first-aid supplies up the mountain to Gibson and Hubbard after only one night of exposure. Hendricks also made an estimate of his own chances of survival: good, if he could get down the glacier before dark; zero if he tried the descent after sundown; fifty-fifty if he had to spend a night in the open at below-freezing temperature. The clothes he was wearing were pitifully inadequate — medium-weight underwear and a Dacron-lined jacket were his principal protection against cold.

So Hendricks increased his ratio of speed to safety. The ground above the glacier was rough and broken, but it was the least difficult going he would encounter in the whole descent. Sometimes sliding painfully on the seat of his pants, sometimes shambling from rock to rock, steadying himself with his good hand, he made his best time yet. Whenever possible he traveled so that a patch of snow

was behind him, in the hope that the westering sun might silhouette him against the white and be visible to the men in the base camp more than three miles away. There were two hours of daylight remaining when he reached the glacier.

The upper part of the glacier was an unpleasant mixture of short, sharp rock drop-offs and steep snow slides, almost beyond the powers of an injured man traveling alone to cross. One careless step could mean a fatal tumble. Even though he kept his pace of descent at the danger point, Hendricks' progress was maddeningly slow. In two hours the sun was on the horizon's rim and he was still two hundred feet short of the final snowfield.

Hendricks now had to accept defeat, to face the ordeal of spending the night on the glacier, within sight of the unattainable camp with its tent, food, gasoline stove and sleeping bag.

Hendricks knew that this night must be devoted to one objective: survival. He must not sleep, therefore he must not try even to make himself comfortable. He sat in a crouch through nine hours of darkness. At intervals he opened his jacket and shirt and breathed into the space between his clothing and his body, using the warmth of his lungs, retained by the Dacron lining of his jacket, to keep the temperature of his body above the danger point. That lining saved his life, he says now. His arms and legs were numb with cold, but his body kept thawed out.

Death waited in ambush

It was an exhausting night, though, and dawn found him cramped and with energy at a low ebb. The coming of the sun revealed a dull overcast day. The glacier's final snow slope would remain frozen and impossibly dangerous to descend. A bright sun would have softened the surface and made it possible for him to kick steps for his downward passage.

Hendricks also needed the sun badly to put his own battered body into a semblance of working order. In the chill early light he was slowed down even worse than the day before. It took him a painful hour to travel the two hundred feet from his night's resting place to the top of the snow slope. There he sat and watched the surface impatiently for signs of softening. Three hours, and the snow crust remained glasslike. Another hour brought slight signs of softening.

Hendricks would wait no longer. He wrapped his eighty feet of rope around his body, hoping it might have some braking effect on the snow crust. He drove his ice axe into the snow with his good arm, swung his legs over the rim of snow, kicked two shallow heel holds in the resistant crust, and launched himself onto the giant slide, six hundred feet above where its tail fanned out in an ambush of waiting rocks.

The rope and the axe and the heel holds combined to hold Hendricks' descent. He kicked more holds and lowered himself cautiously. Then more and more. In two hours he was a hundred and fifty feet beneath the rim. The time was noon.

Hendricks knew he was not moving fast enough. At this rate he might not be able to reach the base camp before dark. It would mean another night in the open, with the odds against him higher. Worse, it would mean that the plane, due this afternoon, would be sent back by Fabergé

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and Peterson when Gibson and his party didn't show up, with instructions to return in a day or two—but without the summons for a helicopter.

Hendricks tried to kick his heel holds faster, but succeeded only in kicking them shallower—too shallow to hold his weight. He lost control of his descent and started sliding freely on his back toward the black rocks below.

His first thought was annoyance at all the ordeal of yesterday and last night being in vain, at his failure to survive on this last traverse. He abandoned himself to the grim exhilaration of riding a glacier to doom.

Somehow, the uncontrolled acceleration of such a fall did not come. In fact Hendricks realized that he was descending at a brisk but reasonable speed, braked by the friction of his roped body against the softening snow. Tentatively, he dug his axe head in—and his slide slowed, then stopped.

Hendricks felt pleased with himself. He had finally evolved a way of traveling fast. Now he could survey the next section of the slide for hazards and calculate how far he could ride freely to the next rough part or other obstacle. He tried to sit up. Nothing happened.

"Stop the plane"

For the first time since he had extricated himself from under the crust after he and Gibson and Hubbard had fallen down the mountain, Hendricks' injuries had taken over. He lay paralyzed on his back on the snow crust. He flailed with his good arm; he kicked at the snow with his legs, but these struggles only brought pain. It required half an hour of concentrated desperate effort for Hendricks to sit up. From what he could see of the snowfield below he calculated that he could slide another hundred and fifty feet safely. This time he traveled on his stomach, hoping that it would be easier to sit up from that position when he came to a stop. But he had to keep his broken rib from scraping on the ice, and his posture was so awkward that he had to use both hands on his axe to bring himself to a stop. The pain of using his broken shoulder was so great that he had to lie still and muster strength for another half hour before he could sit up.

Somehow Hendricks summoned the patience to descend the last part of the snowfield with caution, and finally he stood on solid ground below the snowfield—past danger. A few steps away was the tent of the advanced camp, and in it food and warmth and safety for blessed sleep. But that would be defeat. He turned doggedly toward the base camp. He stumbled the three miles in five hours. Near the camp Peterson saw him coming and ran to help the dazed man.

Hendricks was almost incoherent, but he made Peterson understand what had happened. Peterson told him that Fabergé had gone to Burnie Lake to meet the plane. Since the Howson party had not returned, Fabergé intended to send the pilot back to his base at Terrace, forty miles westward, with instructions to wire Mrs. Gibson there had been a delay, and to return in three days.

"Stop the plane," Hendricks demanded. "Get there before it takes off."

Peterson ran. From the base camp to the lake was three miles, half of it through scrub woods just below timberline, none of it friendly to a runner. He was deep in the woods, with the lake almost in sight, when he heard the roar of the plane's motor. Peterson's shouts were drowned in the plane's take-off.

Fabergé and Peterson returned to the base camp. There was never any doubt

what they would do—go up the mountain after the two injured men. But first they must attend to Hendricks' injuries. He refused their attention.

"I've survived to this point," he said testily. "Put me in a sleeping bag, leave some food within reach, and I'll manage." He gave the two men directions as best he could for reaching the ledge at the foot of the snow-filled cleft. From what he had observed on his descent he believed they could climb directly from beneath instead of taking his route.

Fabergé and Peterson left immediately for the advanced camp, although it was by then nearly dark and the last mile would be perilous. They spent the night at the camp and at dawn on Tuesday, August 20, they packed up most of the camp into two shoulder packs of fifty pounds each—tent, sleeping bags, food, medicines, primus stove, cooking gear and half a gallon of gasoline. They had to be prepared to set up some semblance of a field hospital for two men with severe but unknown injuries. Under the heavy burden Fabergé and Peterson climbed slowly. By late morning they could see the incredibly steep snow-filled gash in Howson's southwest face described by Hendricks. Somewhere up there were the men they sought. From time to time they paused, to shout and to listen for a sign of life, for an answering call from Donald Hubbard.

Hubbard, crouched on the narrow ledge with his back against the wall, supporting Rex Gibson's head in his arms, had indeed been shouting periodically that morning; not long-odds cries for help, but signals to guide possible searchers.

He had survived the two most unearthly days of his life there on the ledge, sweating out two mathematical formulas that would decide their fate. First, the certainty that they could outlast only a limited number of nights' exposure. Even if Hendricks got down safely, Hubbard did not believe Fabergé and Peterson could rescue Gibson and himself. He did not think they would try, but would consider it wiser to fly out for help, either for a helicopter or an experienced rescue party. Hubbard drew considerable comfort from the thought that he shared the ledge with Canada's foremost mountain climber, and that the thousand-member Alpine Club would rush into action as soon as it heard of its president's predicament. Nevertheless Hubbard had to draw up a grim balance sheet: help could not come before Thursday at the earliest—and he could not live beyond Thursday night at the latest. Gibson probably could not last as long.

On the other hand there was a wildly unpredictable danger that a rock fall or an avalanche would snuff out their lives at any instant.

The first rock fall had crashed and ricocheted past their ledge a few minutes after Hendricks disappeared over the rim of the rock face above. It seemed to Hubbard that the shrapnel of rocks had come from the height where he had last seen Hendricks. This lent a chilling thought: the climb had been too much for Hendricks; he had collapsed of his injuries just beyond sight and his struggles to arise had started the rock fall. For two days now he had lived with that fear, that Hendricks lay helpless on the mountain and he was patiently waiting for help that would not be summoned.

Their bombardment by the mountain punctuated the monotony of that waiting. At unpredictable intervals would come the rumble of a rock fall starting. Hubbard would hear it bounce at its first landing and would try to guess, almost impersonally, where it would land next.

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the Canadian market"**

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L. McBrine
President



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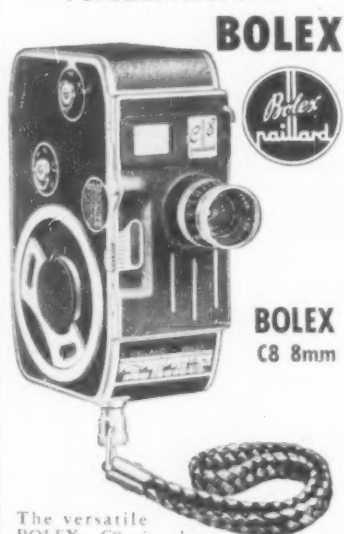
McBRINE "PRESIDENT" SET



McBRINE "STARFIRE" SET

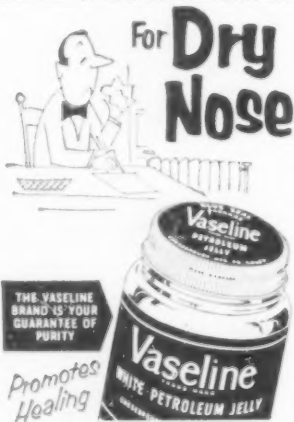


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Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles

Mostly the rocks, like flocks of night-marish black birds, whistled past the shelf and on down the gully. But one fall came from directly overhead and the biggest boulder shattered itself just above them and leaped over them. Gibson opened his eyes and said evenly, "That was close."

Apart from the danger it was an eerie experience to be the captive witness of a mountain's slow, inexorable self-destruction. As an experienced mountaineer Hubbard knew that the Rockies and their tributaries are crumbling mountains, geologically no more than a temporary feature of the western landscape, in a few eons of time to be broad heaps of rubble. But now he was listening and dodging while Mount Howson went about the process of disintegration. Every pound of rock that fell was lost to the mountain, never to be replaced. Gravity, wind, rain, freezing and thawing were joining forces to pull a mountain down about his ears.

Avalanches were more predictable than rock falls, but perhaps more dangerous because they flowed rather than bounced. From sundown to mid-morning the snow was locked in place by cold. Then the sun would soften the snow and by noon the avalanches started. Most of the falls followed the "avalanche gutter" in the middle of the gully down which he and his companions had fallen, but some piled their ten-foot drifts too close to the ledge for comfort. One spent itself so near that the boots of the two men were buried in its side.

Hubbard fought the sleepless hours of ever-present danger by instituting a system, a routine, for life on the shelf. First he made an inventory of the food supply. They had started out with enough for two meals for three people, and had eaten nothing. In the food pack was half a pound of cheese, a can of corned beef, a can of sardines, a loaf of bread, a quarter pound of butter, dried apples, dates and shelled pecans.

Hubbard opened the corned beef and gave some to Gibson. He became violently nauseated, which caused Hubbard to fear severe internal injuries. Gibson asked for water. Their only cup was the corned-beef can. To reach the water—the same trickle that had saved their lives by weakening the snow crust—Hubbard had to edge his way past Gibson, who was tied to the widest part of the ledge for safety, and thus lay between Hubbard and the inner part of the gully. Then he had to reach out to the extreme limit of his balance until the trickling water filled the can. The procurement of water became Hubbard's major project. He counted twenty trips.

Hubbard also experimented with his broken leg. In the event that Hendricks was on the rocks above, his own ability to descend the mountain somehow depended solely on that numb useless limb. Hubbard tried holding the broken bone in various positions. Suddenly he found one in which, when some weight was put on the leg, nauseating pain did not ensue. He padded and bound the leg in that position, and ensuing trips for water became exercises in how to walk with a broken leg.

Hubbard could do little for Gibson, and it saddened him that Gibson was so deeply grateful for what little he could do. Gibson refused food, so Hubbard plied him with water; Gibson sometimes showed discomfort and Hubbard would shift him to a new position; sometimes he seemed cold, and Hubbard lined his torn clothes with the socks and jacket Hendricks left behind.

"Ah, splendid of you . . . that's just right now," Gibson would say gently, and

Hubbard would almost weep at his own impotence to do anything worthy of thanks.

On Monday, Gibson seemed semi-conscious and had scarcely stirred. Then, in the afternoon, came a strange and pitiful change. In a clear forceful voice, without stirring his body, Gibson enacted his own rescue. In his imagination, the helicopter landed on the glacier below the cliff at their ledge. Gibson took charge of the operation from there. Once more he was commanding officer of a squad of likely young men who needed only his firm kindly guidance to be excellent climbers. He had praise for this one, a word of advice for that one, as the rescuers reached the shelf. He directed them how to place him on the stretcher and carefully lower him down the rough slopes to the waiting helicopter. Then he was in hospital, battered but quite comfortable and inclined to treat the whole incident as a bit of the price a man must pay for good mountain climbing.

Presently Gibson said to Hubbard, "Have they got you down yet?"

"Not yet," said Hubbard.

"Don't worry," Gibson told him. "I've been through it and it's all right."

"It was a wonderful dream"

On Tuesday morning Gibson seemed weaker. He refused a drink for the first time, by shaking his head. He did not speak. Later Hubbard saw him smile, "Getting rescued," he said, "was a wonderful dream." Those were his last words.

Toward noon Hubbard knew that Gibson's end was near. He was holding Gibson's head on his knees and rubbing his head and chest, which seemed to ease his discomfort, when he noticed his breathing had become almost inaudible.

Hubbard thought: "I cannot let a friend die like this, without some sort of religious rite." Holding Gibson, Hubbard raised his head and pealed the words of the hymn Lead Kindly Light into the echoing mountains. After a long silence he knew that Gibson was dead.

An hour later he heard a noise that came to him from up the slope. It was unmistakably a human voice calling. Hubbard thought it was Hendricks, thought that this confirmed his fear that Hendricks had never got down. He shouted in answer.

Then he saw two heads appear over the rim of the cliff below him. It was Fabergé and Peterson. Their calls had echoed above from a trick of mountain acoustics.

Little was said. Hubbard set about the melancholy task of securing Gibson's body with extra ropes to the shelf. Peterson spoke a silent Quaker prayer, and the three men started downward. There was no question of trying to bring back the body then. To get Hubbard down was in itself a task of incredible patience and fortitude that lasted three days. Each stage of the descent required elaborate roping procedures by Fabergé and Peterson to lower Hubbard and his almost useless leg. Hubbard had to rest every half hour, and this added to the delays because after two sleepless nights he fell asleep repeatedly at rest stops. On the last day of the climb down an airplane suddenly appeared around the mountain, flying as low and as slowly as it dared. It had been sent by Mrs. Gibson to reconnoitre, after she had learned that her husband's party had been delayed. Fabergé signaled it with a mirror. The pilot blinked his landing lights three times, as if confirming that three men were coming safely down the mountain-side.

Unfortunately, the pilot's optimistic report raised Mrs. Gibson's hope that her husband was safe—hope that was dashed when the four survivors reached Terrace in their own chartered plane.

Immediately, members of the Alpine Club of Canada organized a party to go to Mount Howson to attempt to recover Major Gibson's body. Provincial-government officials discussed a similar operation. But Mrs. Gibson requested that nobody climb the slope that killed her husband. She said he had left this request with her: should he die in the mountains, no life must under any condition be risked to bring his body out. She asked that his wish be respected. Both the Alpine Club and the government have acquiesced.

But next year, when climbing weather returns, a group of Alpine Club members will go to Howson. They will raise a rock cairn to Rex Gibson's memory on Howson's slopes. And Sterling Hendricks, Donald Hubbard, Alexander Fabergé and Alvin Peterson wish strongly to help build this memorial to their friend. ★





For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"In an all-out technological race, Russia is sure to defeat the United States . . ."

It was even nervous of a biologist. But it has nothing to fear from mathematical equations, and it uses its physicists and chemists in the same spirit in which it uses any instrument which will turn out the things it wants. It has not been Russia which has been inhibiting her mad-makers, it has been the free United States. The Russians wasted no time demoralizing the German rocket-builders they captured; instead they gave them houses to live in, laboratories to work in, privacy and good salaries. But the United States, for political purposes inherent in the American attitude toward elections, drove Dr. Robert Oppenheimer out of the public service.

The third truth about science which Sputnik's triumph may now make acceptable to North Americans is that technological ability has no necessary connection with a nation's maturity. It may, in short, make some of us realize that the worth of our society does not depend on know-how, but on the existence of a complex, delicate organism which evolved slowly over the centuries and which we call, for lack of a better word, civilization. There is no essential connection between technological know-how and civilization. Forty years ago eighty-seven percent of the Russian population was illiterate. Thirty years ago Soviet industry was something our own engineers laughed at. But in 1957 Russia proved that in technology she had overhauled the United States and in one important department had gone well ahead.

The final truth revealed by Sputnik, or at least by the implications of Sputnik, is one I am almost afraid to mention lest I be accused of giving comfort to communists. It is this. In an all-out technological race, Russia is sure to defeat the United States because her society is totalitarian and communist while that of the United States is democratic and capitalist. In short, communism is better suited than democracy for success in a Rube Goldberg competition.

If anyone doubts this, let him look at some of the evidence.

The educational system of the Soviet Union, entirely controlled by the state, is virtually a forcing house for the development of scientists and technologists. With her huge population, Russia is now turning out more engineers than the rest of the world put together. Nor is this solely a matter of superior organization; it is also a matter of mental attitude. The Russian's Bible is Marx, his ideology is dialectical materialism, and he has few lingering values from Christianity to disturb the official doctrine that the chief end of man is to produce, break records, win championships and move large objects from place to place. Uncontaminated by any anxiety that it profits a man nothing if he gains the world and loses his soul, the Russian expert is able to enter a technological race with an integrity far purer than his American competitor.

In contrast to this picture, North American technology appears confused in the extreme. While it is perfectly true that the average North American today lives a materialistic existence, the fact remains that materialism is an invader of his real heritage, and that his materialistic habits still trouble the conscience of his elite. Nor is this all. While the purpose of technology in the Soviet Union is to strengthen the state, the purpose

of most technology in North America is to make a profit for the corporation which pays for it. This the Russian scientists smugly pointed out in Washington when they told American newsmen that American designers are better at

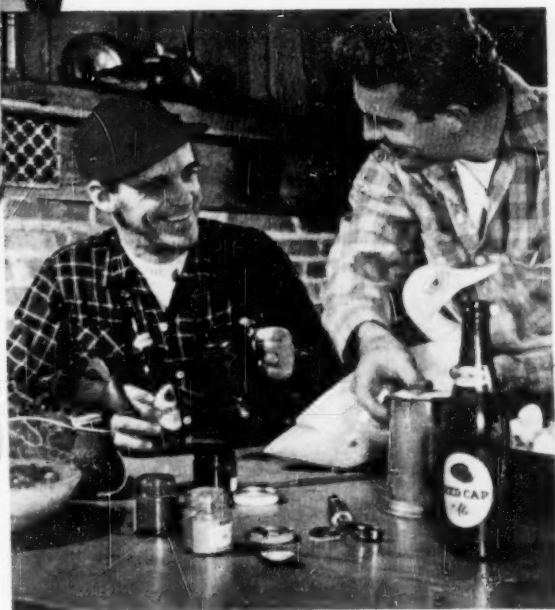
producing fish-tailed automobiles, while Russian designers are better at producing machines to explore space.

From all this it follows—I don't see how anyone can seriously dispute it on the evidence—that the only way in which

America can win a technological race with the Soviet Union is by scrapping the capitalist system and turning herself into a full-fledged totalitarian state. Nor would I be astonished if I heard that certain of the competitively minded men



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in the Pentagon would consider this a good idea, though of course they would not express it as baldly as I have expressed it here.

Fortunately it is an impossible idea. For in order to win a long-term technological contest with Russia, America would have to do a lot more than vest her government with dictatorial powers. She would, in the last analysis, have to abandon her entire heritage of civilization. She would have to close her churches and ban the Bible, lest the teachings of Jesus disturb the minds of the people. She would have to forget about Jefferson and his doctrine of individualism. She would have to squelch all her best writers. She would have to turn Harvard into a carbon copy of the University of Moscow.

Is Canada schizophrenic?

Since North Americans can do none of these things, no matter how hard they try, why do we allow so many of our spokesmen to assert that our sole hope of survival depends on winning the technological race with Russia? Why, as a good many Americans are now beginning to do, don't we take a good look at ourselves and compute our assets and our debts and begin an adventure long overdue on this continent, namely the working out of a philosophy of life which is based on current realities and not on the comfortable mythology inherited from the past? Why not admit what every foreigner assumes of us, that our present society is sick?

It is sick, I believe, because it has permitted itself to become schizophrenic, and the schizophrenia so obvious in the life of the modern United States is equally endemic here in Canada. It manifests itself in almost everything we say, think and do. It makes us nervous, insecure, at times hysterical and often contemptible in the eyes of older countries. Its continuance without check is more likely to destroy us than the ICBMs of the Soviet Union.

Specifically, we North Americans are schizophrenic because we are attempting to be Christians in one part of our minds and materialists in the other. Publicly we insist that religion is the backbone of our civilization and the author of our freedom. Yet at the same time our advertisers, who must earn a living in a competitive system, endeavor to make us believe by conditioned reflex that our chief end is to consume their products and that we can't be happy without that new car or suit of clothes or what have you.

The disease spreads downward and outward with symptoms too numerous to count. Seldom have there been more books about religion than are being published now, yet almost all of them discuss religion as though they were selling a patent medicine. Norman Vincent Peale writes about God as though He were a raw material to be exploited, and Billy Graham once described God as the most valuable product in the world, which ought to be sold more efficiently than soap. Humanitarians wish to abolish the disease of cancer, but the slogan they use is Fight Cancer—not heal cancer but fight it—thereby injecting an act of love with a dose of hostility. The same manufacturer who shouts that all must be done to outbuild Russia, screams like a stuck pig if anything is done to interfere with the profits of private companies. The same newspaper which insists that the loyalty of scientists be scrutinized by committees, has no hesitation in publishing secret scientific information if its editors believe it will make a good

story. On a Canadian highway I have seen an advertisement for a 240 horsepower car facing another sign which warned Speed Kills! The same people who insist that the survival of their country depends on the use of its brains, saw nothing inconsistent in electing a political party which scornfully labeled all men of brains eggheads.

No public man revealed more clearly the inherent schizophrenia in contemporary North America than did our own prime minister in the speech he delivered at McGill shortly after the launching of Sputnik. What he said that day—I do not quote him precisely—boiled down to this: "We must never permit ourselves to be materialistic. But at the same time we must accept this Russian challenge and prove ourselves better at materialism than they are." Mr. Diefenbaker then called for more scientists and engineers to be produced by our university system.

With no disrespect to Mr. Diefenbaker's integrity and decency, I submit that his was a schizophrenic reaction. I submit that it is impossible to be as materialistic as the Russians without being as materialistic as the Russians.

No man can serve two masters simultaneously, as was pointed out a long time ago and as we affect to believe. Neither can any society serve with equal devotion the philosophy of materialism and the religion of Jesus Christ. On the basic levels of decision, from time to time, there come moments when a clear choice must be made. And it is a matter of record that at such moments, however, grudgingly, our governments decide on the basis of Christianity. In 1946 it would have been technically possible for the United States to have destroyed Russia before Russia acquired atomic bombs of her own. Some people thought she should have done so. But in the moment of decision it turned out to be morally impossible. At the sticking point the American government was Christian, and it still is.

Since this is the kind of people we are, why not admit it above the propaganda level? Why not admit further that we have neither the ability nor the desire to beat Russia in technology merely for the sake of beating her? Why not let the Russians win this technological race and keep our heads while they do so?

"Wars are caused by fear"

This is not the advice of a suicide or even of what used to be called a pacifist, for I do not believe it essential to Christ's teachings to offer your throat to a murderer. But I do believe it essential not to be so afraid of death as we now are, not to be as aggressive as we now are, not to be so full of hate and fear as we now are. I do believe that wars are caused more by fear than by the desire to dominate, more by competition than by, at times, a refusal to compete in collective madness. We have great deterrent power at the moment; so much that only a madman would dare draw its fire. Even if the Russians win the technological race, in the sense that they can do more damage than we can, we would be in no more danger than we would be if we were their equals in the capacity to do damage. For wars, to repeat, are caused by fear, and in the modern world vast technological power has ceased to be a defense. Little Ecuador is safer than the United States or Russia.

Therefore, I believe it would be supreme folly to do as many now advise us, and engage in a frantic race with Russia in the production of instruments

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Push it like a vacuum cleaner! No lifting, no stoop! Clears snow in minutes instead of hours from any surface—even gravel or dirt. Slides on sleigh runners. Handles heaviest snow. 16" steel blade. 54" no-stoop handle. Weighs less than 5 lbs. Only \$4.95. Postage paid. Same price in Canada. No COD's at this low price, please. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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of destruction. I believe it would be suicidal to scrap the remnants of the liberal arts and to turn our colleges into Russian-inspired forcing houses for technicians. I believe a dozen Schweitzers would be a better guarantee of safety than three dozen Edisons and ten dozen Henry Fords. I believe that the triumph of Sputnik has made all these things clear.

This does not mean I am advocating an abandonment of our scientific and technological tradition. It means only that I am advocating that we pursue sci-

ence as it should be pursued, as a search for truth and not a race for power. I believe we should stop hating the Russians in our propaganda; that we should stop hating them altogether. I believe we should ask ourselves this question: "If the worst comes to the worst, do we prefer to die like Christians or like terrified hysterics?" And I believe finally that if we answer that question properly, wisdom will come with the cessation of our fear, and after wisdom that mysterious defender our ancestors called the Grace of God. ★



Baxter on the high seas continued from page 12

"What a mysterious thing is the British throne!"

It lives on history and looks upon today as just another moment in the long story of Canada's rise from a colony to equal partnership as the senior dominion of Her Majesty.

What a mysterious thing is the throne! Not all the wit of man has found a real substitute for it. The president is the head of the state but his election is basically political. The dictator may be good or bad, but the very nature of his position means that he cannot submit either his political policy or himself to a freely elected parliament.

But the British, with their deep sense of time and the need of a human symbol who is above the conflict of political ideologies, have created a constitutional monarchy. The Queen is the head of the state but under no condition can she set foot in the British House of Commons. When she opens parliament each year it is in the House of the unelected peers, because once there was a spot of bother with Charles I who came to the Commons to demand the names of the five members who had denied his omnipotence.

It has been said that the next bad sovereign in Britain would be the last. That might be true and therefore let us give thanks for a queen whose heart and mind and all her strength are at the service of her people. And if we look into the future far ahead we can see another Charles on the throne, a King Charles who will keep his head on his shoulders and carry on the tradition of service to which his parents and his grandparents were dedicated.

But now in my Canadian travels I want to move on to discuss a city much maligned by those who do not share with me the blessings of having been born there. I refer to no less a metropolis than Toronto. Even in my youth the Hamiltonians spoke of Toronto as "Hog Town" as if they already could foresee that in the passing of time they themselves would virtually become almost part of Toronto. I am all for Hamilton retaining its independence but Toronto is a giant whose appetite grows with feeding.

So unfair is the campaign of disparagement against Toronto that on my visit this time I was almost prepared to find a shapeless metropolis without a centre, spreading like a rash across the countryside and yet remaining a narrow-minded small town in spirit. In fact, the blasphemers against this fair city go so far as to pronounce its name as "Tranta," as if we are lacking even the power to

speak our own name in the correct way.

Arnold Bennett said that almost the only things that did not interest him were sights of interest, but even an iconoclast such as he would be charmed with Queen's Park in deep autumn. There in that beautiful setting we have government and learning, for the university makes common cause with the politicians. It is true that on the Saturday morning that I walked through the park the motorcars were tearing through it with such speed and noise that it seemed as if the Monte Carlo Rally had been transferred to Toronto. But perhaps they were in a hurry.

And how lively are the students of both sexes, trousered and looking as if life were great fun. Toronto is a city of the young in heart, or so it seemed to me on this visit.

Who can deny that to the north of Bloor Street there are curvaceous streets with charming houses guarded by trees and flowers? Toronto is supremely a city of homes.

Now gaze at University Avenue with fresh eyes. Where once it looked as if the German Army had marched up it last week now it looks as if the German Army marched up it last year—which is a big difference. As a matter of fact we can now clearly see the shape of things to come and the day of the avenue's fulfilment is not far off.

In this reverie on my native country I know that I have neglected the lovely peacefulness of Vancouver and the careless charm of Victoria. Nor have I been able to breathe the vigorous air of Winnipeg with its sense of physical and spiritual freedom. But now it is time to say good-by and go home.

But this time my mind will hold a vision that will not fade—the vision of a country with a giant's strength, a country of strong people who are realists yet find time to dream. Nor will I soon forget that moment when the Queen's aeroplane touched earth at Ottawa with the gracefulness of a prima ballerina after a twirl in the air.

Now for London with its mists, its genial indifference, its sense of the centuries, its Cockneys, its poets and its charlatans . . . Big Ben and the Guards at Buckingham Palace as if the family in the large house at the top of the street had never been away . . . the crackling grate fire in my morning room, the giant pear tree in the garden, gaunt and bare.

London . . . can a man love two countries at once? The rolling waves make no reply. ★



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NAME

Since 1887, William Grant and his descendants have produced and exported Grant's Scotch all over the world.

SCOTCH

Grant's Glenfiddich distillery is the largest of its kind in Scotland. Still family owned—pride establishes excellence.

PACKAGE

Tall, triangular, unique, the new Grant's bottle bears the Clan motto "Stand Fast"—the name by which the brand is known in Scotland.



Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY



Captain Morgan sets the pace
On every big occasion.
His welcome presence always wins
A well-deserved ovation!

You're not often called on to lead the dance at the governor's mansion. But if you want to put your best foot forward when you entertain at home—serve Captain Morgan Rum!

"Captain Morgan's in Town"

with the finest rums in Canada

WHITE LABEL
An extra light rum



BLACK LABEL
Smooth and flavourful

GOLD LABEL
Rich and full-bodied



DE LUXE
A superb rum of unexcelled quality

Parade

Have body, will travel

A small businessman on the west coast, who drives his merchandise about in a dark-blue panel truck, just barely made it to Nanaimo one night in time to catch the last ferryboat back to Vancouver. He was dismayed, however, to find himself at the end of such a long line of vehicles, that he clearly hadn't a hope of getting space on the boat. Thinking swiftly, he arranged the cartons he was carrying in a long row down the centre of his truck and draped them neatly with a grey blanket left over from a family picnic. Then he drove to the head of the line, told the loading officer he was an undertaker with an urgent mission to Vancouver, opened the door so the fellow could see for himself, and was promptly waved aboard the ferry ahead of everyone else.

* * *

Autumn's rosy glow is rapidly fading but red faces still brighten the nation.

In White Rock, B.C., a woman who rushed to catch the bus for the next town arrived early and fell into conversation with a friend who happened along the street. The bus pulled up beside her, picked up other passengers and drove off, leaving her still standing there with her mouth open.

In Guelph, Ont., a mother beamed when her little man brought home from

ing, "Do-it-yourself Fur Coat Kit," above a display of steel traps. And a fellow who flew home to Winnipeg after a business trip of several days says he was greeted at the airport by a large billboard message: "While you were away we spent



many pleasant hours with your wife—Radio Station CJOB." And on Spadina Avenue in Toronto a butcher who specializes in chickens has a sign over his store, "The best-dressed poultry in town."

* * *

A Saskatchewan couple recently paid a Sunday drive to friends on a farm just across the Alberta border, near Irma. They were treated to a splendid dinner of fresh garden vegetables and fried chicken and a warm invitation to return soon for a duck dinner. As they started their car, waved good-by and whirled out of the farmyard they heard a squawk—then looked back to see their farmer friend picking up a freshly decapitated duck from their wheeltracks. Now they're afraid to go back.

* * *

The most thoughtful group of song makers we've heard of in a long time are Vancouver's Grosvenor Singers, who hold their regular rehearsals in Hard of Hearing Hall.

* * *

A woman from Collingwood, Ont., who lost her purse on a trip to Toronto, was delighted to have it mailed back to her intact after she returned home. The only puzzling thing was a note tucked inside which said, simply, "Thanks." At the end of the month when she received her regular statement from a Toronto department store the list of purchases was two pages and two hundred dollars long—all made by whoever had found her wallet and used her charge-account card for a couple of days before returning it. ★

* * *

A real cute trend in advertising is obviously sweeping the country. A Parade scout in the wilderness city of Kitimat, B.C., reports seeing a window card read-

PARADE PAYS \$5 TO \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ont. 0.



In Quebec

HERE'S THE ROAD TO A RICH NEW COUNTRY

This is the most important development road under construction in Quebec today.

When the last 50 miles of it are completed in a few years, it will link Sept Iles—the bustling shipping center of the fabulous new iron ore mining industry far up the north shore of the St. Lawrence—with southern Quebec's centers of population.

Take it from the men who are out on the job, inc'ang a road through this wilderness is a mighty task. It has taken six years to complete 100 miles, at a cost of over \$7 million. But the eventual benefits—in transporting men and materials to and

from this rich country—will pay for the effort many times over.

This is a road that Quebec *must* have. Its rapidly expanding mining industry must be served if the province is to continue its remarkable economic growth. But there are other needs to serve, too.

Although every settlement, village and city is linked to the province's 43,000-mile road network, increasing traffic is putting great pressure on main arteries connecting metropolitan centers. Expressways and throughways are vitally needed to relieve congestion.

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your province is getting its money's worth.

Under its progressive roads program, Quebec is attacking its problems vigorously, as indicated by last year's record \$87 million roads budget. With the support of its people, the province will solve its roads problems. And the good new roads that it builds will continue to *save* far more than they cost—in lives, time and money—here, as throughout Canada.

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